2

POST

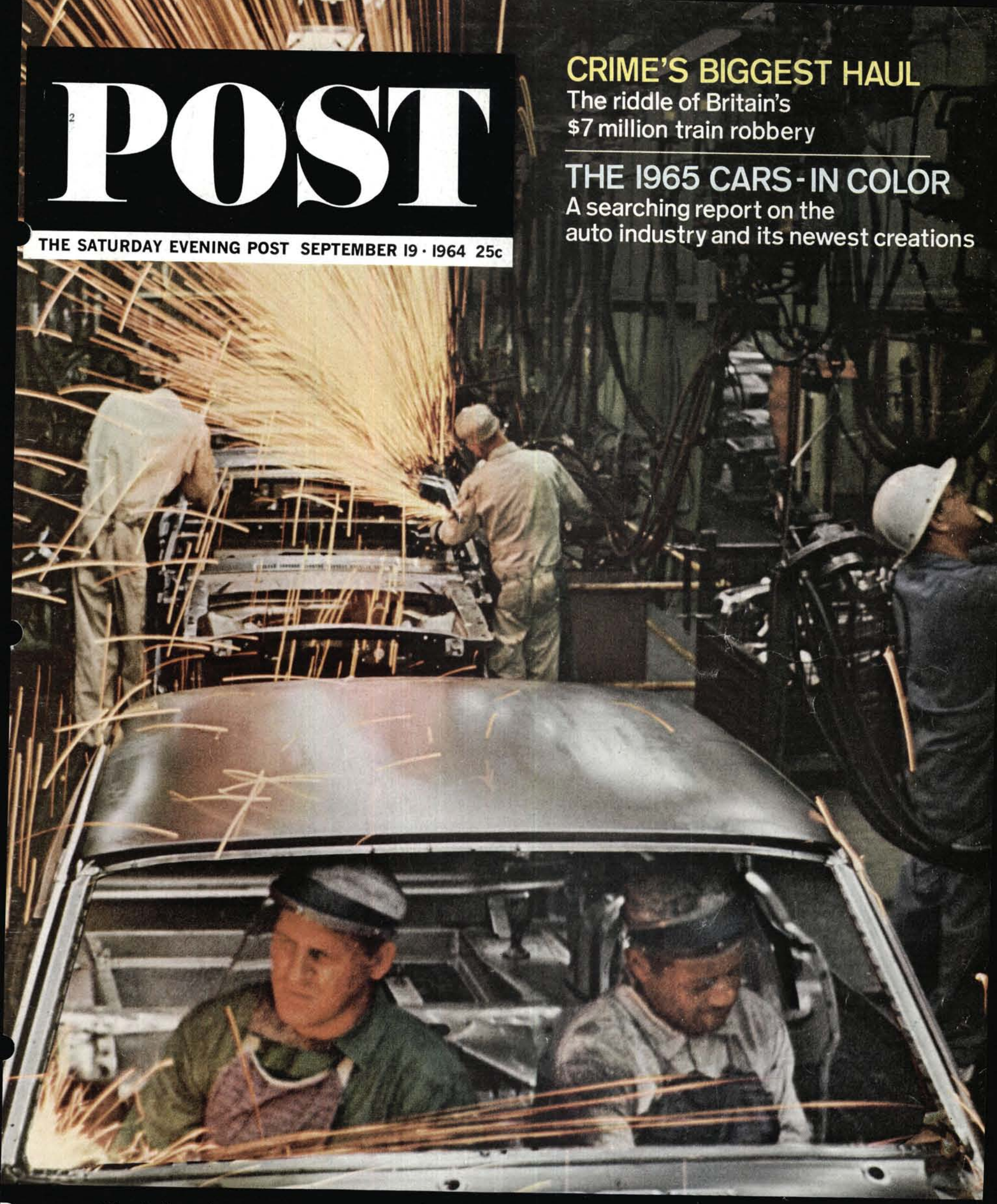
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 19 · 1964 25c

CRIME'S BIGGEST HAUL

The riddle of Britain's
$7 million train robbery

THE 1965 CARS - IN COLOR

A searching report on the
auto industry and its newest creations



Down with A.A. / New York school-integration fight / Rockefeller vs. Faubus

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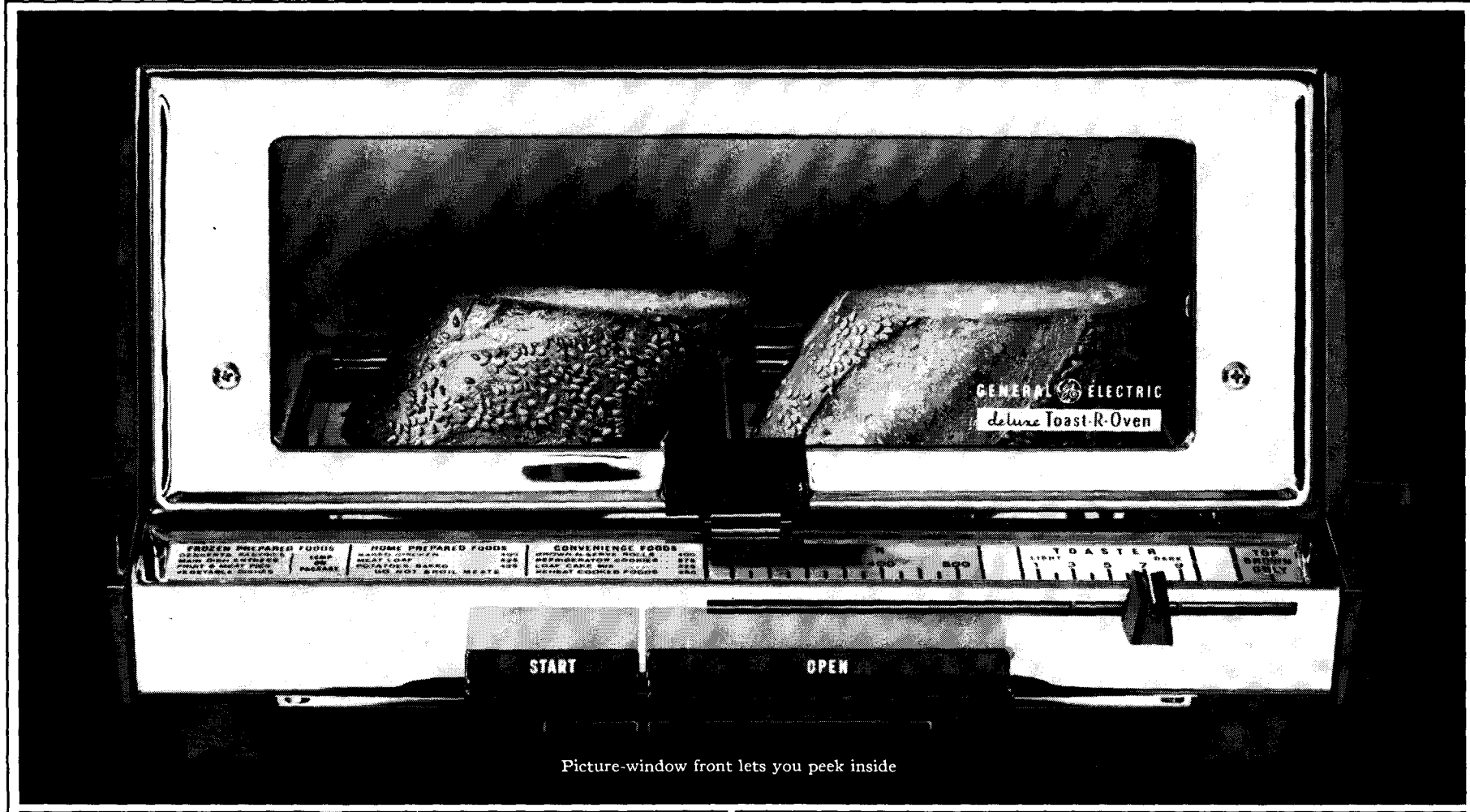
General Electric's Toast-R-Oven lets you toast or bake. (Toasts thick or thin slices; handles baking jobs, too).*



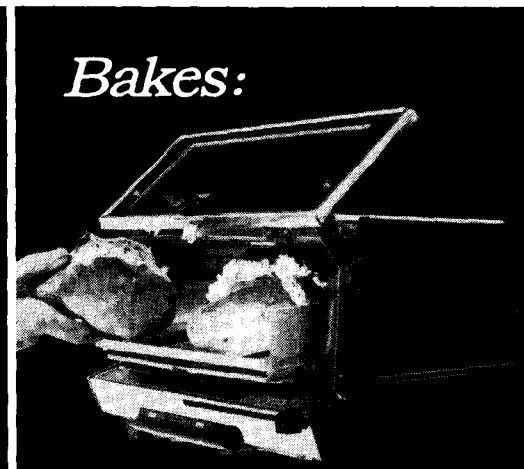
Picture-window front lets you peek inside

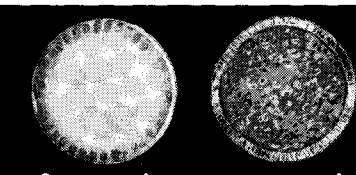
Toasts:

9 toast settings plus top-brown control

waffles French bread sandwiches muffins thick or thin slices

Bakes:





frozen pies macaroni

frozen pastries cookies

frozen chicken potatoes

rolls

Temperature control from 200° to 500°

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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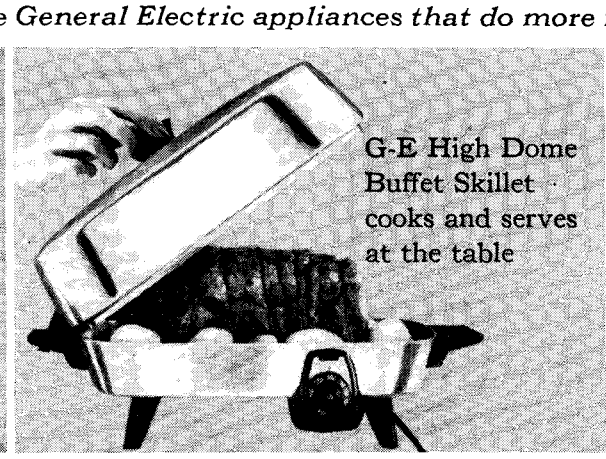
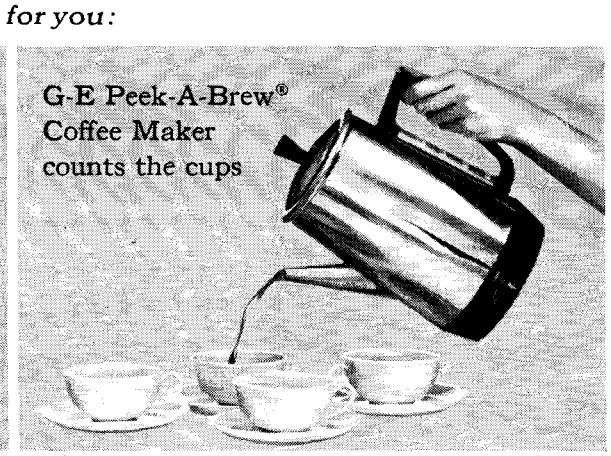


G-E High Dome Buffet Skillet cooks and serves at the table



G-E Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker counts the cups

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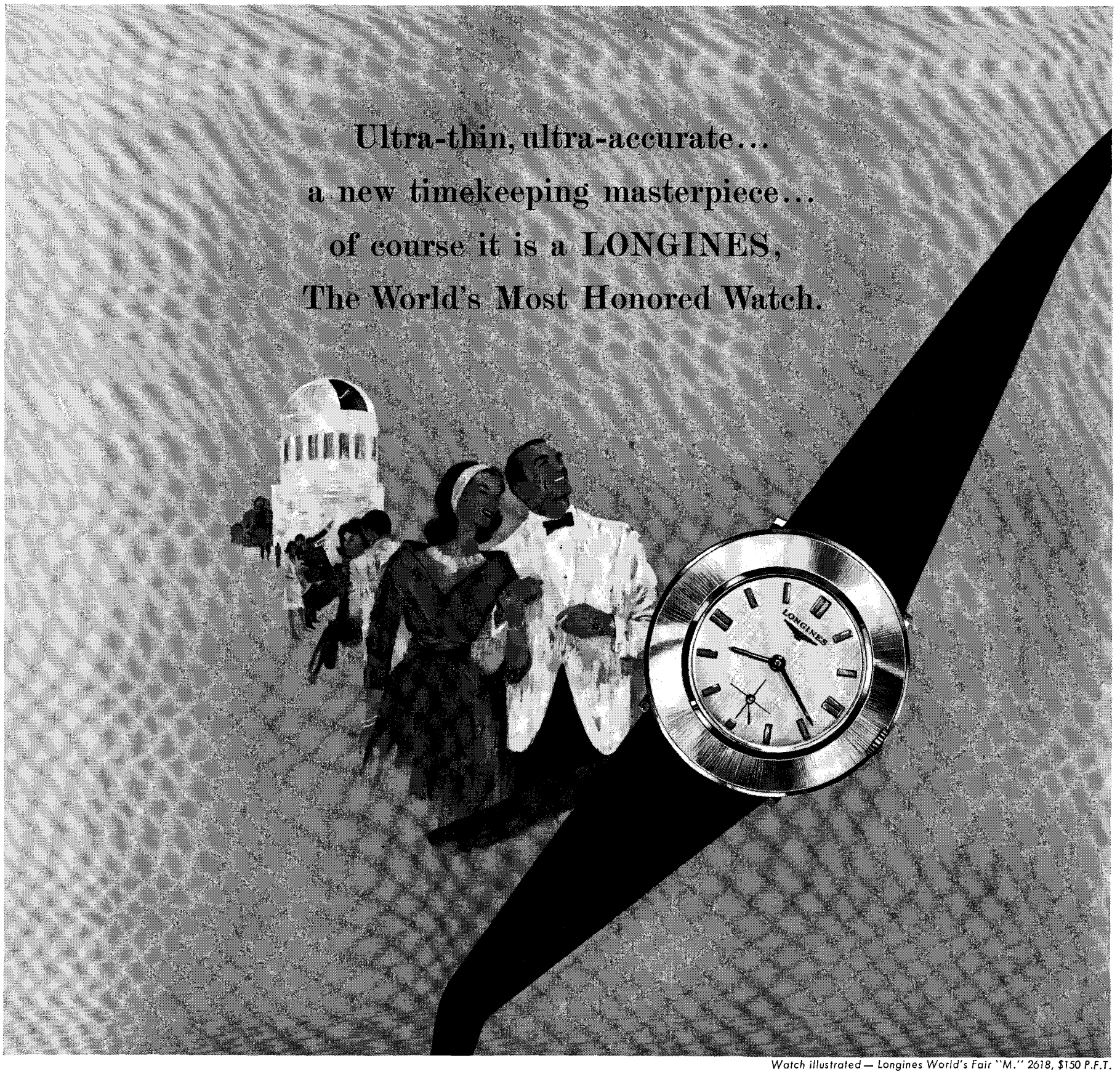

Watch illustrated — Longines World's Fair "M." 2618, $150 P.F.T.

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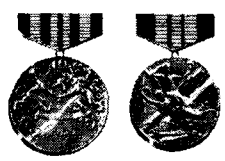

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POST

SEPTEMBER 19, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 32

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The automakers and their mighty works . . . . . *Richard Armstrong* 15

Off the assembly lines and into the showrooms this month comes the glittering array of 1965 automobiles. If Detroit has planned right—and it's confident that it has—this should be the third triumphantly successful auto year in a row. A fascinating and authoritative report on how America's biggest industry is operated—and 13 pages of four-color photographs portraying its newest products.

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The authors. Contributing writer **Edward Linn** took a break from the book he's writing on the Jack Ruby trial to interview Mort Sahl. He describes his "vacation" as a comic relief. . . . **Pete Hamill** had to spend six months, on and off, in the strip joints and haunts of robbers in west-end London to follow the trail of the great train thieves. . . . **Max Gunther,** author of two books on suburban mores, found the northern whites he interviewed polite but determined about their segregated suburban schools. . . . Winner of the 1963 E. P. Dutton prize for the best magazine sports story, **Myron Cope,** has seen few rookies with the self-assurance of rich, young Rick Reichardt. . . . *Post* senior editor for science, **Steven M. Spencer,** "took a dive" in the oxygen chamber that saves lives at Oak Ridge Hospital, Ill. He says he has worked under pressure on science stories before, but for the first time he was able to measure it on a gauge. . . . For this issue *The Post* had two Arkansas travelers. Contributing writer **Ben H. Bagdikian** spent his time crisscrossing the state with gubernatorial candidate "Win" Rockefeller. Contributing writer **John Skow** explored the now-closed gambling palaces in Hot Springs. Their paths never crossed. Skow reported: "No wins, no losses."

The cover photograph of Ford's assembly line at Dearborn, Mich., was taken by **John Zimmerman.**

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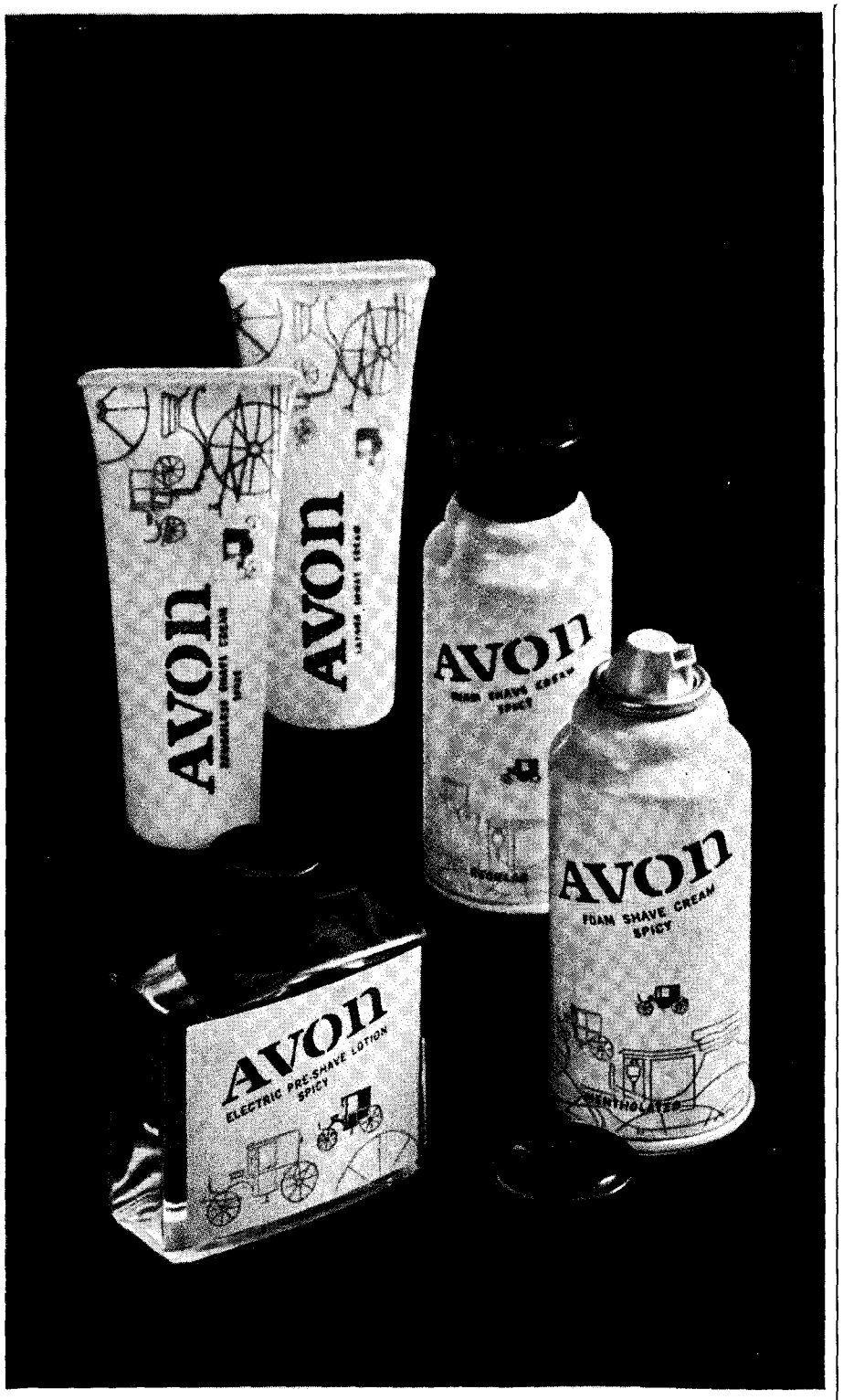

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LETTERS

Appalachia, U.S.A.

I doubt whether any writer has described the raw materials and great opportunity of the Appalachia program better than Richard Armstrong in THE TRAGEDY OF APPALACHIA [August 22–August 29]. Many with the will to help will better understand the full compelling need through Armstrong's words and Robert Huntzinger's photographs. This part of America wants, and deserves, to do and be more.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
Chairman, Committee on Commerce
United States Senate

• I was born in West Virginia, and to see it singled out for the type of publicity it is now receiving really hurts. But I still have to thank the *Post* and Richard Armstrong for the comprehensive and beautiful piece of writing.

VIRGINIA ELZEY
Warren, Mich.

• I remember a winter back in the '30's when I unloaded 10 cords of green wood weighing a total of about 17½ tons, stacking it on a pile almost nine feet high. For this I was paid 15 cents per cord—$1.50 per day. Forgive me my lack of sympathy for miners required to shovel 10 tons of coal per day, but even Tennessee Ernie Ford could shovel 16 tons as a child, singing all the while. The fight on poverty could be won if these miners would get off their porches and work—they might even eventually get paid off at the company store!

J. H. PIERRE
Salem, Oreg.

• As anxious as I am for advancements in science and technology, I say let the moon race go if Americans cannot assist their own fellows up to human level.

C. J. BENNETT, M.D.
Rochester, Minn.

• In my own county, Fayette, and in my work with the aged, I have seen the problems of the young unemployed miner with a family to feed as well as the tragic problems of the aged with inadequate food and health care. We have the food-stamp plan here, and it certainly has seemed to be a boon; we do have relatively high welfare benefits as well as good schools and an aroused populace. Our town has enticed about five new factories, and *they* have helped. Yet there is much more needed and much more to be done.

MARGARET SKOMRA
Superintendent, Uniontown
Nursing & Convalescent Center
Uniontown, Pa.

• It is my hope that President Johnson's War on Poverty program will include buying the Appalachians some shotguns so they can go out with their hounds and kill the coon instead of tying it to a log for the dogs to tear to pieces—a cruel, inhuman sport.

W. E. PARRISH
Long Beach, Calif.

• The multi-state area defined as Appalachia contains great beauty as well as ugly squalor, far more areas of forest-clad mountains than of strip mines, and beautiful, prosperous cities as well as slum areas. The politics described is not so different from many other places in our country. And with millions of old cars in graveyards all over the U.S., why point the finger at the particular one pictured? Actually, few auto graveyards have such a beautiful setting!

HAROLD G. WILM
Commissioner, Conservation Dept.
Albany, N.Y.

• I can't recall what Barry Goldwater's ideas are on the problems of Appalachia. I can't find a copy of the G.O.P. platform or Goldwater's acceptance speech, but the phrase "Let 'em eat cake" keeps running through my mind. No, now I remember—that was uttered by another member of the status quo, but I bet she wouldn't mind if he used it for a campaign slogan.

DON D. ELDRED
Denver, Colo.

Battle over Barry

After reading your G.O.P. CAMPAIGN PREVIEW [August 8–August 15]—articles by Stewart Alsop, Charles Mohr, Roger Kahn and William Saroyan, with an editorial thrown in for good measure—I feel that I have received a very "Liberal" education regarding Barry Goldwater.

CARRIE KRAUSS
Indianapolis, Ind.

• Stewart Alsop [CAN GOLDWATER WIN?] is grasping at straws. Goldwater is likable, but Johnson is more so. Goldwater may have a rugged he-man look, but our present President has no lack of dancing partners. The earner of "$12,000 or even $15,000," anxious to keep his money from the Federal Government, may represent the average convention delegate, but the average voter isn't that prosperous. As for the "backlash," I think most Americans believe in the brotherhood of man and will take their consciences to the polls.

LEE HARTMAN
Green Bay, Wis.

• I married a cowpoke 37 years ago. [GOLDWATER: A CLOSE LOOK AT A "DAMNED COWBOY" by Charles Mohr]. If Goldwater can keep his head as clear in an emergency and has as much faith in God as the average cowpoke—well, then he's the man to lead the herd from the stampede toward socialism and chaos started by the "damned politicians."

THELMA INMON
Deming, N.Mex.

• Both Stewart Alsop and Charles Mohr agree on one thing: Goldwater is a man of warmth, of nearly irresistible charm. This was said of Genera. Eisenhower too. By the end of his two terms his "charm" should have been pretty clear, but he still has his worshipers, this most inarticulate man and superb fence-sitter.

CELIA SALKIN
Passaic, N.J.

• The William Saroyan article [AN EVENT OF ENORMOUS BEAUTY] tells so much in so few words. Though I am a white, third-generation Texan, I agree with the Negro lawyer from Kansas—

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"As a *Texan*, I don't trust him. As an American, I think I'm afraid of him." Unlike the lawyer, I like Senator Goldwater, but I do not want him as President.

LENNA H. BIRDSONG
Rotan, Tex.

• AN EVENT OF ENORMOUS BEAUTY was a piece of enormous dirt thrown in a vicious fashion at the Republican nominee.

D. WEBSTER
Anderson, Ind.

• Your editorial GOLDWATER: REBUKE AND CHALLENGE is an excellent and hard-hitting piece, dwelling on fundamentals. It evidences why your magazine is once again wielding a great influence—few other magazines are bold or clever enough to be such leaders in public thought.

MARY FOLSOM
Bellefontaine, Ohio

• I disagree with your editorial. Goldwater represents a truly moderate, constitutional, law-respecting approach to civil rights; he refuses to be cowed by the mass-demonstration and vote-withholding demagoguery of northern Negro leadership. Goldwater is the only national political figure who has had the courage to reject the unrealistic attitudes of Negro and liberal ideologies.

He also rejects the accommodation policy toward the Soviets, which has produced a few much-heralded victories and many soft-soaped defeats. If by these stands he invites a backlash, I hope it whips hard enough to smash the present national policies to pieces.

JOHN A. RENICK
Williamsburg, Va.

Writer at sea?

I suspect that Lewis H. Lapham's reporting belies his actual knowledge of the art and skill of sailboat racing [AMERICA'S CUP: RACING FOR GLORY, August 22–August 29]. For the layman it was a clever article indeed! For the sailor—excellent photos by John Zimmerman.

SEATON SCHROEDER IV
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Would you send a *lobsterman* to report the Kentucky Derby?

G. WINTHROP HODGES
LCDR.-USNR (Ret.)
Westhampton Beach, N.Y.

• After reading AMERICA'S CUP: RACING FOR GLORY and THE TRAGEDY OF APPALACHIA, I can't help but wonder how many other readers were upset by such contrast. On one hand we have wealthy men spending millions of dollars on boats, while on the other hand we have a man trying to raise eight children on an annual income of $400. I suppose contrast like this is not uncommon today in our great nation, but what a mystery we must be to the rest of the world!

RICHARD D. BICKFORD
Ashburnham, Mass.

Comparative fiction

AN INFINITY OF MIRRORS by Richard Condon [August 22–August 29] was one of the most terrible and tragic stories I have read in a long time. John O'Hara's THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER, in comparison, was but an insignificant note in the night air.

ADA J. LAVERTY
Fort Worth, Tex.

COMING SOON... in The Post

Exclusive:

FIRST BIRTHDAY FOR THE QUINTS

Mary Ann Fischer's warm account of the first year in the life of her famous children

SPEAKING OUT:

WHY GOLDWATER IS WRONG ON CIVIL RIGHTS

Fiction by John O'Hara, Nelson Algren, Paul Darcy Boles

A great writer's haunting story of the Negro's struggle in the South

A life for a vote

By John Hersey

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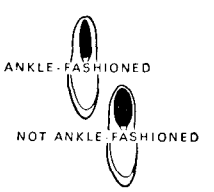

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SPEAKING OUT

ALCOHOLICS CAN BE CURED— DESPITE A.A.

An expert charges that Alcoholics Anonymous has become a dogmatic cult that blocks medical progress and hampers many members' lives.

A New York psychologist, Dr. Arthur H. Cain has devoted the past seventeen years to the problem of alcoholism, through research and therapy. In a new book, The Cured Alcoholic, he demonstrates that uncontrolled drinking can be and has been cured, not merely "arrested."

by Dr. Arthur H. Cain

It is time we made a thorough investigation of Alcoholics Anonymous in the interest of our public health. A.A. is identified in the public mind as a God-fearing fellowship of 350,000 "arrested alcoholics" who keep one another sober and rescue others from the horrors of alcoholism. Unfortunately, A.A. has become a dogmatic cult whose chapters too often turn sobriety into slavery to A.A. Because of its narrow outlook, Alcoholics Anonymous prevents thousands from ever being cured. Moreover A.A. has retarded scientific research into one of America's most serious health problems.

My own experience with A.A. began in 1947. As a psychologist and investigator into the causes and cure of uncontrolled drinking, I have attended about 500 A.A. meetings in over 40 states and a dozen foreign countries. At first I was tremendously impressed with A.A.'s altruistic efforts in alcoholics' behalf. Its members would perform prodigies of selfless service, no matter what the hour, by meeting the helpless and sodden in hospitals, flophouses and homes, and offering their sympathy, a helping hand, and their own example that temptation could be withstood. At the weekly meetings, which all A.A. members attended, there was a true sense of humility and a devout belief in God (We "came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity") and the fellowship of man—the original tenets of A.A. New members were given the freedom to question A.A.'s guiding principles codified in the Twelve Traditions and the Twelve Steps of Recovery.

Over the years a disturbing change began to take place. As an increasing number of alcoholics joined A.A. chapters, many turned out to be misfits who had rejected Christianity, Judaism or the Kiwanis Club. Dogmatic and opinionated in their nonbeliefs, they found in A.A. an instrument for a new kind of bigotry. Their only meaning in life was that they had heroically become "arrested" alcoholics. Arrogant egoists, they soon dominated many of A.A.'s 10,000 chapters. Weekly meetings, once spontaneous and exciting, became formalized and ritualistic. Anyone who questioned A.A.'s principles or even expressed curiosity was handed the slogan, UTILIZE, DON'T ANALYZE, and told to sit down. The desire to help others degenerated. As one disheartened former A.A. member told me, "I felt nobody cared what happened to Mary W. I felt they were just interested in another alcoholic who would become another notch in their belts. I felt as if I was being pressed into serving their cause and building up their oligarchy."

With this growing dogmatism came a Dark Ages attitude toward any scientist who might differ with official A.A. doctrine. According to the A.A. litany, alcoholism is a physical disease which can never be cured: "Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic." The corollary is: "A reformed alcoholic must live A.A. from day to day and never leave A.A."

Actually, there is no scientific evidence that alcoholism is an incurable, physical disease. According to current evidence, the origin of uncontrolled drinking is psychological. A person drinks to ease anxiety, depression, boredom, guilt, timidity, inarticulateness. An alcoholic *learns* to become one; he is not born that way. This means that many alcoholics can return to normal drinking without fear of ending up on Skid Row. Over the past 17 years I have treated more than 50 alcoholics who no longer need to attend meetings or receive treatment. Most important, over 20 of my patients have learned to drink normally, to use alcohol as a beverage, not a psychological crutch.

Yet when scientists have reported similar findings, A.A. members have often set out to discredit them. In 1957 Doctors Melvin L. Selzer and William Holloway of the University of Michigan came up with the then startling report that 13 confirmed alcoholics had become social drinkers. Because of the pressure of an influential A.A. member, the state agency that provided the funds for the study virtually ordered the two scientists to omit what it called these "embarrassing" findings. Doctor Selzer published his findings anyway.

In 1962 Dr. D.L. Davies, after a study at Maudsley Hospital in London, declared that seven men who had been alcoholics were able to drink normally after treatment; some had been drinking without problems for as long as 11 years. Doctor Davies concluded that "the generally accepted view that no alcohol addict can ever again drink normally should be modified." Some A.A. members branded the scientist's report "immoral, because it might cause some members to drink."

Dr. E. M. Jellinek, a cofounder of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies and a dean of researchers in the field of alcoholism until his death in 1963, was drawing on his own experience when he declared: " . . . Alcoholics Anonymous have naturally created the picture of alcoholism in their own image . . . and there is every reason why the student of alcoholism should emancipate himself from accepting this exclusiveness as propounded by A.A."

Not only has A.A. interfered with scientific investigations, it has prevented medical and psychological treatment which runs counter to its own theories. At one New York City hospital, for instance, the physicians preferred using paraldehyde to treat acute intoxication. But then A.A. members implied that they would stop referring patients there if paraldehyde was used. The doctors were persuaded to switch to another drug, chloral hydrate. As the physician in charge of the alcoholics' ward explained, the A.A. non-scientists had discovered that paraldehyde was a form of alcohol. Actually, chloral hydrate is the more toxic drug. In fact, its indiscriminate use in another New York hospital has left some patients more intoxicated upon discharge than when they were admitted.

While A.A. adherents battle scientific inquiry that does not fit A.A.'s narrow theories, its chapters often attempt to assume total control of members' lives. Purporting to offer everything needed for human fulfillment, the fellowship now boasts of a "ladies auxiliary," called Al-Anon, for spouses of members and even a division for members' children called Alateen. It suggests that the youngsters open their meetings by reciting this incantation: "We will always be grateful to Alateen for giving us a Way of Life and a wonderful, healthy program to live by and enjoy!" Implied is the distressing theory that there is no other way of life for alcoholics except that of A.A.—a life in which every waking hour is devoted to the struggle for sobriety.

The wife of a Texas member described some unfortunate consequences of A.A.'s creed that the struggle against alcohol must be the most important ambition in a member's life. "This must be placed above wives or husbands, children, homes, or jobs. They must be ready to abandon these things at any time. . . . The tragic part is, some of them while searching for this sobriety and serenity actually do exactly that." How pervasive the obsession with A.A. can become was poignantly demonstrated by a patient who had come to me because of worries about her A.A. husband. He had proposed that they move their bed into the A.A. clubhouse so they might be "available 24 hours a day just in case an alcoholic wandered in."

For many members, of course, staying sober is a fierce challenge daily. But under the A.A. program, the lives of many are so sterile that their growth as human beings is hindered. Taught to rely on slogans and compulsive A.A. routine, some are unable to face the fact that they are alcoholics because they are psychologically sick. It is for this reason that many A.A. members never recover.

A New Hampshire novelist and former A.A. member, who has been continuously sober for eight years, described this human waste when he wrote me: "I have met members who are actually afraid to think. They have made a high fence of

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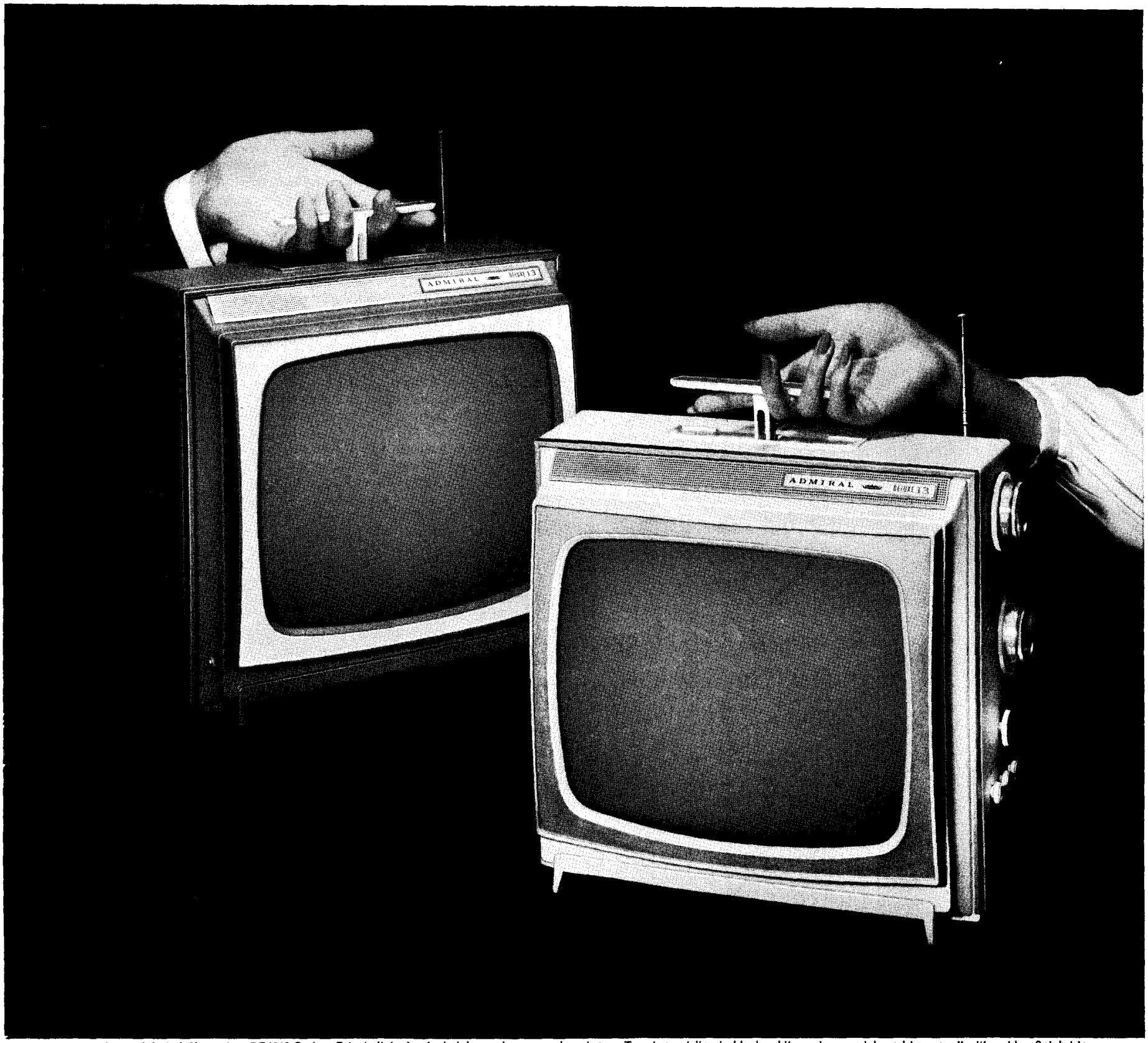

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A.A., which shuts them out from all pleasurable and vital aspects of life."

Behind the A.A. fence the original principle that alcoholics must be humble before God has been turned into the dictum that alcoholics are God's chosen people. This theme is preached in meetings and through books and pamphlets. A typical illustration is a booklet titled, "Around the Clock With A.A.," published recently by an A.A. group in California. One passage declares: "God in His wisdom selected this group of men and women to be the purveyors of His goodness. . . . He went right to the drunkard, the so-called weakling of the world. Well might He have said to us: 'Unto your weak and feeble hands I have entrusted power beyond estimate. To you has been given that which has been denied the most learned of your fellows. Not to scientists or statesmen, not to wives or mothers, not even to my priests or ministers have I given this gift of helping other alcoholics which I entrust to you.'" Such idolatry causes the believer to see himself as all-knowing, and turns the missionary into the zealot.

A.A.'s creeds not only infect its own members but pervade public education. Most of what we hear or read about alcoholism is inspired by A.A. adherents spouting A.A. dogmas. City, state and private agencies frequently fill all key posts with A.A. members. One western state actually requires that personnel assigned to its alcoholism program be A.A. members for at least two years. No professional experience is needed. The A.A. philosophy also dominates the National Council on Alcoholism, the only nationwide public-information agency on alcoholism. N.C.A., which is supported by public donations, has over 60 affiliated information committees scattered throughout the country. Although both N.C.A. and A.A. deny that they are officially connected, many members of N.C.A.'s staff and some directors are A.A. members. A.A. members serve as directors in eight out of ten N.C.A. information centers in the largest cities in the United States.

Thus, it is not surprising that N.C.A. continues to parrot the A.A. line that alcoholism is a "progressive disease for which there is no known cure, but which can only be arrested." Further, N.C.A. in a series of radio and TV commercials actually stated that the American Medical Association had declared alcoholism to be a disease, although the A.M.A. has restricted itself to general statements that the alcoholic is "sick." Time and again, I have heard public figures recite A.A.-N.C.A. myths and propaganda as if they were gospel.

I once heard Arthur Flemming, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, read verbatim a pronouncement on alcoholism which I knew had been prepared a year earlier by N.C.A.'s public-relations firm. Flemming offered the now familiar "statistic" that there are five million alcoholics in the United States. This figure is based on a study Doctor Jellinek of Yale conducted 18 years ago in a small community; he thought he had found that three percent of the population were alcoholics. N.C.A. applied this percentage to the whole nation. Doctor Jellinek, a great physiologist but no statistician, repudiated his own formula in 1956. The five-million figure is only a guess, for no scientific count of alcoholics has ever been made.

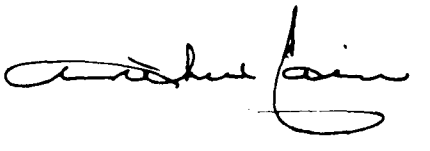
While N.C.A. issues well-intended but sometimes questionable facts and theories, A.A. officials, when pressed, often hide behind the famous Tenth Tradition, which states that "Alcoholics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues, hence the A.A. name ought never be drawn into public controversy." This device enables members of A.A. to make outrageous assertions which A.A.'s headquarters promptly disavows when challenged. "Many people I have tried to help," said one Chicago member, "have abandoned the program just because they couldn't take the *ex cathedra* homilies on drugs, alcohol, psychiatry, medicine, sociology, biology, to name a few subjects on which they speak with authority."

Much of A.A.'s failure can be blamed on a lack of forward-looking, constructive leadership. Writer Jerome Ellison recently spent several months as a paid consultant to A.A. evaluating the fellowship's publications and activities. At national headquarters in New York City, Ellison declared, committee politics took up half the working day, and gossip was venomous. Everybody was an expert, Ellison went on, "with a cluster of ideas closed to amendment." He related how one member had submitted to the A.A. monthly bulletin an article which showed that nearly all southern and a great many northern A.A. chapters were racially segregated, and that A.A. had failed to keep pace with the growing problem of Negro alcoholism. The article was turned down on the ground that it "might disrupt A.A. unity."

Ellison's most damning indictment concerned the rule made by A.A.'s non-alcoholic board of trustees that no change can be made in A.A.'s theories on alcoholism even though they are nearly a quarter of a century old. "Despite the fact that the rank and file teems with exciting, relevant, informed and up-to-the-minute experience," Ellison declared, "none of it is permitted to appear in book form. To publish such literature, it is felt, would be to risk heresy."

Needless to say, I do not suggest that A.A. be abolished or that a single member quit. That A.A. helps many thousands stay sober is obvious. But Alcoholics Anonymous should return to its original purpose of being a much-needed first-aid station. The "arrest" of uncontrolled drinking is the essential first step in becoming a recovered or cured alcoholic. During this critical period, the alcoholic needs the sympathy and understanding that only another alcoholic can give. But after three months or so, when the shakes have subsided and the cobwebs are beginning to clear, the recovering alcoholic should go ahead. He should not be taught that he must remain forever crippled and bound by the paralyzing concept "Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic." It is at this point that the patient needs a different kind of understanding: an objective, dispassionate, clinical understanding that physicians, psychologists and pastoral counselors, not A.A. members, are trained to give. Only after he has undergone a rigorous and lengthy revision of his personality should he attempt to drink normally again, and then only if he desires to do so.

After all, sobriety in itself is not a way of life. It is simply the absence of intoxication. It is what one does with his sobriety and his life that is important.



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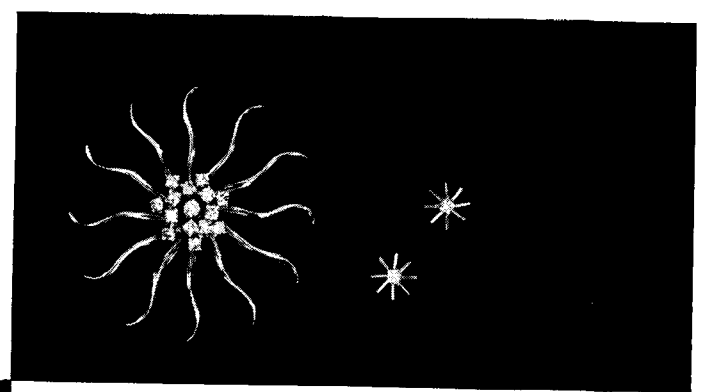

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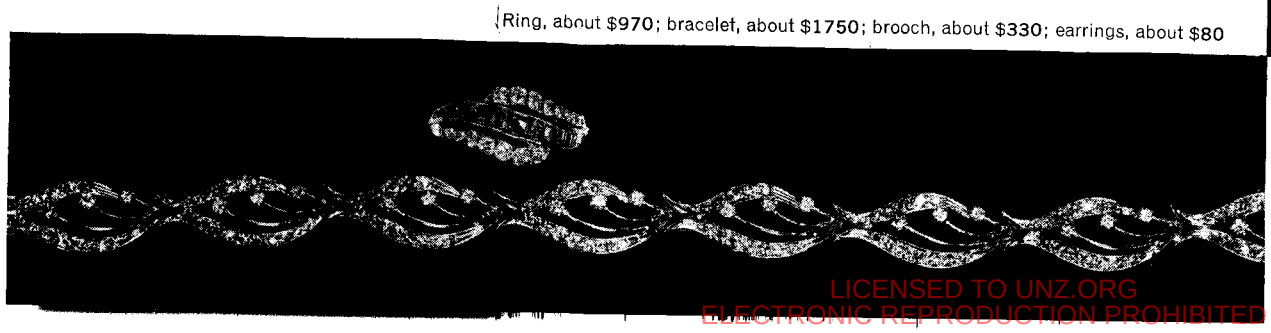

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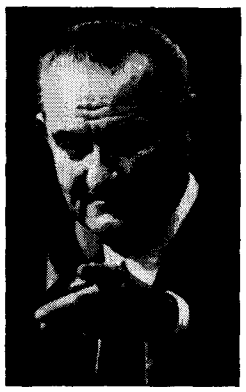
The one weakness of L.B.J.



WASHINGTON: Lyndon B. Johnson is an extraordinarily able man. He may even be a great man. He has certain of the attributes of genius—like all true geniuses, he is somehow larger than life, totally unaverage, even heroic. But his genius, like most genius, is flawed.

In all the great Greek tragedies, the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, for example—the hero suffers from a fatal flaw. This is the sin of *Hubris*, pride, which is followed, as night follows day, by *Ara*, which is excess, and excess in turn leads to the final fatal "fall that comes after."

Lyndon B. Johnson is a long-headed man, of great caution. He is unlikely ever to suffer the third stage of the Greek tragic process. But he is no stranger to *Hubris*, or to *Ara* either. The combination of *Hubris* and *Ara* could hurt him badly in the long run. It could even hurt him in the short run—that is, on next November 3.

If the polls are any indication, President Johnson has the election in the bag—and deeper in the bag than any candidate in modern history. In the circumstances his best course seems to be to wage a modern version of William McKinley's "front-porch campaign." Acting on the advice of his shrewd mentor, Mark Hanna, McKinley retired to his Ohio front porch and stayed firmly planted there throughout the campaign of 1896, while delegations of loyal Republicans respectfully "addressed" the candidate on such matters as the gold standard. McKinley, in measured tones, would read a formal reply. He insisted—this a rather Johnsonian touch—on the right to edit in advance the "addresses" of his visitors, so that no slipup could possibly occur.

An incumbent President has an ideal front porch to campaign from—that of the White House. In the television era no politician, not even a President, can arrange things quite so much to his liking as McKinley did, but he *can* convey to the nation a solid impression of the President running the nation's affairs and running them well, almost wholly above the sordid political battle. This was what Franklin Roosevelt did in 1940.

President Johnson has seriously considered running such a campaign. He may end by doing so. But it seems unlikely. Like Theodore Roosevelt, Johnson has a compulsion to be "the corpse at every funeral, the bride at every wedding." He cannot resist getting out onto the hustings, to "press the flesh" (a Johnsonian phrase), and to hear the crowds roar. The roar of applause is balm to the soul of any politician—most politicians entered their cruel profession to hear that roar—but to Johnson, applause is more than a balm; it seems sometimes to be a deeply felt need.

How good is Johnson as a campaigner on the national scene? It is still a bit too early to tell. In 1960 his mission was to save as much as possible of the South for John F. Kennedy, and he did as good a job in the South as any man could have done under the circumstances. But the South is a special case—what wows Texas does not necessarily wow New York, or for that matter, Iowa.

Johnson is aware of the need to hide his *Hubris*. He tries hard—he sometimes seems to shun the first-person singular as though it were a four-letter word. But there are times when the *Hubris* shows through anyway, and becomes the "pride that apes humility."

The *Hubris* showed through, for example, at the kickoff of his campaign, the Democratic convention in Atlantic City. Incredibly, the President had originally intended to appear before the convention on closed-circuit television from Washington, to give his blessing to Hubert Humphrey. The vast television screen above the podium was flanked by two 60-foot-high identical portraits of Lyndon Johnson. Johnson was at the last moment persuaded that the spectacle of one huge televised Johnson face flanked by two huger Johnson faces might be a trifle too Orwellian.

He was persuaded instead, mostly by Pierre Salinger, to appear in person before the convention for the laying on of hands. There is no precedent for a President appearing in person before a convention to dictate his vice-presidential choice, and Presidential Press Secretary George Reedy mildly protested Johnson's decision to do so. The President growled at him, "Why don't you have some positive ideas once in a while, like Pierre?" The stunned Reedy went to his office and typed out his resignation, by no means his first.

But Reedy was right to protest. The President needlessly stole Hubert Humphrey's big scene, and in so doing he offended a lot of people, including a lot of powerful politicians. Indeed, the mood of many of the party's professionals, at the convention and since, has been a curious one—a mixture of respect and admiration for the President, lightly tinged with anxiety, and blended with a very real irritation at Johnson's imperious tendencies. Originally the President commanded, in McKinley fashion, that *all* the convention utterances be screened in advance by the White House. But many speakers rebelled, preferring their own turgid prose to that approved by the White House.

It is important to a politician that pride should ape humility in a fashion that convinces the voters. The 1948 election is a case in point. Thomas E. Dewey also thought he had that election deep in the bag. As a result, his supporters became complacent, and Dewey became too visibly confident. In the end, the voters astonished everybody but Harry Truman by deciding to take Dewey down a peg or two.

Aside from a too-visible *Hubris*, and the much touted "white backlash," there may be another factor working against Johnson in this campaign. It has been widely assumed that the memory of John F. Kennedy would be a major asset to the President. Instead, a sort of "Kennedy backlash" seems to be developing. Since the President dropped Bobby Kennedy as a vice-presidential candidate, and more especially since the convention, there has been an undercurrent of resentment against President Johnson among some key Democrats. This includes both the pro-Kennedy Democratic professionals and the Kennedy-adoring intellectuals, who almost subconsciously cast Johnson in the role of usurper. There was something about the convention, as one Democrat remarked, that recalled the marriage feast of Hamlet's mother—"the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

Johnson, to repeat, is an extraordinarily able man, and a politician whom only a fool would underestimate. Even so, it might be wise for the President to make a really major effort to hide that *Hubris*.

Stewart Alsop

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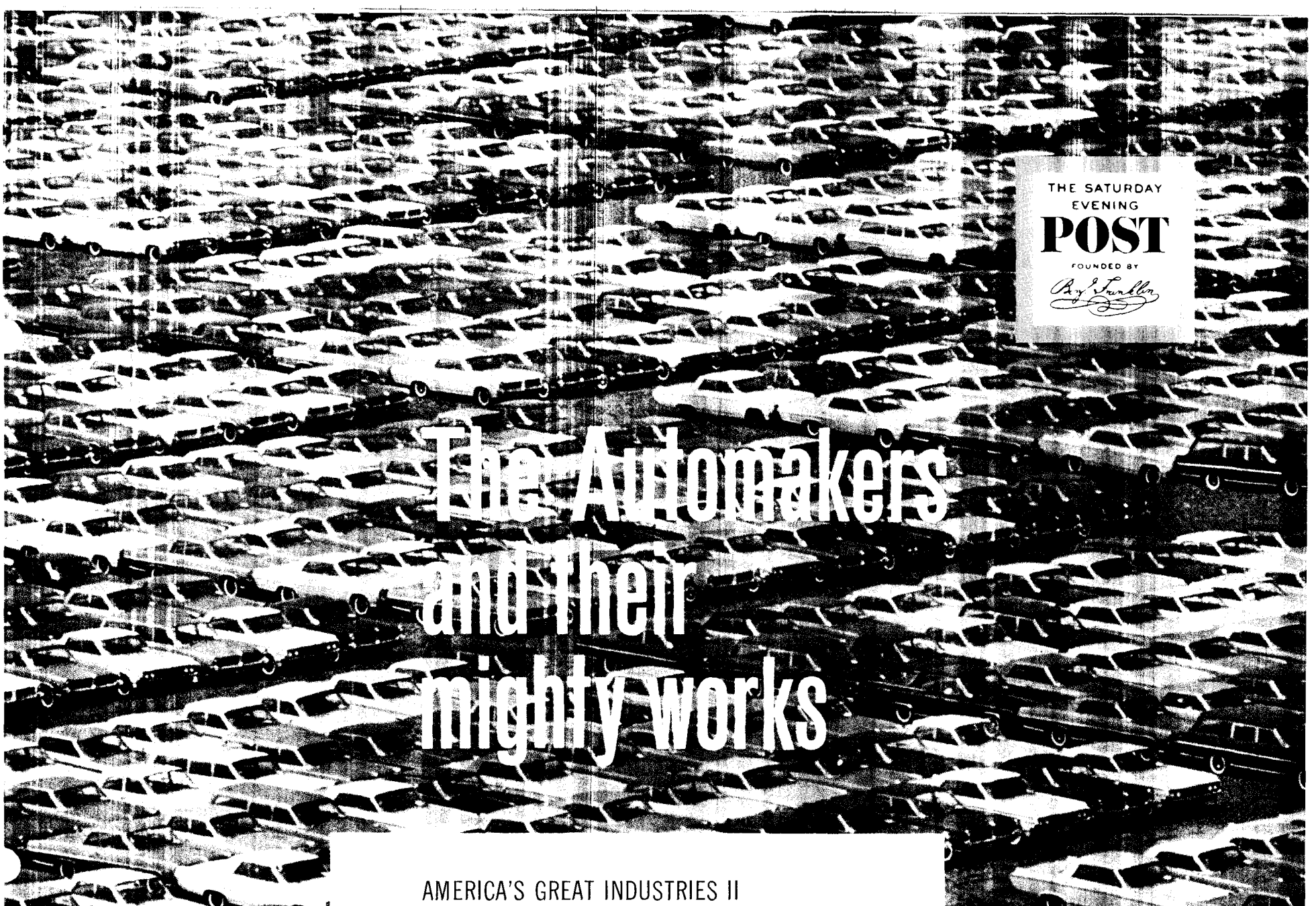

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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The Automakers and their mighty works

AMERICA'S GREAT INDUSTRIES II

The '65 cars are ready, and so are the customers. Barring strike or economic stall, Detroit is headed for a new peak.

By Richard Armstrong

Gazing from their office windows over the teeming throughways and urban sprawl of Detroit, executives of the automobile industry see something privileged to no other businessmen—a society virtually molded in the image of their product. The mobility and bustle, the wealth and the blight, the architecture and the very exhaust-tinged air of the Motor City and a thousand other U.S. towns reflect the national enthrallment with the automobile. The dynamic American urge to keep moving on rubber wheels in turn produces the grand passion to keep exchanging one set of wheels for another, with even more dynamic results. In the ringing words of Elwood Engel, chief stylist of the Chrysler Corp., "A willingness to change is what made this country great. The great thing about the American public is that they will go for something new, the car with the most goodies."

Though the threat of a strike has darkened recent weeks, the automen have optimistically concentrated their hopes on the advertising campaigns, the motoramas and TV spectaculars which they scheduled to launch the industry's 1965 line this month. It is never a certain thing from year to year, and ghosts from the past still haunt Detroit's dreams—the rotund 1929 car which people dubbed the "pregnant Buick," the 1957 Edsel with its

Photographs by John Zimmerman

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Auto designers take credit for inspiring the ranch house and the split level. But don't blame them for billboards.

The Automakers

front end that "looked like a horse collar," and many other unfunny, multi-million-dollar flops. With this year's "goodies" stamped in metal and on the way to the showrooms, there is nothing to do now but wait and worry. "I don't think we did anything wrong," says Lee Iacocca, Ford Motor Co. vice president, father of the Ford Mustang and the industry's brightest young star. "If we did, I don't know what it was." "It's a handsome line of cars," adds Eugene Bordinat, Jr., Ford's vice president for styling, "but in this business, beauty is a good ten-day sales report."

By this standard the automobile business has been producing beauty lately on a prodigious scale. Back in 1962 cries of amazement went up when General Motors made more money—$1.4 billion, after taxes—than any private corporation in history. Last year G.M. broke its own record by $132 million, and in the first half of this year profits were up an astonishing 30 percent over 1963. If this pattern holds for the rest of the year, G.M. profits will top the $2 billion mark. Total automobile industry earnings were up 31 percent in the first half and may hit $3 billion by the end of the year.

Even such a critical observer of industry performance as Leonard Woodcock, vice president of the United Automobile Workers, declares that the profits are in part due to "what you would have to call management genius—no other word would be strong enough." A supporting factor is the apparently boundless desire of the average American to buy a $2,500 piece of machinery, a great portion of whose cost has no relation to utility, and to shuck it off two years later as casually as men in less privileged parts of the world throw out an old pair of shoes. Unprecedented prosperity, in an economic boom now 3½ years old, has let the American indulge this whim to the full.

An honored rule of thumb in the car business is that it seldom enjoys two good years back to back. A new and more generous thumb is now being employed. In 1962 sales (excluding imports) came to 6,933,240 automobiles, the second-best year in industry history after 1955's all-time high of 7,920,186. In 1963, instead of dropping, sales climbed to 7,637,728, within shouting distance of the 1955 record. And there is a very good chance that the 1965 models launched this week should take Detroit sales past the eight-million mark for an all-time record in calendar 1964. This means three great, not merely good, years—back to back to back. The car business has reached such magnitude that comparisons are slipping beyond the point that reasonable minds can follow. Sales by G.M., Ford, Chrysler and American Motors in 1963 exceeded the combined sales of 230 of the 500 largest American manufacturing concerns. General Motors' profits this year will exceed the national income of Ireland.

The automobile industry and industries directly related to it, such as petroleum or rubber, employ one out of every seven working Americans; the average American reciprocates by spending on his car a dime out of every dollar he earns. The industry consumes more than 20 percent of the steel produced in the U.S., 60 percent of the synthetic rubber, half the lead and more than 70 percent of the plate glass, along with such other assorted products as ground walnut shells (for automatic transmissions), beeswax and sugar cane. More than a third of all radios are on the road, and if those nomads who live in automobile trailers ever gathered in one place it would be the third largest city in the country. Americans whose jobs have nothing directly to do with the automobile feel its economic impact nonetheless. A bad automobile year probably cannot cause a recession—other economic indicators turn down first—but can worsen and prolong it, as happened in 1958. And auto sales in turn have helped fuel the current boom. As one of the most expensive, and postponable, items in the household budget, the automobile accentuates both the upward and downward swings of the economic cycle.

The industry makes no bones about the fact that it has revolutionized American life and intends to keep on doing so. In the process of making cars longer, wider and lower, it has helped make American homes and communities longer, wider and lower too. G.M. vice president for styling William Mitchell thinks his car designs led to the ranch house and the split level, and the stylists in competing companies agree. That much of the transformation is ugly and unpleasant—the parking lots, traffic jams, billboards, linear slums and the wastelands of junked automobiles—the industry does not deny, but it views these as community rather than industry problems.

The present peak in sales, profits and public acceptance is a considerable turnaround for an industry which only six years ago had thousands of dealers operating in the red—almost half the Buick dealers were losing money—while its top executives were in the dock before Congressional committees to answer charges of "administered" and inflationary prices. Foreign-car sales went up more than tenfold in four years, to a high 668,000 in 1959. Even Nikita Khrushchev got into the act. Grabbing the huge fin of a Cadillac during his visit to the U.S. in 1959, he burst into laughter and asked, "What in the world does this thing do?"

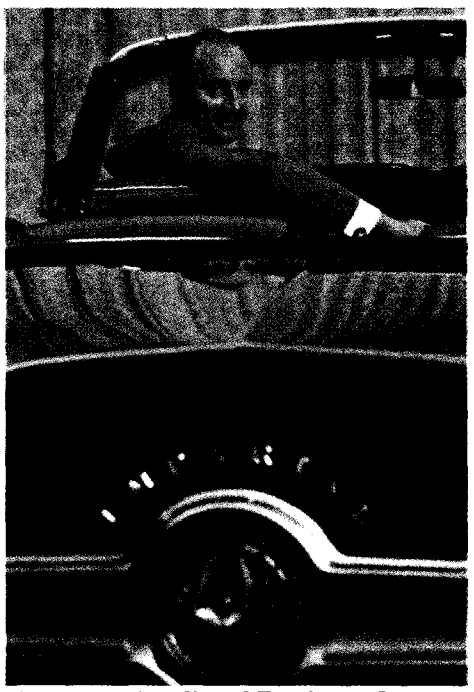
Nobody in Detroit defends the "fin era," as it is locally known. "Our past mistakes still leer at us from every highway," says the Ford stylist Bordinat. The fin—plucked off the World War II P-38 and stuck on the postwar Cadillac—was carried to its absurd extreme in the 1957 Chrysler line called "The Forward Look," designed by a man named Virgil Exner who also had a penchant for clothing with flashing metallic thread. His counterpart at Ford was George W. Walker who once described his "finest moment," sitting in Miami in a white-upholstered Continental, wearing a pure-silk, pure-white embroidered shirt, while at his side sat a black Great Dane "imported from Europe, named Diana von Krupp. You just can't do any better than that." While all this embroidering was going on, quality standards fell. "Our 1957's started falling apart after two years and our 1958's after one," says a Chrysler executive. "We sold a million cars in 1957 and all that means is that there are a million Americans who may never buy a Chrysler product again."

This was the heyday of the blitz, or high-pressure sales campaign, of the price-pack, which by overvaluing the trade-in and upping the price of the new car to compensate, got millions of Americans behind wheels they simply could not afford. Credit terms were stretched to three and sometimes four years. It was an era, too, of blind resistance to what would become the industry's salvation, the compact car. "Well, sure, we backed into it, and quite reluctantly," says a Ford executive, "but consider it from our point of view. We were asked to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to test out and produce an untried product for a market of unknown size—and all for the purpose of reducing unit prices and unit profits."

What the automobile industry was afraid of was that the public would swing to a utility car, drive it for 15 years and thereby force the automobile companies to the wall. In fact, all the public wanted was a choice—an alternative to what George Romney of American Motors called the "gas-guzzling dinosaur."

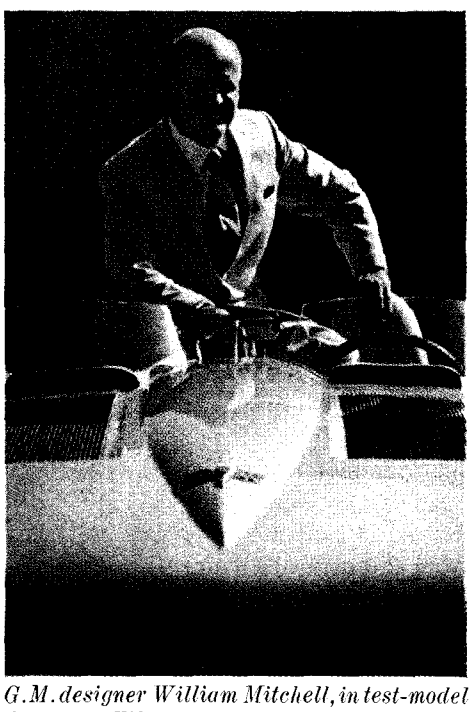
The introduction of the compact in the fall of 1959 signaled an upheaval which changed much more than the size of cars. The proliferation of models forced the redesign of factories from top to bottom. Out of the basic decision to give the customer what he wanted, there flowed rather logically a drastic new emphasis on quality controls at the factory and

Ford stylist Eugene Bordinat in a Mustang: Beauty in a sales report.



Chrysler stylist Elwood Engel in an Imperial: The goodies change, and customers are willing.

A.M.C. design chief Richard Teague in Rambler Classic: Why ape G.M.?



G.M. designer William Mitchell, in test-model Corvette: Why should cars look like beds?

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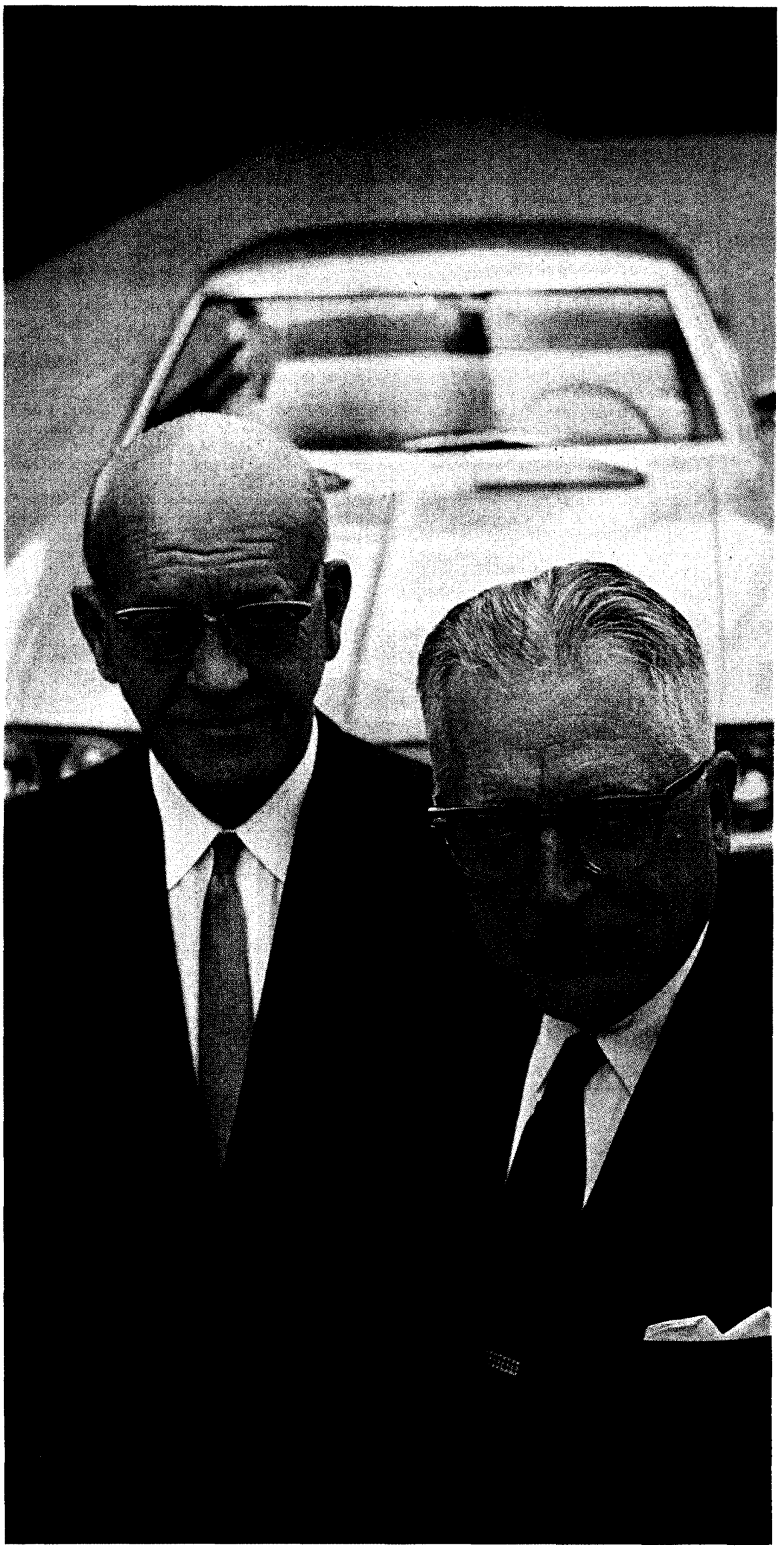
A boss with his name on the building—Henry Ford II of Ford.

President Lynn Townsend has led Chrysler's fast comeback.

American Motors' Roy Abernethy spreads the compact gospel.



Two men riding an "avalanche"—General Motors president John Gordon and chairman Frederic Donner.

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Trend of the '65's: More variety, more power, a few added inches.

The Automakers

competent service at the dealer level. By backing into the notion of giving the public a wide range of choice, plus dependable performance, the industry opened the way to the current boom in sales. A prosperous economy did the rest.

What the American public presently wants, in the words of Ford's Iacocca, is "economy, no matter how much it costs." This means, according to Robert Anderson, Chrysler's group vice president for manufacturing, that the customer goes into the showroom, orders a compact and then "as a reward for his frugality dresses it up with an air conditioner, power brakes, power steering, automatic transmission and an optional V-8 engine." What he gets is a "compact" that can cost as much as $3,500. Families that three years ago bought a stripped-down compact—called a "preacher's car" in the jargon of the business—are this year looking for something a bit more spacious and more powerful, the most common explanation being that "we need more room for the kids." The cars, accordingly, are putting on an inch or two this fall.

The sales emphasis has shifted from the blitz to the customer. In this area, too, the American automobile owner can not be considered a rational fellow, because he is absurdly loyal and usually goes on buying the same brand of car until the day he dies. "Owner loyalty," as the industry calls it, runs around 70 percent, and the industry's only explanation is that the American male views his car as an extension of his own ego. "He is an emotional animal, God bless him," says one market researcher.

General Motors, with 54 percent of the current market, naturally has the largest vested interest in customer loyalty. "A customer is going to buy ten or twelve cars before he dies," says Larry Averill, sales manager for G.M.'s Chevrolet division, "and I want all of them to be Chevrolets." Averill likes to think he is "fulfilling transportation needs, not just selling cars. A good dealer goes in and analyzes the family need. Let's say you need a sedan, a station wagon, a pickup and a sports job. What does the dealer do next?" he asks, beginning to doodle in the time-honored fashion of car salesmen. "He shapes this need down to the family budget—say a new sedan for you and a new Corvair for Mom, and the station wagon and pickup can be used cars."

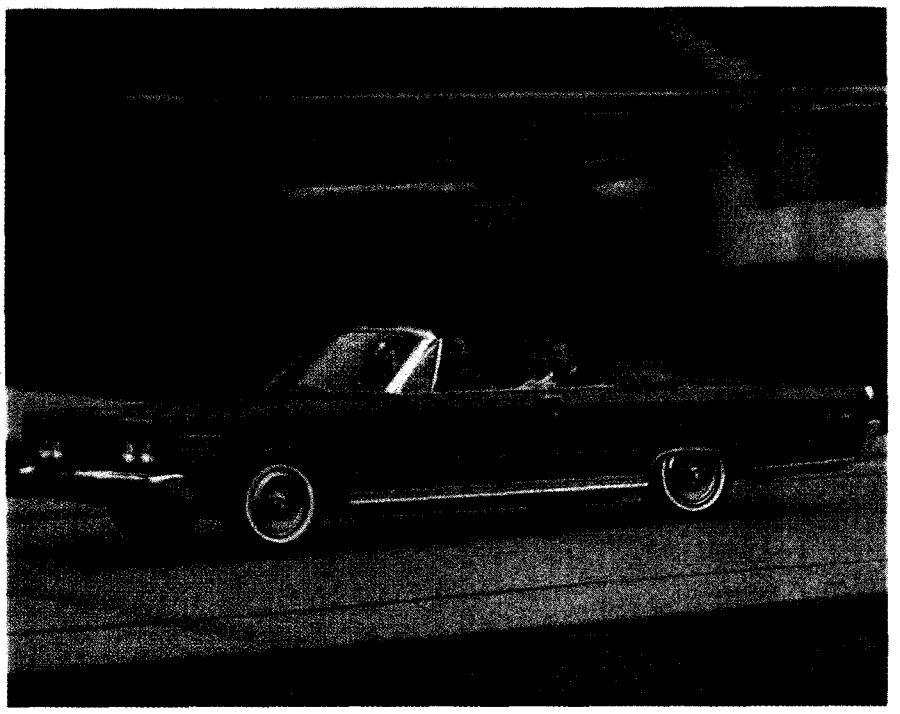
Averill ran through several other examples, in each of which the family's basic transportation need hovered at four cars or more. "You start with the right financial deal, and you follow up to see that maintenance is done at a fair price. We have a film that I show to dealers. Do you know what it's called?" Larry Averill savored the words. "It's called *The Power of a Smile*. We have 22 million Chevrolet owners. If I can get them pleased and happy, I've got the greatest selling army in the world. A man will tell his neighbor, you can send your little girl down to make the deal."

"Let's put the market in perspective," says Lee Iacocca. "From the end of the war until about January of 1954, it was a seller's market. A dealer could sit on his tail and sell more cars than he could deliver. Then came the dealer who went for volume, whatever his profit per car. Then came the price increases—$100 a year in '56, '57, '58. The best dealers never let up on service, but I think it's fair to say that the dealer image was bad.

"We went into Cleveland for a survey and tried out a repair job on dealers and independent garages. It was a seven-dollar breakdown, and the bill ranged up to sixty-five dollars at one garage. Now this couldn't continue. We put on a campaign and sold our dealers power tools and diagnostic equipment at cost. If I could pick a date, I would say that some time in 1959 the dealer began to realize that if he didn't give service he was dead. I can show you a dozen studies to prove that when service sales go up, new-car sales soon follow. The problem is getting this across to 6,500 dealers."

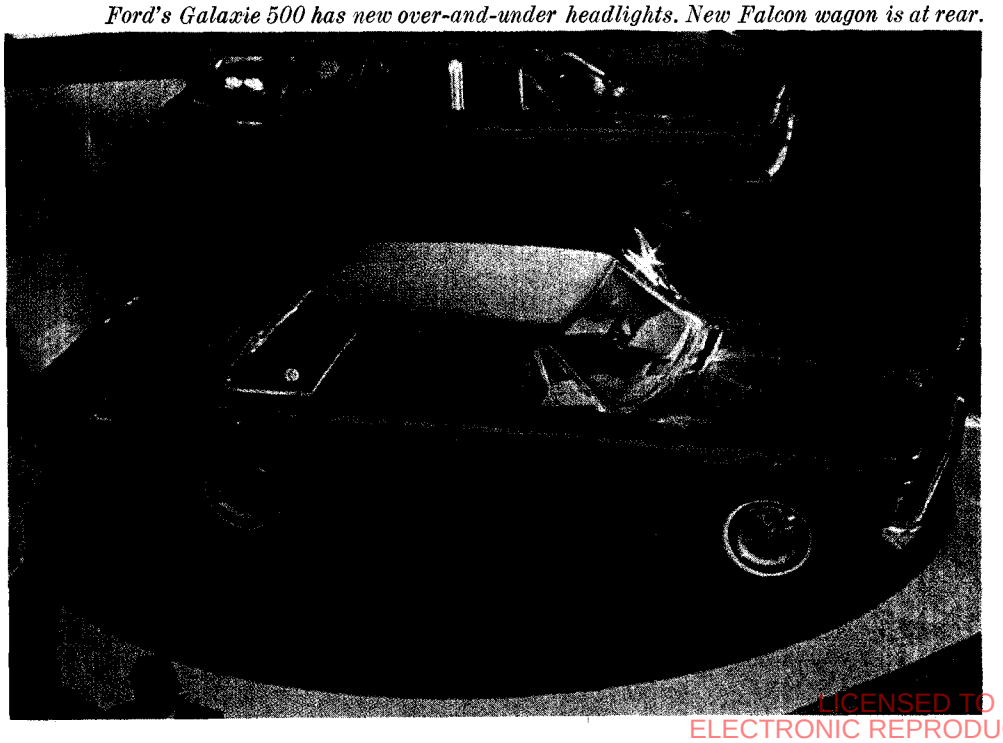
Only quite recently have automobile makers adopted wholeheartedly the sophisticated tools of market research to find out what the customer really wants in a car. Most of the industry pioneers were toolmakers and mechanics, who believed in seat-of-the-pants judgments. If Horace and John Dodge ever sampled consumer opinion at all, it was during their riotous tours of the worst Detroit saloons. When old Henry Ford returned from a trip to Europe and discovered that his son, Edsel, had been designing a replacement for the Model T, he had the machine carried outside and personally destroyed it with an ax.

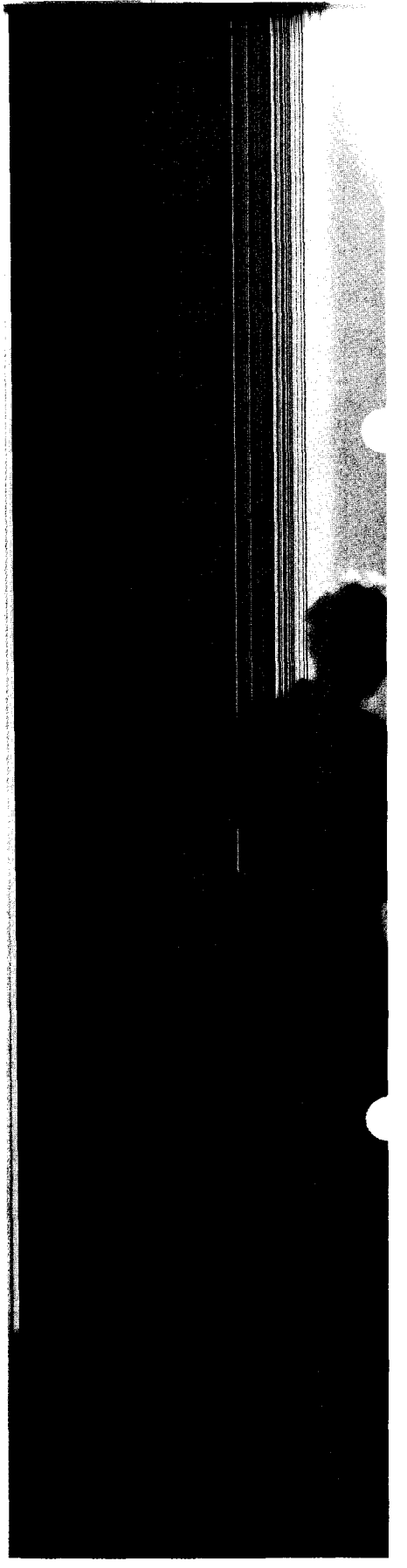
A major problem for researchers is the fact that once a man has bought a car he is apt to defend it because his ego is involved—even if the door is falling off. So they employ what they call the "disassociation technique." They do not ask you why you bought a car but why, in your opinion, your neighbor chose a certain model. "In talking about his neighbor, he is really talking about himself," a market researcher explains, "and he is talking more honestly."



The 1965 Mercury Park Lane convertible has squared-off front, four-speed stick shift.

Ford's Galaxie 500 has new over-and-under headlights. New Falcon wagon is at rear.





Detroit is a bit embarrassed about the theories of a Freudian market researcher named Ernest Dichter, who declares that sex is the major motivation. In Dichter's view the convertible represents the mistress the purchaser couldn't afford, the sedan the wife he doesn't want, the hardtop the ideal somewhere in between. And though Detroit likes to discount the Dichter theory, Iacocca admits, "Hardtop sales are going really wild." One market researcher broadens the theory by saying that the purchase of a car is the only way left for the American male to express his secret view of himself. "Men's clothes are pretty much a uniform. But if a man buys a red convertible with bucket seats instead of a blue sedan, the car tells the world how he feels about himself—while still being socially acceptable. Now why did I, myself, buy a convertible the last time out, when after I bought it I drove it for two

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Mustang's 1965 "fastback" model will complement the fast-selling 1964 original. The rear seat folds back to provide extra-large storage space.

years without taking the top down once?"

These dreams of sex and glory are born behind the uniformed guards and combination locks of Detroit's styling studios, where the air reeks of modeling clay and the atmosphere is not so much creativity as shrewd surmise about what might sell. The stylists are great copycats, from each other and the world at large. If they have a counterpart it would be the Seventh Avenue dressmakers in New York, who spot the salable idea and adapt it to mass tastes. ("Except that Seventh Avenue can turn around in a matter of months," says one stylist, "and if we make a mistake we get to suffer for three years.")

Styling was invented at G.M. in 1926, when president Alfred P. Sloan Jr. of General Motors imported from the West Coast a giant of a man named Harley Earl, who had been putting custom bodies on Detroit chassis to please Hollywood stars of that giddy era. "Here was this huge man—six-feet-six, protected by Sloan, who was a little Caesar in those days," recalls one graduate of G.M. styling. "This was the day when Ford dominated the industry by his fiat that a customer could have any model he wanted as long as it was a Model T and any color as long as it was black." Ford held 61 percent of the market in 1921, and then Sloan and Earl completely turned the tables. If there is one man who determines current American taste in automobiles it is Earl's successor at General Motors, William L. Mitchell, 52, plump, ruddy and balding, whose office is full of sculptured wood forms and push-button everything. Mitchell himself is full of maxims, and one of his favorites is that "even love starts with looks." Another is that "design should be simple but not like Simon."

"If you own one suit of clothes, you do not want it to be a check suit," says Mitchell, who, personally, in summer, goes for bland colors, a slim cut and cuffless trousers. "But why do you have a crease in your pants? For accent. Look at the classic cars—the Stutz Bearcat, the Marmon, the Pierce-Arrow. They had simplicity of line but an elegance of detail. There are certain basic elements of design: Nobody likes a fat man. A shark is better looking than a grouper. A car, like a woman, ought to look good from any angle. Get some variety in there. Why did Mozart mix woods with his brass? Design is change. Don't fall in love with your Rembrandt."

George Romney, when he was running American Motors, charged that G.M. was so dominant in the marketplace that simply through its quantity of cars on the road it set styling trends that any other company flew against at gravest peril. ("You cannot imagine the courage it took to make that remark in Detroit," says one of Romney's friends. "George and Lenore were cut socially at the best clubs by old friends.") Styling trends over the past few years have produced an inconclusive body of evidence that, on the whole, seems to support the Romney point of view. At the least, they demonstrate how the industry feeds upon itself, where the ideas come from and where they go.

The style that has dominated the industry for the past three years is what is known in the trade as the "Continental look," or "slab sides," a squared-off, clean-cut body. It was first applied in the U.S. at the advanced-design studio at Ford as a prototype for the Thunderbird and on the Continental. But the Continental was what a Ford designer calls a "quiet loner out ahead of the pack," until Pontiac picked up the idea and made it the styling trend that every other car maker had to take into account.

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A cost saver "we don't like to talk about."

The Automakers

The designers at Ford, Chrysler and American Motors deny the Romney thesis that they must copy G.M. They claim they have been creating the exciting styles, which have then been popularized by General Motors. The test should be the 1965 models. In effect, all the other companies are defending current designs while General Motors is trying, cautiously, to set a trend of its own. Mitchell calls it the "Coke bottle," by which he means a subtly wasp-waisted car, a more sculptured look, patterned after European racing cars and G.M.'s own Corvette. "The trend," says Mitchell, "is away from the four-poster look—why should a car look like a bed?"

The companies are busily selling performance as well as style. Chrysler Corp., for example, has dropped a hot new engine into a lightweight chassis, and has hired Ford's best stock-car driver, A. J. Foyt. Foyt won the Firecracker 400 at Daytona last summer in a Dodge, and Chrysler ever since has been broadcasting Foyt's triumphant message: "I've finally found a car I can win with." This did much to exacerbate the "racing question," which, oddly, raises more blood pressures than any other issue in Detroit. G.M. and American Motors do not sponsor racing, while Ford and Chrysler do. The racers accuse the nonracers of hypocrisy and say that it was in great part due to "bootleg" support for racers that Pontiac was able to wipe out its image as an "old ladies' car" and rise to third spot in sales. The nonracers say that the racers are sponsoring excessive speed and slaughter on the highways.

There is indeed one statistic that nobody in Detroit is proud of. Somewhere this fall, on some unknown highway, one of its powerful creations will swerve out of control, and in a moment of unspeakable terror some American will become the 1,500,000th citizen of this country to lay down his life for the automobile. Detroit has not, as many of its critics claim, neglected the problem of safety. Each year the industry smashes dozens of brand-new cars into concrete walls, with automated dummies at the wheel, and these test crashes have produced such tangible improvements as the seat belt, the deep-dish steering wheel and the padded dash. But there is little that automen can do about the alcohol, fatigue, incompetence and impatience that send real drivers into real walls.

Detroit probably has neglected another safety problem, that of air pollution from exhaust fumes. Yet it is typical of the industry that once an ultimatum was laid down—California has ruled that all new cars sold there after 1966 must have approved anti-smog devices—the companies went all out to meet the challenge. Industry engineers concede, grudgingly, that anti-pollution equipment could now get so good so quickly that it will soon become standard around the country.

Along with all these problems the industry's engineers have been struggling to meet the cost problems posed by the splendorous range of car models, which now number 323. With the possible variations of trim, color and options, the industry says it could run its assembly lines for a year without producing two identical cars. Market research indicates that this has helped sales—the feeling on the part of the average buyer that somewhere in this vast line is a car just for him—but the production challenge is obvious. "If a worker on the line has to put one bracket in one car and another on in the next," says a manufacturing expert at Ford, "then he obviously has to have two bins for the brackets. Merely the increase in floor space in the factory for the two bins is a substantial cost factor. So is the handling of materials—keeping two bins supplied instead of one. So is training the man in performing two operations efficiently instead of one."

To a layman the answer would be to build nothing but blue Pontiacs with white upholstery one day, then build white ones with blue trim the next. The almost infinite variety of options—in engines, air conditioning, push-button windows and so on—makes this impractical. At a "BOP" plant, where Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs and sometimes Chevrolets, are assembled, the cars move down the line in a complete hodgepodge, a white Olds followed by a blue Buick and then perhaps three Pontiacs in a row—some of the cars hardtops, some convertibles, some sedans, one with power steering, the next with bucket seats and a four-speed stick transmission.

Detroit has met these cost problems in several ways. G.M. offers 143 different models, but almost all of them are built on three basic bodies, code named A, B and C. The variety is in the sheet metal that the customer sees, and the sameness is underneath and out of sight. The options run across several model lines—for instance, Ford's 289 cubic-inch V-8 engine is available on the Mustang, the Mercury Comet, the Fairlane and the standard Ford. And the 260 cubic-inch V-8 starts life as basically the same engine block as the 289 but is bored differently by means of interchangeable dies on the

Rambler's 1965 Ambassador follows trend to somewhat greater length. Optional item: automatic transmission and manual floor shift in the same car.

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same tooling line. "We do not like to talk about this angle of the business," says one industry executive, "because a man who buys an expensive car does not like to know that it shares so much in common with a cheaper line."

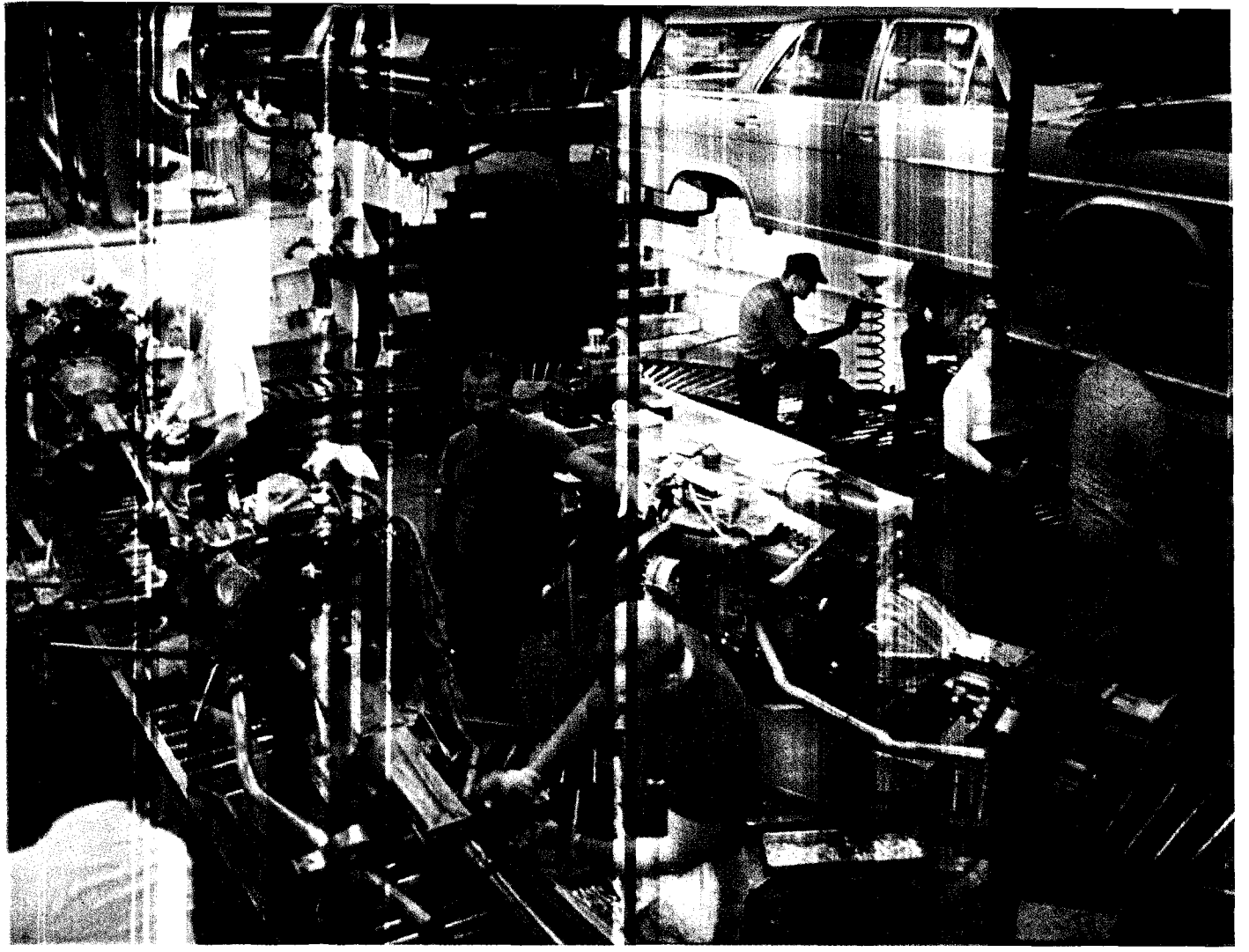
The other major element in the industry's cost control has been a thorough and imaginative use of the computer. Dealer sales and dealer orders, broken down into all the available variety of models and options, are fed continuously into the computers from the district offices. Almost automatically these statistics are translated into buy orders for raw materials and production schedules at the plants. The computers calculate the costs of the 14,000 parts in an automobile to a fraction of a cent, then compare the figures with engineers' educated guesses of competitive companies' costs. They can project the cost of a new assembly line technique vs. the old. One product of the computer has been leaner and more accurate inventory. This saves money and has a healthy side effect for the entire economy, since inflated inventories have been a primary cause of past recessions.

The industry thinks that "automation" is a misnomer for the cost-cutting efforts it has carried out—even though a Ford executive is credited with inventing the word. "Volkswagen can automate a line because they are turning out the same car year after year," an engineer explains. "The key question is how much does the tool cost and what is its life expectancy? You cannot get too heavily into automation when changing models make your tooling obsolete."

The new efficiency has not yet made great inroads into employment, which is actually up by 30,000 from a year ago. The current figure is 15 percent less than in the last record year, 1955, but that is nowhere near the drastic cut that has hit such industries as coal and steel. This whole question of efficiency—and who should share the benefits—has been at the heart of the contract talks between the companies and the U.A.W.

Walter Reuther, the brash, imaginative president of the U.A.W., has habitually ranged far afield from ordinary bread-and-butter unionism in dealing with the auto companies. During this year's negotiations, he declared that management should "pass on some of the fruits of developing technology to the consumer by way of price reductions on cars." Whether or not the companies follow this gratuitous advice, Reuther hopes to force them to add new men to their payrolls, first by providing bonuses for early retirement, and second by boosting the rate for overtime work so high that the companies will hire more men rather than pay it. Reuther is out to change the work rules in what he calls "the largest, glorified, gold-plated sweatshop in the world." He demanded an increase in relief time for each worker from 24 minutes a day to at least the 39 minutes already provided at American Motors.

"A man may have been on the line for 20 years, and he may have a daughter that works as a secretary and is treated like an adult, but he is treated like company property," says another U.A.W. official. "He is paid by the tenth of an hour and if he is seven minutes late he is docked. His work pace is set by the speed of the line. He is tapped on the shoulder for relief, and he goes straight to a can with no doors on it, and straight back. At rougher plants he can be sent home for stopping at the coffee machine or talking to a buddy. It is hard work. A lot of it is hot and smelly."



Rambler engines are adjusted at American Motors' Kenosha, Wis., plant. Car output here is biggest in industry.

The real thrust of Reuther's demands is to create jobs by spreading out the work—thus "facing up to the problem of automation"—rather than to get a wage increase alone. But he has been seeking a record package in a year of record profits. "We are concerned about the heavy burden that G.M. has, carrying around those heavy money bags," he says. The companies, in turn, have taken a strong stand against U.A.W. demands, not only because of the cost but because they feel the union is usurping management prerogatives by pushing for changes in work rules. There is more than a remote chance of a strike shutting down the auto industry this month just as the customers start swarming into the showrooms. With a banner year in prospect, however, the chances are somewhat better for the union to land a fat new contract.

The big "umbrella"

Would such a new contract have an inflationary effect on the economy? Interestingly enough, the U.A.W.'s answer is yes. It contends that any wage increase is automatically inflationary because of the industry's pricing policy.

The U.A.W. argues, and from a sizable body of evidence, that G.M. sets its prices without much regard to the competition. While pricing policy is secret, the U.A.W. reconstructs it this way from scattered statements of G.M. executives. The company computes its expected costs, predicts how many cars it will sell, throws in a before-tax profit of 30 to 40 percent on assets—including even its money in the bank, of which G.M. has currently about $2.5 billion—and sets prices accordingly. When questioned on the subject, Chevrolet's General Manager Semon Knudsen says only that his products are priced "according to what they're worth," which does not advance the discussion very far.

As the U.A.W. explains it, G.M. holds a "price umbrella" over its competitors. Because of its great efficiency on great volume, enormous profits accrue to its shareholders not only in dividends but through retained earnings—in 10 years, stockholder equity has increased from $2.9 billion to $7.1 billion, even though $6.5 billion was paid out in dividends. The smaller companies follow the G.M. price line, and, protected by the umbrella, make handsome profits themselves.

The last company to enjoy the dominant position G.M. does today was Ford in the days of old Henry. His policy was quite clear: "Reduce the price, extend the operations and improve the article." He thought the benefits of efficiency ought to be shared between stockholder, worker and consumer, so he shocked the world with his $5 day in 1914 and progressively whittled the price of his Model T from $850 in 1908 to $380 in 1926. It is the contention of the U.A.W. that almost all the benefits of G.M.'s efficiency and dominence in the market have gone to the stockholders and—through the G.M. bonus plan—to the company executives.

A superficial and uninformed reaction might be that more corporations ought to try to get in on this torrential flow of profits. "Well, suppose you went to a corporation making only half as much on assets as the automobile companies?" one auto executive mused. "You say, here are the ground rules: You've got to commit your earnings two years in advance on what can be no more than an educated guess as to public whims in styling. You are subject to the fluctuating, unpredictable prowess of thousands of dealers. You would mention the many fine companies that have gone bankrupt making automobiles, plus the fact that fixed costs are so high a 25 percent drop in volume will kill you—even if you cut out all the lights and stop putting john paper in the johns. Studebaker bit the dust just last year, closed down their U. S. operation and moved to Canada. I think a great many companies would say no thanks, I'll stick to a smaller but safer return."

The reaction of a young man clutching a new college diploma might be that he should rush to Detroit and get a job. For like the companies themselves the automobile executives are prospering. Of the 10 highest paid executives in the U. S. in 1963, seven worked for General Motors and the other three worked for Ford. Frederic Donner, the chairman of G.M., found $655,025 in his envelope in 1963, and John F. Gordon, the president, had $740,900. But there are compensating disadvantages. The most basic is that the automobile man works quite hard. A certain amount of self-created myth has crept into the portrait of the executive who keeps pictures of the wife and kiddies in the office, because he never gets home to see them. But long-distance telephone bills are considerable in Bloomfield Hills, where almost all the top executives live.

The 10-hour day, beginning at 8:30 A.M., is about average. Since the various headquarters have been scattered all around Michigan's flat landscape, the executive is condemned to bland food and business talk at luncheon in the company dining room. There is a great deal of gassing around in the corridors near the coffee machine, and the average junior executive works at nowhere near the sustained rate of the man on the production line. But by the time he fights his way home through a traffic jam—Detroit has some dandies, and this is perhaps only poetic justice—he is apt to be thoroughly worn out.

The industry is sensitive about its image of gray-flannel suitism—and probably should be, since that image is oppressively true. The atmosphere at G.M., where the men on the executive committee have spent 30 or 40 years together, is that of a stodgy, respectable club. The chairman and chief executive officer, Frederic Donner, is an accountant by trade and a man of precise mind. The story goes that he once told an aide, "I'll be leaving the building about 5:33. I'll let you know the exact time later."

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"We dumped an intermediate on them, a preacher's car. It grabbed off four percentage points."

The Automakers

Chrysler President Lynn Townsend is also an accountant. One of his key steps up the ladder was cutting costs by firing 7,000 white-collar workers, and this memory is enough to snap spines rigid when he sends an order down. Henry Ford is an occasionally autocratic board chairman who sometimes carries the day by pointing out to subordinates that it is his name that is on the building. His president, Arjay Miller, is another statistician and cost-control expert. But lip and backtalk are quite free at Ford. "In general, we present our plans and Mr. Ford sprinkles holy water on them," says a vice-president, without asking that the remark be kept off the record. "If we have a good fight in committee meetings, he gets a kick out of it. He and Arjay enjoy playing Solomon." The only salesman among the chief executives is President Roy Abernethy of American Motors, a great bear of a man who pins visitors to their chairs with a finger-jabbing sermon on the virtues of the compact car.

G.M. quite frankly bases its assessments of executives on loyalty and length of service, and rarely hires from outside. The other companies, in contrast, have acquired some of their best talent by swiping from G.M.—all of their stylists, for example, worked for G.M. originally. But organization-man conformity is common everywhere. At Ford an executive recorded his frank shock at seeing a subordinate walking along the corridor in his shirtsleeves. "He had gone to a good college and had been with us several years. He was old enough to know better. I called him in and gave him a good dressing down, and it never happened again." Baldness is unfortunate, and flabbiness is nearly fatal. Low-calorie ice cream is a popular dessert in the executive dining rooms. No beards, shaggy haircuts or unshined shoes are seen down the long corridors that executives tread.

Most standard of all is that off duty as well as on, the automobile executive is devoted to praising his boss, his company, and the product. "They say we are pretty dull people who never talk about anything but automobiles, and they may be right," says one vice president. "I never hear anything else at my club. Some of our people live out in Ann Arbor just to get away from automobiles and into a different circle of friends. Here, culture is pretty much a wife thing, and the men don't take much interest. You have to remember this: In three years at the top, a man can come away a millionaire. This is what they think about it; they will make their million and then go to New England or someplace. But the funny thing is, none of them leave. All of their friends are here."

A most unsettling fact for the high-level automobile executive is that personal reputations can zoom or plummet in a single year. His chief concern is not so much the total size of the market as his personal share of it, his "penetration" as it is called. Although sales by all of the Big Three have been rising, penetration so far this year is a stalemate.

In terms of earnings the most spectacular story is the Chrysler Corporation, whose sales had plummeted from 18.3 percent of the market in 1957 to 10.8 percent in 1961, and whose president, William C. Newberg, had been caught at the untidy practice of making a personal fortune through his heavy interests in supplier companies that sold mainly to Chrysler. To the rescue came the unlikely figure of George Hutchinson Love, 64, chairman of the board of the Consolidation Coal Company and a man of awesome respectability in the business world. Love, who became chairman of the board, and Lynn Townsend, the accountant plucked from within Chrysler for the presidency, turned the company around by sternly reducing overhead more than $50 million and thus managing to pinch out a tiny profit on 1961's reduced sales.

After losses in 1958 and 1959, and modest profits in 1960 and 1961, Chrysler earned $162 million last year and hit $114 million in the first half of 1964. Its penetration is up, more modestly, to 13.8 percent. "After getting our costs in line, which was the first step," Townsend explains, "we rebuilt our dealer organization and improved our product. What penetration are we aiming at? Everything we can get our hands on."

The fascinating story at Ford is the product. Time and again over recent years it has been Ford that got into the market first with a trend-setting car. When all of the companies introduced compacts in the fall of 1959, the Ford Falcon was the runaway success, outselling Chevrolet's Corvair by two to one. "Then we dumped an intermediate on them," says a Ford executive, "the Fairlane, a preacher's car. It grabbed off four percentage points." This spring the Mustang, a sports compact, took off in a flurry of publicity and public excitement. Four million people trooped through Ford showrooms on introduction weekend. The Mustang has already taken four percent of the market.

"We scheduled this car for sales of 200,000, and now we're getting serious about 400,000," says Iacocca. "Should I have lined up more production?" Iacocca, who is only 39 and a man in such a hurry that a few years ago he managed to break a finger taking off his socks, pondered and then plunged ahead. "That is merely hindsight after a smash success. If you set up the factories and don't have the orders, you can shoot cannonballs through the plants or rent them out as bowling alleys. The company would have thought I had flipped. Nobody could have predicted a hit on this scale."

Yet while the excitement has centered on Ford and Chrysler, it is General Motors that has been selling cars—selling them in unprecedented numbers, and grabbing an awesome share of the market. An executive at a rival company says that "competing with G.M. you have the feeling of an avalanche coming at you. They never let up. Even when they make a mistake, they can scramble out of it very fast."

One secret of G.M.'s success was its ability to plan compacts which did not "cannibalize" the sales of its regular lines. The Corvair, for instance, was a lightweight with a rear engine and a "cute foreign feel to it," as Averill of Chevrolet describes it. It fought off the foreign imports without biting into Chevrolet sales. The Buick-Olds-Pontiacs that came out a year later were "luxury compacts" that gave the dealers a shot at the cheaper-car customer while subtly reminding him of the ego satisfaction involved in owning a more expensive car. When the Ford Falcon proved too successful to ignore, Chevrolet countered with the Chevy II, which was almost a duplicate and was even tested around Detroit under a Falcon skin. In dolling up a pair of "his and her" Corvairs with jazzy trim and bucket seats for a Chicago auto show, G.M. stylist William Mitchell came up with a surprise winner, the Corvair Monza. It now accounts for 80 percent of all Corvair sales, gave G.M. an advance tip on the trend to bucket seats and sporty styling—and was a big factor in Ford's decision to go ahead with the Mustang.

If G.M. had any strategy at all, it seems to have been extreme caution and care for the status quo. In a period of rapidly changing tastes in the car market, G.M. let its competitors make some of the discoveries for it, then moved in, massively, to capitalize. And when sales began to swing upward, G.M. was covered all across the board. From a low 46.9 percent of the market in 1959, G.M. moved up to 53.8 percent in 1963, and it is holding steady at about that so far this year. Chrysler's gains came mostly at the expense of Ford, which slipped from 30.5 percent of the market in 1961 to 26.2 percent last year. American Motors lost out, too, dropping in a year from six percent to less than five.

It would be foolish to predict that all this has set any reliable guidelines for 1965. Invigorated by the Mustang's success, Ford's Iacocca is just about the most optimistic man in Detroit. "The Mustang caught G.M. flat-footed and they're still flat-footed," he says, rolling around one of his giant cigars. He thrusts out a sheaf of statistics showing that the Mustang was luring away 11 percent more loyal

The Plymouth Fury has a wheelbase three inches longer than last year's model, carries a power plant of 426 cubic inches.

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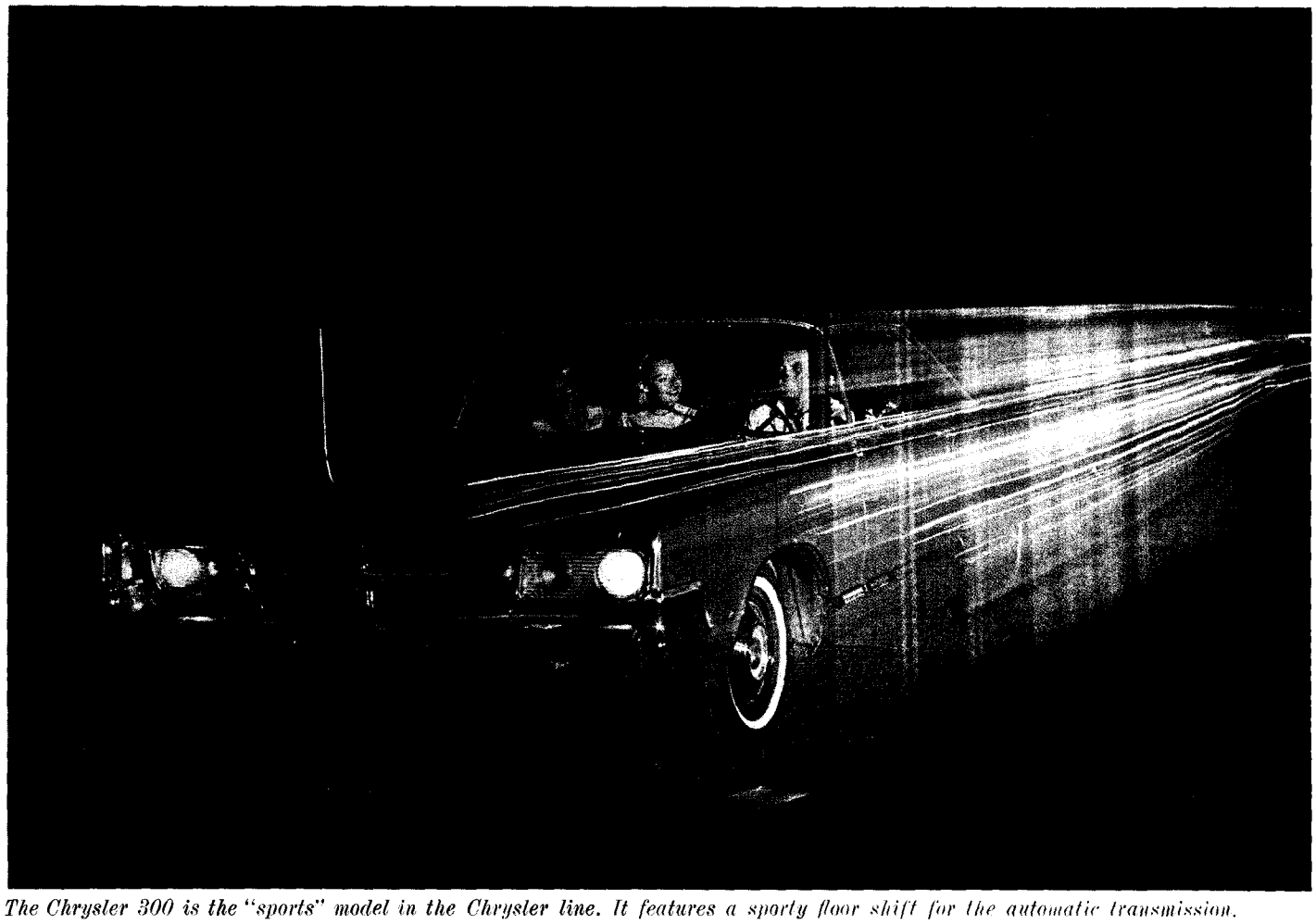
The Dodge Monaco is a new, sharply sculptured addition to the line, with bucket seats in the front and back. The convertible is vinyl-topped.

G.M. customers than any other car. "We're feasting on them. That's coming right out of G.M.'s hide."

All of the companies, even including compact-conscious American Motors, are offering a broader line of cars, expertly styled to compete with G.M. in the middle- as well as the low-priced range. "We're still in the compact business, but we're trying to move the fence back a little," says Tom Coupe, sales vice president of American Motors, and a phrasemaker like the rest of his breed. "We think we've got our eye on the squirrel." With no immediately visible defects in any of the competing lines, 1965 should be a good test of G.M.'s dominance in the market.

Widespread conviction exists in Detroit that the three ever-better years of 1962, '63 and '64 marked the entrance onto a new "plateau" of sales, with higher peaks in sight. There is, in fact, convincing evidence that in the previous record year, 1955, dealers borrowed sales from future years through the stretch-out of credit terms and aggressive selling. Statisticians at one company keep a chart that shows new-car sales have held remarkably steady at about 5.5 percent of disposable personal income through the years—with the exception of a sharp jump upward in 1955. Record 1964 shows up as no such jump but as the auto industry's share of a more prosperous economy. "We talk about a plateau," Chrysler



The Chrysler 300 is the "sports" model in the Chrysler line. It features a sporty floor shift for the automatic transmission.

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General Motors has an embarrassing problem all its own—what it should do with all of its surplus money.

The Oldsmobile 98 has a new transmission to eliminate "creep" when car is stopped.

president Townsend remarks, "but we don't really know where the plateau is, because sales have kept on climbing."

A number of earthy statistics underlie the boom in sales. One is the great increase in the number of families owning two or more cars—this figure has doubled in the past nine years. Another is the arrival in the car market of the babies born in the postwar population boom. "The baby-food people had them, then the soft-drink people, and now they're getting to us," says a statistician at G.M. "Kids walk right out of college and into a $500-a-month job these days," adds Virgil Boyd, group vice president for all domestic automotive operations at Chrysler. "The first thing they buy is a car." There is an automatic replacement market for the 5.5 million cars being scrapped each year. Adding on projected "growth" sales of only 1.5 million puts the plateau at 7 million a year. Several industry executives have predicted a ten-million-car year before 1975.

Such projections are highly speculative. If the industry has really been building more quality into current models as it claims—$200 a car without a price increase—average car life will lengthen and scrappage rates will fall. "Where will sales go?" says C. L. Goyert of Ford's product planning department. "Will Russia or America put the first man on the moon? At the time of Sputnik we thought we detected a strong trend to the blue sedan, a guilt feeling perhaps about spending too much money on cars and not enough on national goals." Knudsen of Chevrolet says that part of the trend toward more size reflects the expansive Western image of Lyndon Johnson.

The most open question of all is whether Americans will continue, as they make more and more money, to spend more and more on cars. "We were worried about the trips to Europe, sure," says a market researcher. "But they've been to Europe and probably didn't like the food, and they're not going again. Boats and swimming pools? Sure, they're buying them, but the automobile still comes first." "You're out there on the throughway," says the G.M. stylist, Mitchell, a blissful smile on his face, "and you turn on the air conditioning and the radio and set the cruise control for seventy miles an hour. There's nothing like it. It is a very good feeling indeed."

Anything that goes up can, of course, come down. The same forecasters who predict a ten-million-car year concede privately that if there is a downturn in the economy there could be a six-million-car year, a drop of 25 percent from current sales and a testing time for the industry. Improved production techniques have increased all the companies' profit per unit—but have also raised tooling costs and made it harder to reach the break-even point at which profits begin. "After X number of cars, it is almost gravy," says a financial expert at one company. "But if you don't make X number, you're dead."

If the downturn comes, the company to watch will be G.M. If it raises the price umbrella, as it did in 1956, 1957 and 1958, the other companies will doubtless cheer. One official at Ford says he thinks a price increase is already overdue. If G.M. holds the price line, the other companies could go through a wringer. G.M.'s behavior at the opposite extreme—a ten-million-car year—would be just as interesting to watch. It already seems embarrassed about the enormity of its profits. Last year General Motors' before-tax profit amounted to 125 percent on all of its real estate, plant and equipment. In a ten-million-car year General Motors could conceivably make enough to pay for its plant every six months, a rate that even a loan shark would envy.

General Motors, in fact, has an interesting problem of its own, which is what to do with all the money. Other firms use a surplus of this sort to buy other companies and expand their operations. But this is almost precluded in General Motors' case because of its size. The Justice De-

Chevrolet's Super Sport is new bucket-seat entry at the top of the Chevy line.

Cadillac has major styling changes, a brand-new chassis. This is the Sedan de Ville.

Buick's Electra has wide-wide taillights, a new glass rear window in the convertible model. ▶

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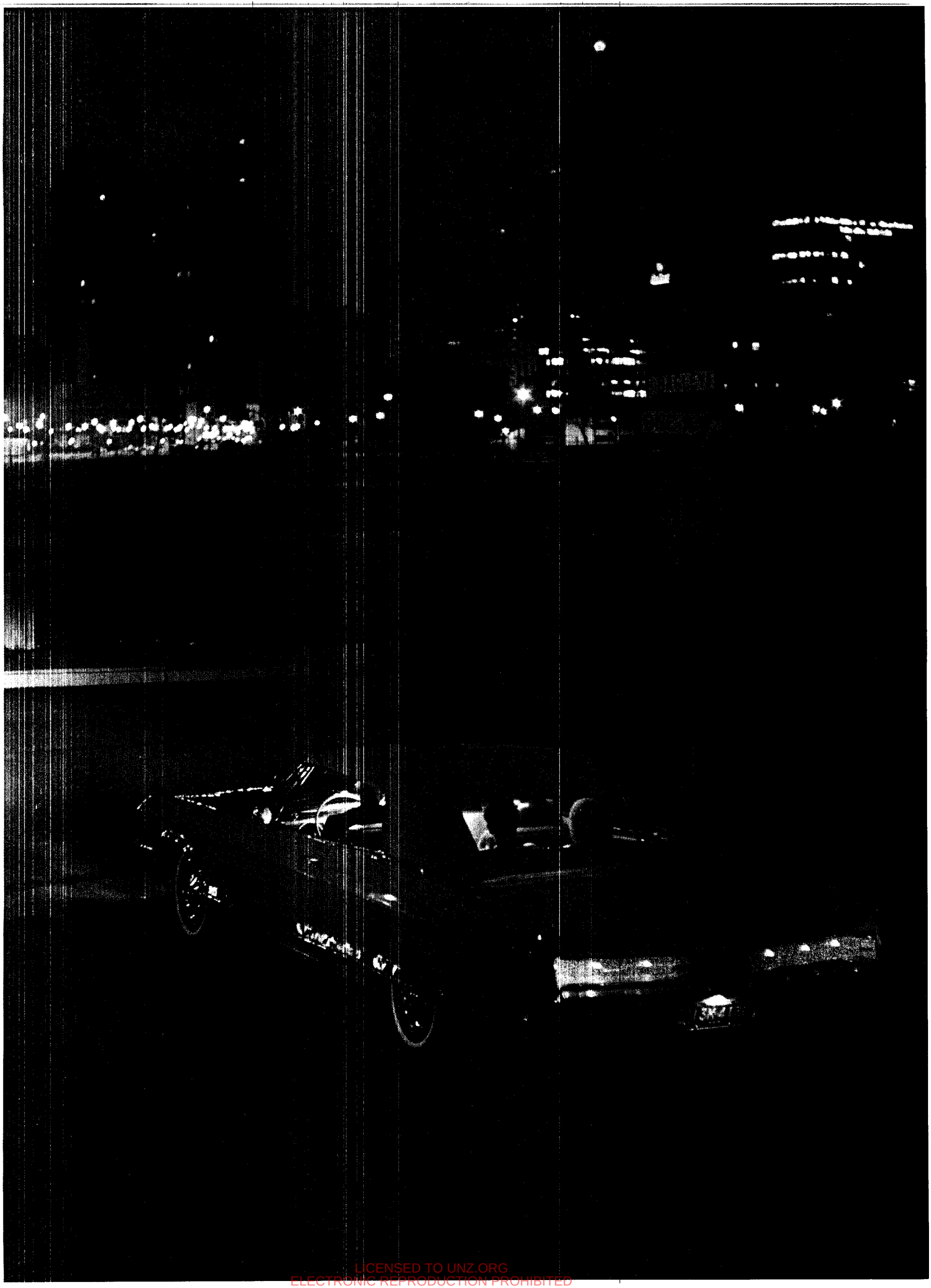

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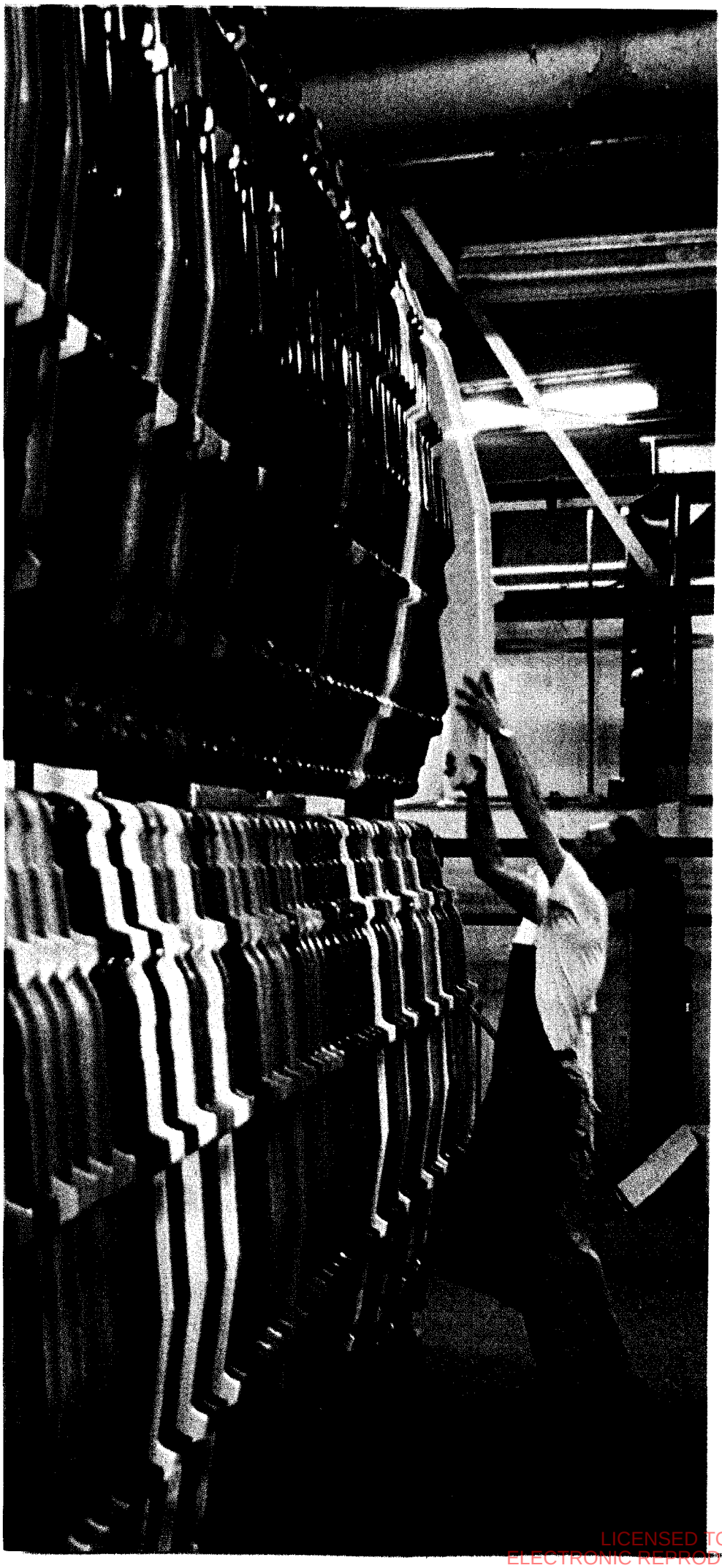
Autos might cost less than $1000—if every American bought the same model.



The Automakers

partment keeps eight men assigned full time to its affairs. Any expansion by General Motors into new fields puts them on the prowl.

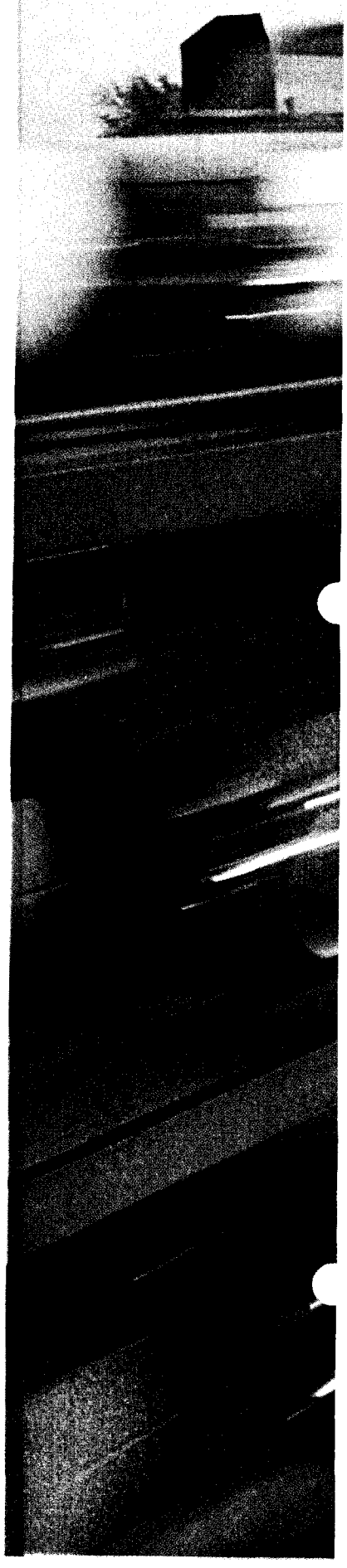
Justice currently has five suits going against G.M., one of them involving Chevrolet sales practices in Los Angeles, three of them about G.M.'s great share of the diesel locomotive and bus markets, and the fifth seeking to split off the Euclid Road Machinery Co., an earth-moving outfit acquired by G.M. back in 1953. For the past five years a federal grand jury in New York has been searching documents subpoenaed from G.M. for possible antitrust violations in the automobile business. All of the cases are bogged down in incredible complexity. Back during the war a G.M. executive cracked that the bomb shelter in the G.M. building had been placed below the legal department "because nothing ever gets through."

Yet even G.M., with its price umbrella, its huge penetration, its vast backlog of "loyalty" must lay it on the line each fall when its new cars come to market. The American auto buyer is an unpredictable and ornery creature. He kicks the tire to express his incomprehension and vague anger, and then pays $3,000 or so for the machine and brags about every penny of it to his neighbors. He says why can't you build one like Henry Ford did, simple and cheap, and efficient—and when a company tries, it gets clobbered by this customer's indifference.

At least $125 per car represents nothing but fashion in sheet metal, the cost of the annual model change. But if a company ignores fashion in the interest of economy—American Motors is the most recent victim—sales begin to slump. The industry has got sales going again, and has taken some of the anger out of the kick at the tire by offering the customer a choice of size and performance. But the customer is paying for this choice, because the proliferation of models has denied the industry many of the cost advantages of automation. If every American were willing to drive an identical, comfortable compact car, it could probably be delivered to him for less than $1,000.

But the automobile, to an American, is more than wheels. "It is a mobile status symbol," says a market researcher, "and a mobile status symbol comes as close as you can to defining the American dream."

The symbol is fresh-minted each year in an industrial ritual of awesome proportions. Somehow the 14,000 parts come together as a shiny, new chariot. Somehow the excitement is regenerated each year among millions of Americans. It is clear that Detroit is offering—with conspicuous success—not just a way of getting from place to place but a means of getting to some place better. THE END



◀ *Computers help hold down inventories like these bumper parts at Ford plant.*

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The next stop is the showroom. A triple-decked trainload of 1965 Mustangs leaves the assembly plant at Ford's River Rouge complex near Detroit.

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Sahl is hostile, not only to politicians but to all other comics who have made a success out of his kind of caustic political comment.

THE COMIC WHO'LL NEVER BE IN

In every election there is one candidate whom Mort Sahl can't stand. It's the winner, whoever he may be. Already Sahl is whetting his ax for the man who may count on his gibes as one of the hazards of victory.

By EDWARD LINN

Every four years the United States holds a presidential election, and Mort Sahl, whose nostrils are set aquivering by the first faint scent of a politician, turns momentarily away from what John F. Kennedy once called "his relentless pursuit of everybody" to take dead aim on the candidates.

Sahl stands up in front of an audience at such nightclubs as New York's jazz-oriented Basin Street East wearing an orange sweater, an open-necked shirt and a set of dark, brooding features which brighten to a fiendish glee whenever he scores a direct hit. He minces no words, and he wastes none.

He tells about driving past one of Goldwater's stores in Phoenix and seeing a big banner reading GIANT SALE. EVERYTHING MUST GO. SHOES . . . DRESSES . . . TVA.

He seizes upon Goldwater's embarrassing interview in *Der Spiegel* and narrows it down brutally: "Goldwater says the Germans would have won the war if 'that Hitler fellow' had let the generals alone." And then biting off each word, "No use crying over spilt milk."

But since Sahl's ax is always double-edged, Lyndon Johnson easily gets equal time. "He's the first President," Sahl says, "to put the country in his wife's name."

With the 1964 campaign under way, Mort is about to open in a Broadway play, Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*—a role he took, although he has no desire to be an actor, largely because the leading character reminded him so much of himself. "Except he has the courage to whisper," Mort says revealingly. "He doesn't have to *shry* (scream) all the time. He doesn't have to be hostile."

Sahl's hostility earns him something like $350,000 a year, which is an irony he appreciates. "Isn't that a great commentary on our society?" he says. "What do you do when you're antiauthoritarian? For me, you get up on a nightclub floor and attack authority. I mount my neuroses every night, and I'm a big hero."

It is undoubtedly true, however, that during the Kennedy Administration Mort lost—or, at least, distressed—his natural audience, the doctrinaire liberals who were delighted when he ripped Eisenhower, McCarthy and Nixon but appalled when he had the poor taste to rap John F. Kennedy.

"They kept telling me that Utopia was here, that my people were finally in," Mort says. "I don't think *my* people are ever going to be in."

Sahl has no sacred cows, no holy causes. The Negroes' indiscriminate hostility toward whites is a subject he has been playing with from the first days of the Negro Revolution. "I went to my dressing room between shows," he says, "and an attorney for the N.A.A.C.P. was waiting for me. He wanted to know why I don't have any Negroes in my act."

Mort Sahl off the stage is exactly the same as Mort Sahl on the stage. Since his whole life is a rehearsal for his show, he talks about the same subjects, uses the same biting delivery, and even interrupts himself with the same sudden bark of self-appreciative laughter.

"You can be a big hero now by telling a joke about a segregationist," he said recently, resting in his hotel room. "I don't choose to. I *did* that already. I did it when Negroes were out playing the guitar. Now they're all hostile. I thought we were supposed to be eliminating the role of the oppressor; I didn't know we were alternating it."

He feels that Dick Gregory is laughed at by far too many audiences who should feel threatened. "You cannot act like a prophet when you use the deliberate baiting of Caucasians. Dick Gregory has one joke—the back of the bus. I don't think he's a comedian."

But then, Mort Sahl doesn't consider himself a comedian either.

Morton Lyon Sahl was born on May 11, 1927, in Canada, but only because his father, a frustrated playwright, had left Los Angeles to operate a tobacco shop in Montreal, his wife's hometown. Harry Sahl soon discovered that his talents as a shopkeeper were slight. He returned to Los Angeles when Mort was seven to work in the local office of the FBI.

Mort describes himself as a "martinet" in his early days. He was such a red-hot ROTC man in high school that he won an American Legion Americanism Award. At the age of 15 he quit high school to join the Army, but was quickly discharged when his mother informed the Army that he had lied about his age.

Mort then wrote his congressman and was promised an appointment to West Point if he could pass the entrance exams. Instead he was drafted upon graduation from high school and spent the next 31 months in the Air Force, mostly at Elmendorf Field in Anchorage, Alaska.

Upon direct confrontation with military discipline, the rebel inside the martinet emerged. Mort became editor of the post newspaper, and claims a record of 83 consecutive days on K.P. for attacking the privileges of command.

Mort himself believes that the rebel and the martinet were opposite sides of the same coin. "If I had gone to West Point and been part of the military establishment myself, it would have been OK. But a few months under the heel of authority killed it for me. I could never have been an officer after that."

After the war Mort took a degree at the University of California in, of all things, city management and engineering. In the fall of 1953, after two years of fairly consistent unemployment, he got his break at San Francisco's hungry i. "I had a routine comedy act," Mort says. "I did impersonations and told jokes, neither very well." At first he threw political commentary into his act strictly as asides for his own amusement. "And that," he says, "is when they began to laugh." Mort's salary escalated from $75 a week to $5,000, and both he and the hungry i were on their way.

Now he stays so close to the news that a routine usually evolves show by show. When a naval battle off Vietnam led to a U.S. bombing raid on North Vietnam, Sahl promptly remarked, "We were going to give [South Vietnam's President] Khanh the H-bomb to use, but we were afraid he'd sell it." Of his own politics Mort will say only, "I run a very elusive course, leaning a bit to the left to correct for drift in the country."

Against both parties

It is safe to say, however, that he is against the Republicans for what they are, and against the Democrats for what they aren't. "The Democrats are the worst," he says. "They know they'll always keep leaning farther and farther to the right to accommodate the party. They have no conscience, no sense of history, no candidate, no program, no future."

The closest he ever came to signing on with any candidate was a full year of voluntary gag-writing for Senator John F. Kennedy. Mort first met Kennedy at Democratic functions, where he has always been happy to perform without pay for the opportunity to insult the party leaders to their faces. ("They always called on me except when they had a large function and wanted somebody safe, like Joey Bishop.")

Mort's fling with Kennedy was due to Kennedy's personal attractiveness. But it was also undoubtedly due to his certainty that Kennedy didn't have the slightest chance of getting the nomination. ("I kept thinking about that during the time the experts were writing Goldwater off. Yeah, he had no more chance than a 43-year-old Roman Catholic senator.")

Although Mort never actually writes out any of his own material, he began to write out gags for Kennedy. It was Sahl who wrote most of those jokes which tended to outflank the religious issue by meeting it with humor.

But Kennedy would never use any of the hundreds of quips Mort sent him about Eisenhower, and that may very well have been the beginning of Mort's disaffection. It is, however, far more probable that his enthusiasm began to cool when he realized that the 43-year-old Catholic senator was indeed going to get the nomination. On the night of Kennedy's acceptance speech Sahl was invited to entertain the Democrats in the Los Angeles Coliseum, and with his sure instinct for deserting a winner, he took off on Kennedy in front of 100,000 cheering partisans. He started by announcing that Nixon had sent a wire to Joseph P. Kennedy saying:

YOU HAVEN'T LOST A SON. YOU'VE GAINED A COUNTRY. CONGRATULATIONS.

In case anybody missed the message, Mort went on to deliver a mocking

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routine about how tired he was of hearing the liberals complain that the candidates were just alike. "There's a lot of difference," Mort told them. "One is forty-three; the other is going to be sixty—in thirteen years. Agent John Foreman told him later, "You're the only guy I know who changes horses on the other side of the stream."

His most brutal line in that campaign was, "We've finally got a choice, the choice between the lesser of two evils. Nixon wants to sell the country, and Kennedy wants to buy it."

The Kennedy people kept telling Mort they didn't understand how he could say such things "about us," which only goaded him on to further onslaughts. "They don't think you have a philosophy," he says. "They think if you're not for them, you're against them. It's like, 'Who do you think you are?' And you say, 'I think I'm me.'"

The lure they were dangling before him was the most irresistible one of all, the prospect of a seat at the knee of power—even if it was only the seat of the court jester. "That invitation to dinner," Mort says, and he whistles slowly to show the power of it. "They knew how to use it."

It is probably fair to say that Sahl's instinct for self-preservation informed him that his ability to function depended upon his never allowing himself to forget that the camp of the ruler is always the enemy camp.

"It's better to remain outside," Mort says, coming as close as possible to articulating in a phrase his whole philosophy. "I camp alone."

Mort is so partial to the loser that he has even become rather fond of Richard Nixon, and it is doubtful if any presidential candidate in history was ever savaged as mercilessly as Mort savaged Nixon. But Mort had dinner with Nixon in California after the election, and Nixon pretty well disarmed him. "It's a mistake to meet them," Mort says, "because they're all good guys when they can relax and be themselves. I had a great time talking to Nixon, and I wasn't coming on with the ax like I used to."

He does not, needless to say, intend to put away his ax during this election simply because he is in a Broadway play. His plans are to find some club where he can work on Sunday nights, his only night off, and—if the play runs—to talk some television station into letting him do a nightly show directly from his dressing room. For years now, Mort has been aching to pass the word on to the big mass television audience. The irony is that he does want acceptance, praise and honor from a world he despises. "He wants to change the world," Robert Rice once wrote in *The New Yorker* (paraphrasing one of Sahl's own jokes) "but he won't take second billing."

He loves San Francisco, but he lives in Beverly Hills in a $70,000 Japanese home, featuring 11 speakers for his hi-fi system and a closed-circuit television, so that he can see who's at the door. "Los Angeles," he explains, "is the show-business center."

Despite his scorn of status, Mort Sahl wants recognition so badly that he cannot stand the success of the other comedians who have followed him into the broad field of social commentary. The success of Newhart, Berman, Gregory and—most recently—of his onetime protégé, Woody Allen, helps keep him angry and neurotic. In short, functioning at top efficiency. THE END

Once a would-be West Pointer, Sahl admits he might be an upholder of authority instead of an enemy, if he had ever become an officer.

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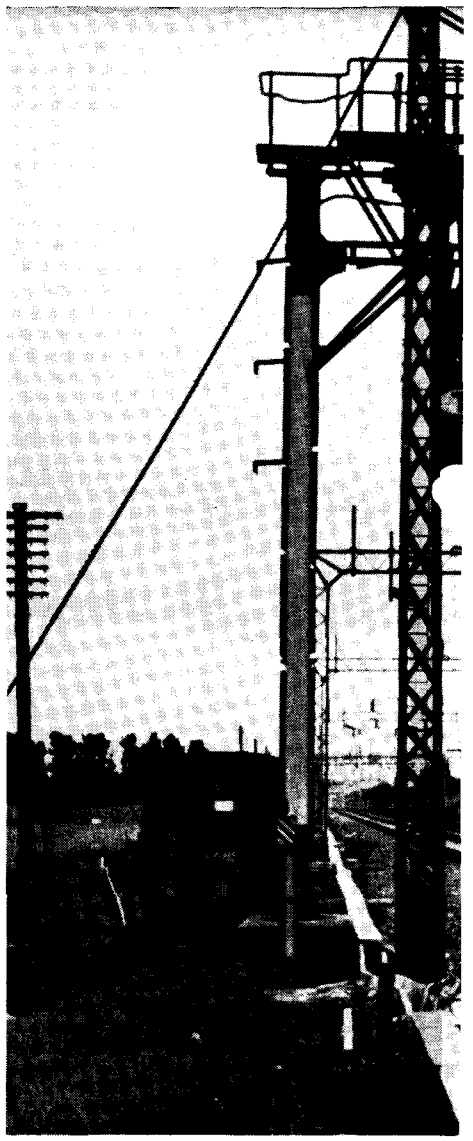
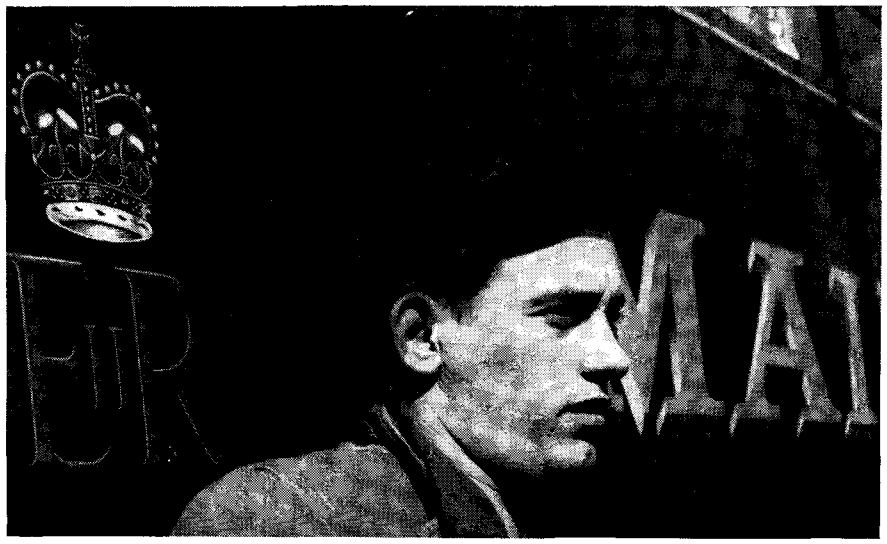
The great British train robbery

By Pete Hamill

Seven million in cash was the take. Most of it is still missing—along with one convicted robber who vanished from prison.



Glasgow-to-London mail train, light



David Whitby stepped from the stopped locomotive to find himself a prisoner.

Engineer Jack Mills fought off one robber, but another clubbed him unconscious.

Every evening through the damp British summer, the routine on the second landing of block B in Winson Green Prison had been the same. Charles Wilson would draw himself off his bunk in cell 12, remove his blue uniform with the four white patches on the back, fold it neatly, and place it outside the door. Then the door would be locked, and Charles Wilson would stretch his six-foot frame on the bunk, run his hands through his curly, dark-brown hair, and try to sleep.

This was no simple matter: The four white patches on his uniform indicated that Wilson was a maximum-security prisoner, and in the ancient, overcrowded cage of Winson Green this meant that the bare ceiling light burned all night in his cell, and a guard flipped open the peephole in the door every 15 minutes. But Charles Wilson was serving a 30-year sentence and he had begun to get used to the routine. Most nights he would read himself to sleep with the newspapers, holding them as a shield against the light. Some nights, the guards remembered later, he would lie there, staring at the ceiling, a vacant look on his handsome, slightly fleshy 32-year-old face, as if engaged in some gorgeous daydream. He no doubt was. And the dream was probably about something that lay outside the bare cell, out past the gray, turreted walls of the prison, out past the blinking lights of Birmingham, out there somewhere. More than most men in Winson Green, Charles Wilson had reasons for wishing he were not there. For Charles Wilson was one of 12 men serving an aggregate of 307 years' time for their parts in last year's $7,369,000 Great Train Robbery, the biggest cash robbery of all time. Only $942,000 had been recovered, and Wilson knew where the money was hidden.

His routine was broken in the early hours of August 12. That night Charles Wilson did not read himself to sleep. Instead he decided to reduce his 30-year sentence by 29 years and eight months. Shortly after three A.M., three men scaled the prison's 20-foot walls with stolen ladders, lowered themselves into the yard on rope ladders, and made their way to the block where Wilson was locked up. Their timing was exquisite. They knew precisely when the guard would be away from the corridor. With duplicates of two master keys they got into the corridor and then into Wilson's cell. The men brought an extra set of civilian clothes, and Wilson was dressing when a guard approached for the usual 15-minute check. He was smashed into unconsciousness. The four daring young men left the way the three intruders had entered. And the Great Train Robbery, already a British legend, fascinated Englishmen even more now that the gang had managed the Great Jail Break.

The reaction of the public was one of almost unqualified admiration. Novelist Graham Greene wrote to the London *Daily Telegraph*. "Am I one of a minority in feeling admiration for the skill and courage behind the great train robbery?" And after deploring the severity of the 30-year sentences, he added that it was "not surprising if some of us feel sympathy for the prisoner who escapes, again with skill and courage, from such a sentence." An investigation was begun to determine how the jailbreakers had managed to get the master keys, and it was admitted all around that the break must have involved inside help. It was also admitted that little is yet known about the Great Train Robbery itself. Today, more than a year later, the police are still putting the pieces together.

In the early morning hours of August 8, 1963, the countryside around the hamlets of Cheddington, Leighton Buzzard and Aylesbury, in the county of Buckingham, was dark and silent.

Shortly before three A.M., the stillness was broken by the sound of the Glasgow-

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y two tons of cash, resumes its run after the unscheduled stop. Robbers had disconnected the engine and first two cars to leave rest of the train stranded.

to-London mail train, clattering a long way off, making its nightly dash to London. At the controls of diesel engine D326 were engineer Jack Mills, a slab-faced, quiet-spoken, 57-year-old veteran railroad man who had been making this uneventful run for British Railways for 12 years, and his assistant, 26-year-old David Whitby. They were smoking cigarettes and chatting quietly about the previous weekend, one of Britain's four annual three-day bank holidays. Strung out behind them were 12 cars that made up a post office on wheels: In the last 10 cars about 75 postal clerks sorted some of the 30 million letters mailed in Britain every day. And in the second of the two coaches directly behind the diesel five postal workers sat with a very special cargo. There were 128 mail sacks stuffed with neatly wrapped one-pound ($2.80) and five-pound notes, proceeds of the long weekend, now being sent to London from banks all over the north.

As Mills approached Sears Crossing, he saw an amber warning light, and began to apply the brakes. At Sears Crossing itself, there was a red light, and Mills slowed to a stop. It was 3:03 A.M.

Telephone wires cut

Whitby swung down from the engine to walk ahead a few feet to a trackside emergency telephone. When Whitby lifted the telephone, it hung loose in his hands. The wires had been cut. He looked ahead along the tracks, expecting to see a work crew. The tracks were empty. He turned toward the rear of the train and suddenly saw a man in a knitted khaki mountaineering hood, peering from between the second and third coaches. The only part of his face that showed was the eyes.

"What's up mate?" Whitby said.

"Come here."

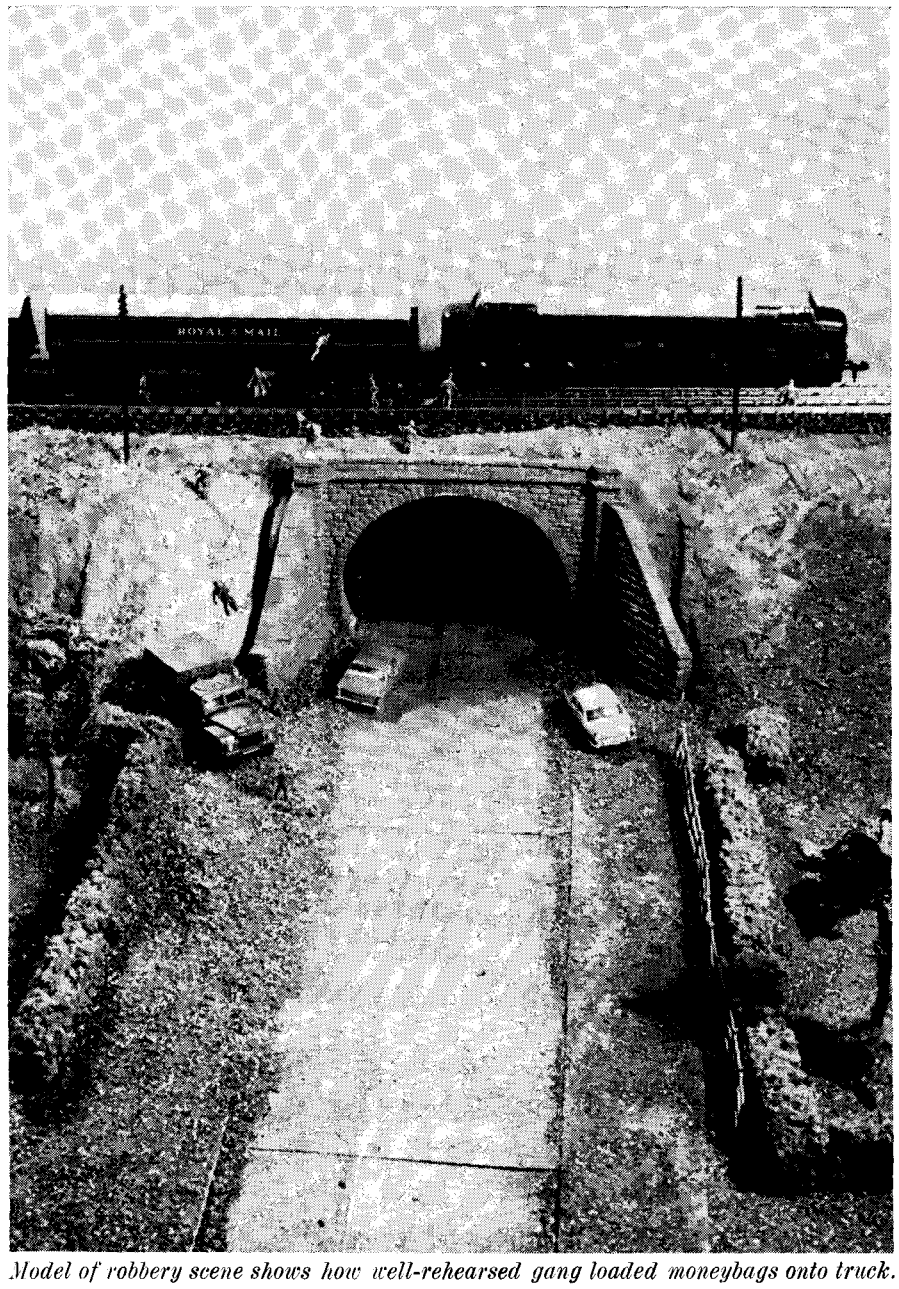
Whitby walked over, expecting to be told what the trouble was.

"When I got close enough to him, he grabbed me above the elbows, turned me around to face the bank and pushed me down the embankment," Whitby remembered later. "There were two men at the bottom. One pushed me to the ground and the other showed me a cosh [club] and said, 'If you shout, I'll kill you.' When he finally took his hands off my mouth I said, 'All right, mate. I'm on your side.' He answered me, 'Thanks.'"

Meanwhile, Mills had been waiting silently in the cab. He had little reason to feel alarm: The rolling post office had never been robbed in more than a century of operation. Then he heard someone coming up the steps to the cab.

"I looked around expecting to see David," he remembered later, "and I saw a masked man holding an iron bar, wrapped in white cloth. He raised it to hit me and I thought, 'Well, I'm not giving up without a fight.' I almost pushed him off the footplate, but I was struck from behind. The next thing I remember I was on my knees and they were hitting me. I don't remember how many times they hit me. But they kept hitting me, and then the cab was full of men in blue suits."

Mills lay on the floor facedown, his head exploding, blood running down his face. One of the men in the cab tried to start the train, cursed, tried again, failed again, and shouted, "Get the bloody driver!" Mills was wrenched erect and brought forward to the control panel. One of the men, all of whom were wearing the masklike mountaineering hoods, wiped the blood from the engineer's eyes and then ordered him to drive ahead about one quarter of a mile to Bridego Bridge, an overpass with a small country lane beneath. Whitby was pushed back into the cab. Meanwhile, other members of the gang had uncoupled the second and third cars. When Mills started the engine, the mail clerks in the last 10 cars simply sat there sorting mail.



Model of robbery scene shows how well-rehearsed gang loaded moneybags onto truck.

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Forty-five minutes after they stopped the train, the robbers had completely disappeared with two tons of money.

Leatherslade Farm was the hideout, but police found it too late—no robbers, no money.

Police lead three of gang from court after capture. Four ringleaders remain free.

The Great Train Robbery

The battered Mills did what he was told. He stopped at Bridego Bridge, and all but one of the masked men in the cab dropped to the ground. Two of them went to the second coach, smashed a window, and climbed in. A third lifted an ax and shattered the doors between the first and second cars. Five men followed him in. They forced the five postal workers to lie facedown. Then, still in absolute silence, they began to knock the frail locks off the wooden cupboards.

In the diesel a guard clamped handcuffs on Mills and Whitby, and ordered them from the cab. For a moment they caught a glimpse of the entire scene: Perhaps 20 men, all in masks, all silent, working in military fashion, tossing bags along a line to Bridego Bridge, where they were being dropped into waiting vehicles. "They were like a ruddy bunch of Commandos," Mills said later. Mills and Whitby were pushed down the bank, told to lie with their faces in the dirt, then allowed to sit up and smoke. "We didn't want to hit you," their guard said to Mills. "But for God's sake, keep quiet."

Mills remembered later that one of the masked men seemed to be a leader, supervising the operation, studying his wristwatch. Obviously he knew that a scheduled freight train was due on the line in a matter of minutes, and after 15 minutes of unloading, he raised his hand and said, "That's our lot." The bandits bounded down the embankment, and there was a roar of automobile engines and the men were gone. It was 3:45, and the greatest cash robbery in history had been accomplished. The sacks that the bandits carried off held two tons of easily passed £1 and £5 notes—and only £8,000 was traceable.

The robbery was a perfection of planning, logistics and, particularly, of timing.

As police now reconstruct the case, it all began in the summer of 1962. The first step, police believe, was to raise enough money to finance the project. The leaders decided that the best way to finance a Big Score was to pull off a smaller score. This was accomplished at London Airport in November, 1962. One day 10 men came in from the cold dressed in the uniform of London's financial district: bowler hats, black coats, gray-striped trousers—impeccably arrayed down to slim briefcases and rolled umbrellas. They came strolling in by twos and threes and drifted to an elevator carrying security guards, cashiers and an airline payroll. They got aboard, scuffled briefly, and escaped with $175,000. Not a penny was ever recovered. And only one of the 10 men involved went to prison for stealing it. Two other men tried for the robbery were acquitted.

One of those found innocent was a tall, well-built, 33-year-old named Douglas Gordon Goody. He looked like a blond Marlon Brando, with his hair combed forward, and pursed lips drawn in an ironic smile. In clothes his tastes ran to Savile Row; in automobiles to gleaming dark-green Jaguars; in women to leggy models. He owned three hair-dressers' shops and seven convictions dating back to 1948, when he was sentenced to 21 months and 12 strokes of the birch for robbery with violence. "Goody is most certainly a superior type of person," says one top London police officer, "but he has been outside the law most of his life. Where he grew up in London this was the ordinary thing to do, and most of his contemporaries have spent time in prison. But they were all petty thieves. Goody has a good mind, and could have gone almost anywhere in life with it. As it turned out, he became a very superior criminal." A bartender at a West End strip joint frequented by Goody remembers him as a kind of British hipster. "He would come in here, order one drink, and stand at the bar for hours," he said. "He was a cool one all right, but he was never any trouble. He never flashed wads of lolly [money] and was not a loudmouth. He would wait at the bar, see someone he knew, and walk over to talk with him. More often than not, he would leave the place with someone else's girl, and he never had to work at it ey-ther."

Goody's last conviction was in 1956, when he received a three-year sentence at Wormwood Scrubbs for shopbreaking and larceny. When he was released, he apparently had set his sights on higher things. According to the police these included the Great Train Robbery.

Scotland Yard believes that the robbery was planned all through the winter of 1962-63, and that Goody was involved from the very beginning. His closest associates were close friends who shared a regard for large sums of money and professional respect for one another. One was Charles Wilson, who described himself as a bookmaker, and who had been acquitted with Goody on the London Airport job. He was married to a good-looking blonde, had three daughters and a record of four convictions. The other two were Bruce Reynolds, a 31-year-old antique dealer with a fresh, pink complexion, hard gray eyes and a police record, and Ronald (Buster) Edwards, a stocky 32-year-old club owner.

These four acted as a board of directors, and they brought in five confederates: Ronald Biggs, Robert Welch, James (Big Jim) Hussey, Thomas Wisbey, and James White. After deciding on the stretch of track near Sears Crossing and Bridego Bridge, the gang scouted the territory for miles in all directions. The location of telephone lines was noted, the regularity of the mail train was checked, the signals and emergency telephone were observed closely. Some of the gang strolled into Euston Station in London, and sat around quietly, watching railroad men uncoupling cars. To insure that the procedure was down pat, they purchased a movie camera and filmed the action. Police believe that a contact was also made in the Glasgow yards during this time.

Two important aspects of the operation brought more members into the gang: the need for transportation and the need for a hideout. The tangled side roads and lanes in that part of Buckinghamshire could confound any ordinary driver, especially if he had to drive without headlights. So they brought in a professional

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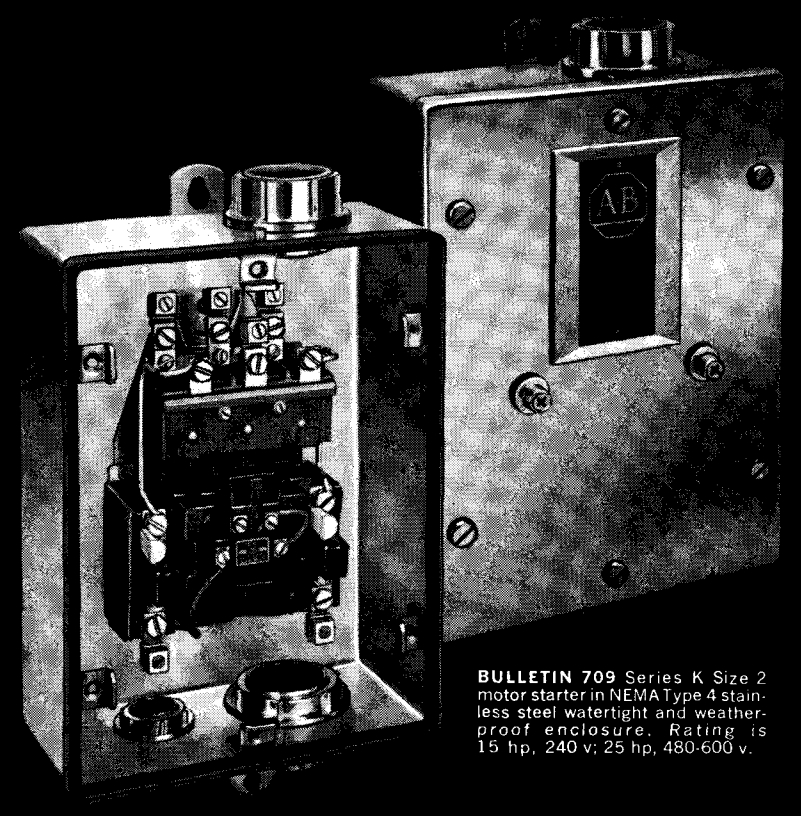

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"Not tonight," he said. "There are only forty bags."

The great train robbery

racing driver named Roy James, 28, the youngest of the crew, but already sporting a record of six convictions.

The need for a hideout added three more men to the group. One was Leonard Field, a 31-year-old merchant seaman whose entire criminal career consisted of a mere $5.60 fine for loitering. Because he was relatively clean, Field was assigned to purchase a farm near Bridego Bridge. Goody sent him to see a 29-year-old solicitor's clerk named Brian Field (no relation) who had helped represent Goody in the London Airport trial.

Brian Field worked for a solicitor whom he had met in the army, John Wheater. According to police sources, the former Major Wheater had gone £1,000 in debt, and Goody offered him a cut of the proceeds to help in the negotiations for a hideout. After what was apparently an agonizing examination of conscience, Wheater agreed. In June, Field arranged for Leonard Field to purchase Leatherslade Farm, a house on five acres, well hidden half a mile up a dirt road from the Thames-Bicester Road, 20 miles from the robbery scene.

During the following month small groups of men traveled to the farm at night, laying in provisions for what was to be a two-week stay. Canned food, beer, eating utensils were bought; a short-wave radio was hooked up; playing cards, magazines and even a Monopoly set were provided. Hussey purchased a three-ton army truck and a Land Rover, and Roy James began practicing the dash from the bridge to the farm with his headlights out.

To avoid any trouble in fixing the track signals, police believe, Goody added another member to the gang: a 42-year-old florist named Roger Cordrey, who had once served time for embezzlement, and who was known as an expert electrician. Cordrey inspected the signals, and told the men that their plan of smashing the lights and waving down the train with red lanterns would fail, because such tampering would register at the No. 1 signal tower two miles down the track. Cordrey knew how to fix the signals.

Everything was now set, and the only problem was choosing a date—August 6. Laborers were hired at £1,000 each, and transported to Leatherslade Farm that evening in an additional Land Rover stolen for the occasion. The men drilled through their assignments once again, the tension built, and suddenly the phone rang. According to police, the call was from Glasgow. A voice said, "Not tonight. There are only forty bags."

The next night the call came through again. This time, the Glasgow contact said, the train was worth taking.

Soon after the robbery, the gang split up. Most of the leaders returned to London, or went north to Birmingham and other British cities until the heat cooled off. If the structure of the gang could be considered as officers (planning), noncommissioned officers (technicians) and enlisted men (laborers), then both officers and enlisted men departed. The enlisted men have never been found, although there are some indications that some of them turned informants when they discovered how much money was involved. The noncommissioned officers remained at the farm, with instructions to stay as long as two weeks, to burn the mail bags and bury their ashes, and to wipe the farm clean of fingerprints before leaving.

Everything was still working according to plan, but the gang had not planned on Lt. Col. Douglas Stewart. At 11 A.M. on the Sunday morning after the robbery, the 50-year-old colonel sat alone at his home on his 450-acre farm 18 miles from Leatherslade. "My family was not expected back for some hours," he remembered later, "so I decided to visit friends over at Oakley for tea." It was Colonel Stewart's habit to do his visiting in his Piper Cub, and he went out and climbed into his plane. "During my journey, I realized I hadn't told my friends that I was coming, so on the village outskirts I began circling to let them know I'd be dropping in shortly."

The route he took brought him over Leatherslade Farm. The gang members still at the farm thought it was a police plane, and panicked. They decided to leave the farm immediately, and instead of burning the mailbags, they left them charring in the yard. Instead of wiping the farm clean of fingerprints, they did a sloppy job, and left good prints everywhere. Since almost all of the gang had police records, the prints were the most damaging evidence left behind.

There was really no need for haste. The police had been working from the robbery site outward, and Leatherslade was near the search perimeter. But a shepherd named John Maris called the police at Aylesbury on Monday morning.

"You should take a look at a place called Leatherslade Farm," Maris said. "There's something odd going on. Odd men about. Windows blacked out. And there's a big lorry in the yard."

When Maris called, the police were receiving 350 similar calls a day. Leatherslade was added to the list, but by Tuesday morning it still had not been checked. Maris was tenacious. He called the police again. This time a different policeman answered and realized that it might well be the hideout. Fifteen police were dispatched to Leatherslade Farm.

The police approached the farm cautiously on foot through the tangled underbrush, but the house stood closed and silent, and in the yard there were two Land Rovers, a truck, and 20 empty mailbags. It was the 261st farm the police had visited in five days, and the last.

While police experts combed through the farm Scotland Yard's Flying Squad began sweeping through the gaudy nightspots of London's West End. This was Douglas Gordon Goody's world: A proliferation of clubs decorated in plastic, and long-legged girls. "The odd thing," said one member of the squad, "was that even with the pressure on, most of those blokes went to the same places, did the same things as they did before the robbery. But then I suppose it wasn't so odd. They had been audacious, and showing up afterward was part of it, wasn't it?"

One of those who continued showing up in his usual haunts was Douglas Gordon Goody. Police had suspected him

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Scotland Yard detectives inspect two sacks of money found in a phone booth.

Charles Wilson leaves court after arrest. He disliked captivity (see opposite page).

Still hidden somewhere is six million dollars.

The Great Train Robbery

from the start, and "snouts" (underworld informants) had confirmed his involvement. But the police seemed always to arrive five minutes after he had left. Detective Sergeant Swain of Scotland Yard was sent to Goody's home in Putney, where he was met at the door by Goody's mother. She ushered him in, although he had no warrant, asked him if he wanted tea, and began to talk about "My son, the hairdresser."

"I would like to speak to your son," the sergeant said.

"Oh, so would I," she said. "But he's in London on business."

And so he was. Staying at the Windmill Hotel, in Blackfriars. This was located upstairs from the Windmill Public House, a beery, masculine place operated by Charles Alexander, who said that Goody had checked in during mid-July. "Yes, I've seen him about," said Charles Hackett, a regular at the pub. "Quiet, not much of a drinker. Never any trouble. A good man, I say." None of those involved in the robbery knew the value of being cool more than Douglas Gordon Goody. He put in some "face" time in the West End, and twice drove his bottle-green Jag out to the hairdressers' shop in Putney. He met a girl named Pat Cooper a few times for drinks, and dropped by his bookie's occasionally. It did not seem possible that Goody would panic.

But while Goody cautiously prowled his London haunts, Leatherslade Farm was giving up its secrets. The fingerprint experts found on the kitchen window a palm print left by Charles Wilson. Another palm print, on the bathtub rail, was that of Thomas Wisbey, and Robert Welch's fingerprints were all over a gallon can of beer. The cops fanned across the city to pick these men up. They found Wilson at his home in southwest London. He answered the door himself.

More arrests followed. Hussey, Wisbey, Welch, Biggs. And for the first time Goody seemed to lose his nerve. He borrowed a car from hotel proprietor Alexander and drove to Leicester. A cop noticed him, dressed in his sharply cut London clothes, and pegged him for the missing Reynolds. Goody was asleep in his hotel at two A.M. when there was a knock at the door.

"What is this all about?" Goody asked.

"Is your name Bruce Reynolds?" one of the cops asked quietly.

Goody laughed.

"My name is Charles Frederick Alexander," he said. "And I'd like to know what this is all about."

"About the business at Cheddington."

"The business at Cheddington?" Goody said. "What are you talking about?"

Goody decided on one last piece of audacity. "Listen," he said, "there is no reason why we should stand here talking about this. I insist that we go down to the station and sort it out. I insist that I see your superiors about this."

It was a startling bluff. But it didn't work. The police knew they were on to something. They told him to get dressed and come down to the station. There he was told to empty his pockets. He was not carrying any extraordinary amount of money, nor guns, nor anything of an incriminating nature. At least, it didn't appear so, until the police picked up a small, brown address book. In its pages were the names of some of those already arrested, and Goody knew it. He laughed softly, and walked over to the detectives.

"Look here, guv," he said, "my name's Douglas Gordon Goody, and I live at Commondale, Putney."

Goody was taken to Aylesbury where he was questioned for 36 hours by Superintendent Butler. The police released Goody because they had nothing on him, but they kept him under watch. A little more than a month later, they decided they had enough to make the arrest.

When Goody was brought to trial on January 20 in Aylesbury, seven miles west of the robbery site, police still had not found Reynolds, Edwards or White—and they haven't found them yet. But 11 other members of the gang faced the court with Goody. All pleaded not guilty, except Cordrey (who also helped the police in their investigation). The jury heard 264 witnesses in a trial that lasted 51 days. Goody was convicted on the rather slender evidence that khaki paint on his shoes matched the paint used on the truck at Leatherslade Farm.

The seven major figures in the robbery received sentences of 30 years; four others got 20 to 25 years. In what looked like another example of the British tradition which respects good breeding and initials after a name, the decorated ex-Major Wheater got only three years from Justice Edmund Davies—along with the judge's expression of regret that someone with Wheater's background had been corrupted. When Goody stood to receive his sentence, the Judge said to him:

"In some respects you present one of the saddest problems. You have manifest gifts of personality and intelligence which might have carried you far. . . . It is easy to imagine you becoming a good leader. But you, Goody, have become a dangerous menace to society. . . . I strongly suspect you played a major role in the conspiracy and the actual robbery."

All through the trial Goody had worn his ironic smile, knowing that the whole scheme had gone wrong at the very last possible moment, and that if the fingerprints had only been wiped, the mailbags burned, his shoes discarded, he might still be walking around the West End clubs, leaving with other men's girls. Now, being sentenced to 30 years behind bars, he stood ramrod straight, not batting an eyelash, wearing a Royal Artillery tie, and when he turned to go off with the guard, he shot one last fleeting smile behind him, looking out past the audience in the direction of the door. Somewhere, out past that door, either buried in plastic bags, or stashed in false walls, or hidden in cellars, or locked in attics, somewhere out there, there was still six million dollars. Until that was found, Goody knew, the cops could never say that they had completely solved the Great Train Robbery. THE END

Policeman examines ladder that Wilson, with three "rescuers," used to escape prison.

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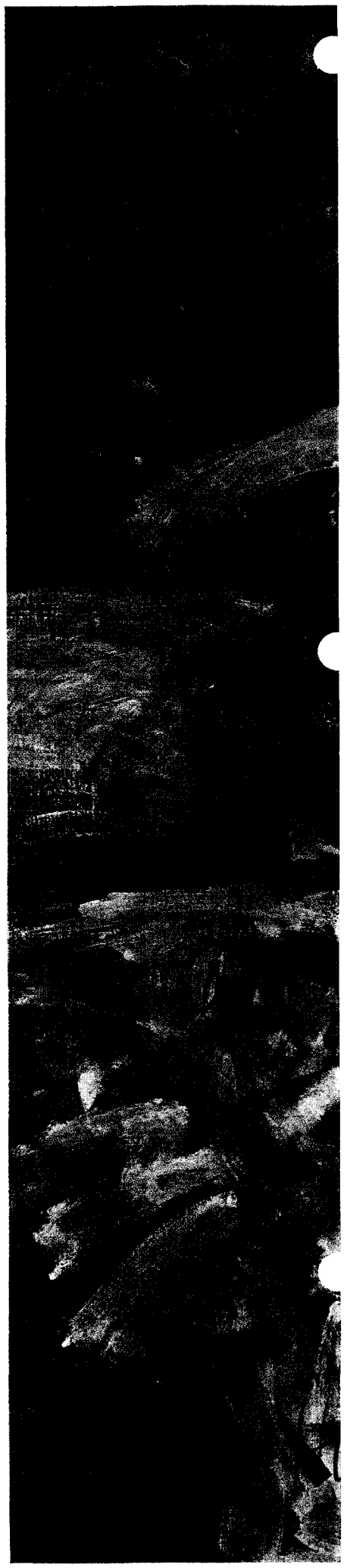

BY RALPH BLUM

From the moment that the Naples packet docked in Palermo, Letizia found everything at home vaguely unreal and out-of-joint. She stood at the ship's rail and waved happily at her family below on the pier. They had all come to meet her: her sister Mimi, her father, her cousin Gregory. And despite the early hour, even her mother was there. It wasn't difficult to locate them in the throng of peasants and officials that crowded around the gangway, calling through cupped hands and jostling one another in an effort to attract the attention of passengers on deck. Her family, however, stood some distance back. It was like a painting, Letizia thought: *Composition of Aristocratic Family and Crowd.* The thought made her smile. She could smell the grain and hemp and oil odors of the docks and, as she waved, she was happy. She wondered how long it would take them to realize that she had changed.

Her mother, in a white cotton dress she had bought in New York, stood with her espadrilled feet wide apart. In her raised, motionless hand she held a pink chiffon handkerchief. Already she was well-tanned; her blond hair had begun to bleach to the color of summer straw. Admiring how well she looked gave Letizia an odd feeling in the stomach. Each July, by the time she returned from school—first from Florence, now from Paris—her mother and sister had long since begun to spend their days at La Vela, the beach club. Their head start on summer used to strike Letizia as grossly unfair, but now that no longer mattered. She was done with sun lotions and moistened eye pads, with lying immobile for hours (prey to whatever deadly nattering and gossip happened to issue from the neighboring mats), finished tending her skin as if she were a carefully basted roast. Still, as she gazed down on the two lithe, handsome women, she could not help admiring the perfection of what they were. Only what they had fixed upon to perfect no longer interested her.

Porters clamored up the gangway and battled among the milling passengers, gathering up bundles and strapping suitcases together to sling over their shoulders. Letizia stayed on at the rail until the crush lessened. Then she indicated her luggage to a moustachioed young porter. Carrying only her vast leather purse, Letizia made her way onto the gangplank.

As she stepped out into the hot Palermo sunlight, she felt suddenly radiant, sure of herself. When Mimi rushed to grab and hug her, then held her off at arms' length and exclaimed, "But you're a ghost! We'll have to do something about that," in an inadvertent parody of their mother, Letizia only laughed and gave her sister's hair a tug. Next came her mother's kisses, delivered more into the air than onto her cheeks. Her mother presented her face as if it were delicately made-up, although she was not even wearing lipstick. From Gregory, her cousin and ex-beau, there were real kisses, too moist, too highly pressured. And she realized that she wanted no more of his real kisses than—the boldness of the thought surprised her—of her mother's "canned" ones.

"There's my girl," said her father, and he put his arm around her shoulders and started, in step with her, toward the car. He gave her an affectionate peck on the ear and said, "*La belle dame de Paris.*"

"And *sans merci,*" added Gregory in his backwoods French. Still bright-eyed with expectation of what was *not*, so far as she was concerned, to come, Gregory would need more than a gentle hint. She was certain of that. The immediate solution to everything, Letizia concluded, was to laugh and show herself to be as gay as she felt. Wasn't that, after all, what they expected from her?

The unreality of things continued on the ride home. As usual, everyone talked at once, all of them chattering away, barely listening to what the others had to say. In the past, she more than any had always had so much she wanted to tell, boast of, bemoan or joke about that, finally, her father would hush them all, complaining that this was like traveling in a truckload of barnyard fowl. Remembering back, Letizia decided it was the first time in her life she had ever just listened. Sitting with her head against the rear seat of Gregory's Lancia, she heard who was to be married to whom, who had lost and gained great sums at the Club Savoia, nodding with attentive gravity while her father described a paper he was preparing for the Historical Society: "Historians *will* ignore the importance of that meeting between Morgan le Fay and Arthur in Messina. My point is that it was Richard . . . it was Richard who later gave King Arthur's sword Excalibur to Tancrede. And that idiot who managed to lose it in the Lake of Lentini. Hence all the glorious confusion between Glastonbury and Lentini. You must read Gervas di Tilbury," said her father affectionately, and added, "Do you realize that the Fata Morgana comes into being about the time the Normans discovered the pleasures of alcohol and began to dream?" . . . clinging all the while to her sister's hand while Mimi whispered into her ear about her latest flirt, a young Harvard student on a fellowship, with a Mercedes-Benz and a fellowship of 200,000 lire a month. She even managed to look pleased when her mother rattled off a string of invitations that waited for her. Letizia took it all in. Then they were home and she hadn't said a word about herself.

The novelties—that was how she liked to think of the style of behavior she had adopted—continued during the following days. Though she was expected, waited for, Letizia did not make an appearance at the beach club out at Mondello until her fifth day home. While the rest of the family was still in bed, she took her father's Alfa and went to the beach. There was nobody at the club but the attendants. She swam in the clear water and saw

Illustration by James Hill

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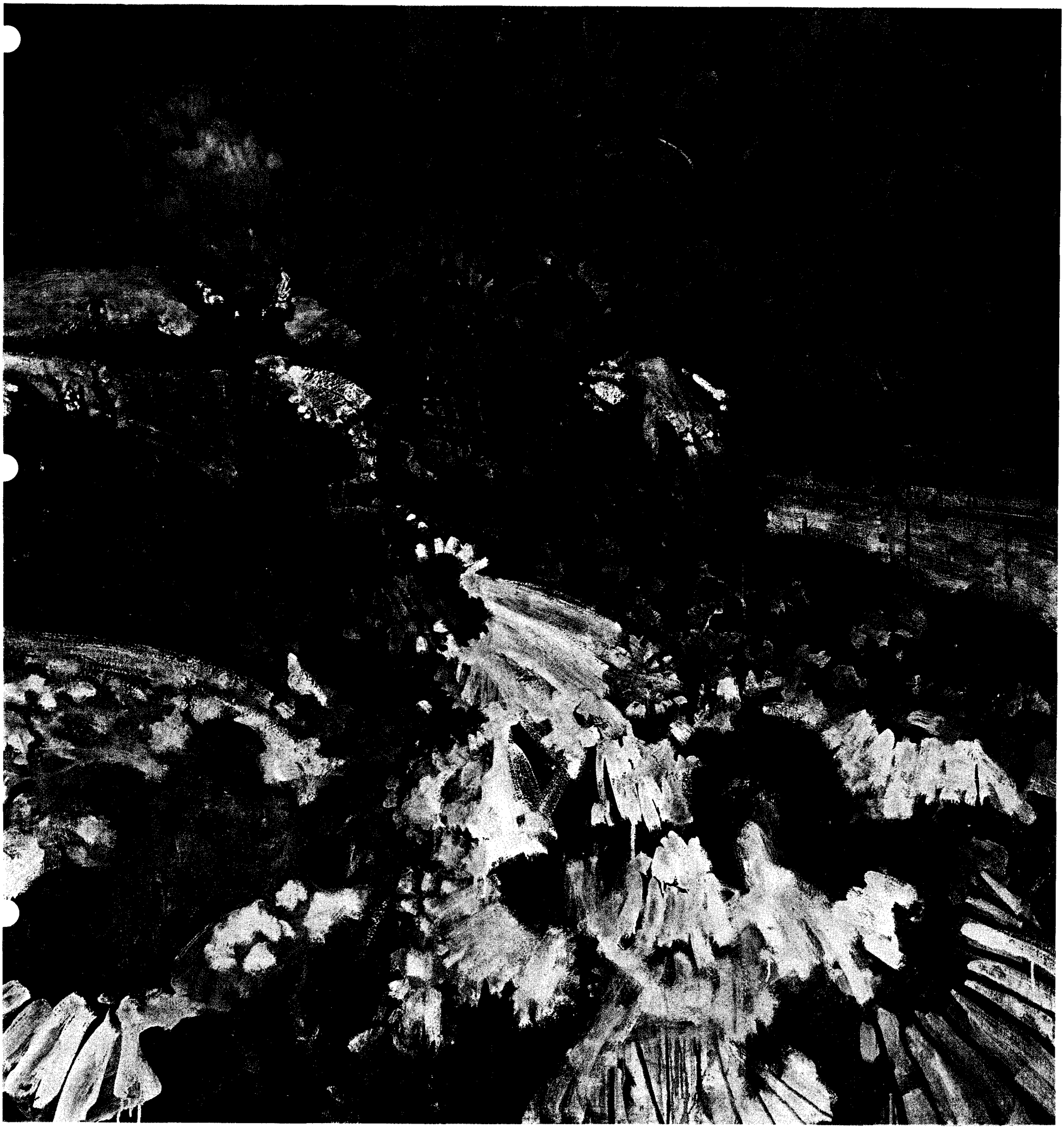
carries an obligation.

Ralph Blum was born in Beverly Hills, Calif., in 1932, studied at Harvard and did graduate work in anthropology there. He now lives in Norfolk, Conn., but he has spent two years in Russia, before that a year in Ireland, and before that two years in Italy, and still travels widely. Half of his time in Italy was spent in Sicily, the setting of this story and of his novel, *The Foreigner*, published by Atheneum in 1961.



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how white her body was. Lying in a hammock under the pine trees, she scraped the old polish from her nails and read for a while. At eleven she was dressed and ready to leave—just as people were arriving. They stopped and peered at her from the porch or from their car windows. "Why, isn't that Letizia?" said someone, at which she waved and called good morning before driving away.

Then the questions started. Friends called to ask her mother if it was true that Letizia was really home and, if so, why hadn't they seen her at the club or dancing at Villa Igea? Letizia had borrowed a number of books from her father's library and now spent much of her time reading the *Chronicle of the Norman Kings* and another chronicle written by Ugo Faleando, whom her father described to her as "a drunkard with visions—but visions worth the trouble." There were a number of things her father rated above society, and books topped the list. Her mother, Letizia realized, knew better than to make an issue of the matter, irritated though she was by Letizia's standoffishness, which she interpreted as some new variety of girlish defiance and rebellion.

One evening, excusing herself from the table, Letizia had gone to stand on the balcony overlooking the sea and Monte Pellegrino. She heard her mother complaining to her father. "People," she said irritably, "are beginning to talk."

"When didn't they?" her father asked.

"My friends, I mean," her mother answered. "They would like to see the girl."

"Well, my dear, many of your friends have always bored me. I see no good reason why they shouldn't bore Letizia. And besides," he added, "she consorts with kings and emperors every day—and right in her own room. I should think that would please you."

Dear daddy, she thought. Dear Gervas di Tilbury.

Her mother's demand that she call upon the Duchess was the first open challenge. That round most certainly went to her mother, and rightly so, Letizia admitted, for she had been warned. That morning while she was showering, Mimi had come in and seated herself on top of the laundry hamper. When Letizia had finished, she stretched out an arm for her sister to drape with one of the enormous bath towels. Then, wrapping herself from neck to knees, she stepped onto the bath mat and stood patting herself dry.

"Nothing to do . . . with the girls . . . this morning?" she asked her sister. "No intrigues, no rumors to spread around?"

"Tssst!" Mimi clicked her tongue against her teeth, at the same time raising her chin sharply.

"Mimi, can't you please stop doing that?"

"Stop doing what?" said Mimi, staring at Letizia's red toenails.

"You know very well *what*," said Letizia as she squeezed the water from her blond hair. "Stop making that awful noise with your tongue. I know you only do it because mother thinks it's vulgar. Fifteen is getting to be a big girl. It's time you learned to say yes and no."

"I can say yes and no when it matters," said Mimi not at all put out. She was intently examining her sister's calves and ankles. Letizia laughed and so did Mimi. Then Mimi became quite serious again. Her freckled forehead, edged with dark curls, wrinkled into a frown. "You're in for it, Lulu," she said gravely. "I thought I ought to warn you."

"Oh, I suppose I can stand it," Letizia said, striking her breast dramatically. "Tell me the worst." In spite of her teasing, however, she knew that when Mimi had information it was thoroughly reliable. In fact, she trusted her little sister far more than anyone else in the family did.

"Well, it's about the most odious thing ever," said Mimi. "I happened to be listening on the phone when mama was talking to that awful Sabia woman. She said you were going to pay a call on Aunt Giulia. Maybe even today."

"Ufa! What a bore. Still, there are worse things in the world."

"If there are I can't think of them," said Mimi. "And don't imagine mother

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's exactly what I mean. When you're late, don't bring me a note from your mother."

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will let you off—not if she's already told all of Palermo."

"Never mind," said Letizia. "I'll see about that when mother brings the subject up."

"You won't get anywhere. She really has been behaving like a fanatic lately. And over the craziest things. I can't understand her."

"That's because our mother, *madame la princesse*, is going through a change of life," said Letizia, drying her legs and feet. "I suspect we are in for a few difficult years until she settles down."

"Settles down to what?"

"Middle age, growing flabby in the arms and hips, not bearing children. I've met women who became utterly extreme—did outrageous things—when they reached mother's age. In Paris, I mean."

"I didn't think mother ever planned to have another child."

"Well, she couldn't now, even if she did want to."

"Is that important? I mean if she doesn't want to?"

"Important! I should think so. Psychologically, at least. Imagine having to accept the idea that your body is no longer capable of supporting life. Really, it sends some women into hideous depressions."

"Well, she certainly acts as though she intends to skin somebody alive," said Mimi with a shrug for the subtleties of the matter. "That much is obvious even to me. So watch your step, my beauty."

"I will, as you so quaintly put it, watch my step."

Letizia had thought no more about Mimi's warning. When she returned from shopping that afternoon, she went to her room. She opened the door and stopped in surprise. On her bed lay the old velvet party dress which Letizia herself had packed away in moth flakes two years before. She had not ever expected to see the dress again.

Her mother was standing beside the bed, a familiar, insistent look on her face. "I have accepted an invitation for you from the Duchess, your Aunt Giulia. She is sending the chauffeur for you at four this afternoon," said her mother in English. Recently they spoke English only when her mother's mind was set on something or when she was out of sorts. As a result, Letizia concluded that her Philadelphia grandmother—whom she had never known—must have been a crotchety, hard-headed woman.

"What is that object doing out?" Letizia asked, pointing to the dress.

"I might have known better than to expect you not to make a fuss about the dress. Aunt Giulia asked specially that you wear it. She remembers you that way. And *you* remember that she is an elderly woman. Whether you disapprove ——"

"Disapprove! I think I shall throw up. And besides, she's *not* my aunt," said Letizia peevishly.

"Letizia, I don't want to hear any more, do you understand? Giulia has been like an older sister to me. Such talk is in abominable taste. Besides, she is your father's cousin. So think of her that way if it is less taxing to your sense of genealogical accuracy."

Letizia went to the bed and flipped up the skirt of the old dress. At most any other time, the dress with its crystal buttons down the front would have called up delicious secret memories and set her mind ranging over early pleasures and despairs—kisses given and withheld, coach rides and name-day parties, half a dozen encounters normally described as "first love." But now, the dress, the idea of being forced to go out in it—in Palermo, on an August afternoon, at her age—was simply revolting. Letizia sniffed loudly.

"What's more, it reeks! It positively reeks of moth stuff. Oh, mother, I can't, I really won't wear it." She turned to face her mother who had, she observed, been plucking her eyebrows again. "Put me to bed without my supper if you like," she said. Then, sensing an advantage in this direction, added archly, "That's the way I ought to be punished, you know. The same era as the dress."

"No insolence, Letizia! I won't have it," her mother said angrily. As she spoke, she clapped her hands sharply, an old habit, yet one which never failed to upset and startle Letizia. Somehow, those clapping hands always affected her like a smack across the face and caused her to wince. "You are back a month from Paris and your behavior is inexcusable. Inexcusable! Are you too much the *grande dame* simply to respond graciously when something is asked of you? God knows, you've made it clear you wish to be left alone—that much is obvious to all my friends ——"

"I simply can't stand them ——"

"All that I require of you is a little courtesy. You are invited to houses where other girls your age are never invited. I can name two dozen women of *my* age who would jump at the chance to play bridge at Countess Moncava's.

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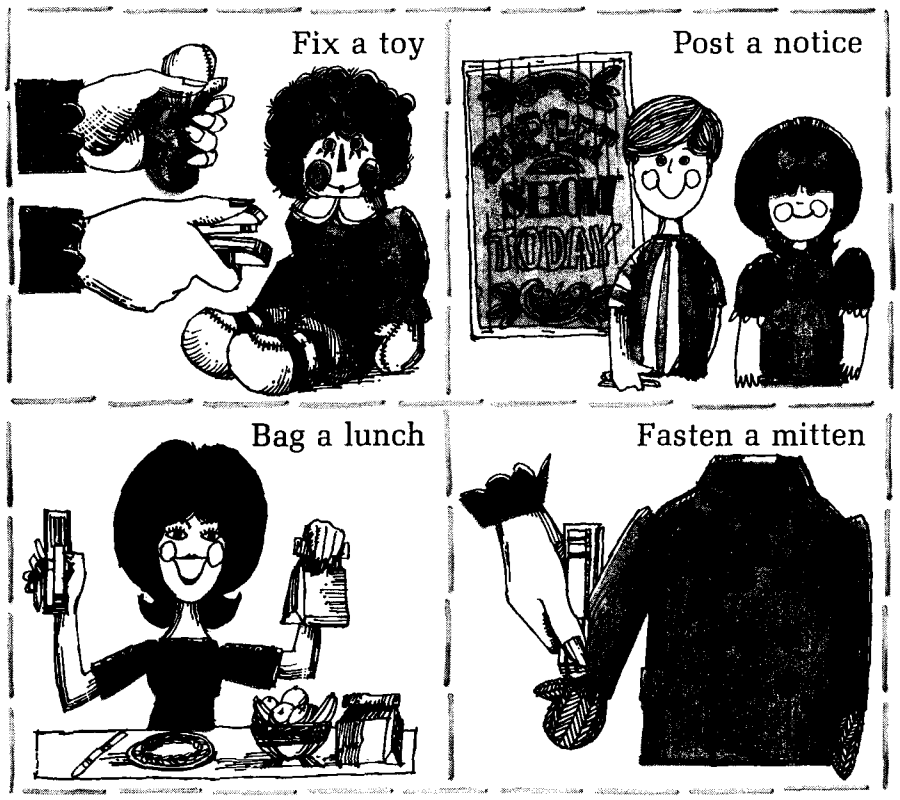

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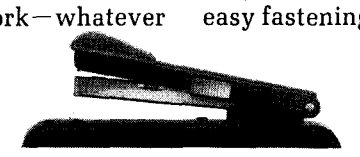

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But not you! Oh, not my Parisian lady!"

"I loathe bridge. Besides, bridge is merely an excuse for them to gossip. Can't you understand, mother, what matters so to them is meaningless to me? I went to Nini Allicata's. I went because you asked me to go."

"And left after an hour ——"

"An hour of hearing Nini tearing people to shreds was all I could bear. Mother, it's always the same—at Nini's, at the Moncavas', at Princess Calvarosso's, at the Galvanos'—they play bridge, or canasta, or they dance or drink or gamble. The same people together again and again, feeding on one another ——"

"Letizia! Let me remind you that these people—your equals, if not your betters—were good enough for you a year ago. But that is beside the point. Nor am I about to discuss my friends with you. From now on, however, you have my word. You will be left alone. Only this afternoon, you will do as you are told. Have I made myself quite clear?"

"Oh, mother, I didn't mean—— " Near tears, ready to apologize, Letizia checked herself, unwilling to yield. The anger she saw in her mother's face had been building there all this past week. Still, she had been caught unawares by "the full gale-force of mama's wrath" as her father had once called it. And this spat over—what? It seemed to her so irrational, so ridiculous. Again she had betrayed herself by trying to explain her feelings to her mother. What annoyed her most of all was that her mother could still reduce her almost to tears. Now, Letizia shrugged and said nothing.

"Very well," said her mother, as if that shrug had conveyed to her some special significance, a sign of no surrender, the promise of further unpleasantness and contention. "You will please clean up and get yourself dressed," she said sternly. "The car will be here in an hour. And you are not to keep your Aunt Giulia waiting." Then she walked out of the room and closed the door.

Letizia flopped down on the bed. There was, she realized, nothing to do but obey her mother. No, Letizia thought, at this moment neither of us quite knows what to make of the other. Yet time and again the small advantages are hers and so the victories are hers too. While I remain in my mother's house, it is she who will have the upper hand.

The villa was silent. In the distance someone was beating a rug with slow, rhythmic whacks. At last Letizia got up and went into her bathroom. Passing the window, she saw her father's hunting dogs, Stella and Vanessa, spread out on the drive like two tanned skins. She bent close to the mirror to examine her face. Pleased with her pale, flawless skin, she complimented herself again on her decision to remain white-as-white-could-be all summer long. Whenever she went into the sun, Letizia wore dark glasses and a stiff scarf that stood out from her forehead, casting a shadow over her face. She wore long-sleeved silk blouses and was careful never to rest her hand on the windowsill when she rode in cars. Her visits to La Vela were confined to early morning and late afternoon. In addition, she had given up cosmetics completely except for eyeshadow—about which she and her mother had already had two nasty little spats—and the palest imaginable pink lipstick, which she toned down even further by lightly powdering her lips. The effect was most satisfying, especially when she wore dark summer linens and flowered prints.

However, the pleasure of what she saw reflected back from the glass was demolished by the thought of that nasty dress. Had Donna Giulia really asked to have her wear it? she wondered. Such an outrageous idea was not, she concluded, beyond the scope of the old harridan's imagination. Still, her mother rarely honored other people's whims unless they suited her own mood. And she realized that there are a variety of ways in which to "skin somebody alive." Her mother was an expert at all of them.

When she considered which shoes to wear—her mother had not mentioned shoes—Letizia realized that she could *only* wear the old shoes that went with the dress. High heels would have made her look like a fool. Grudgingly, she admired her mother for leaving that decision to her. Very well, she thought, I shall really do a job of it. She scrubbed her face clean and, seating herself in front of the mirror, began to braid her hair into pigtails—a style even her mother loathed. Tonight there was a ball being given at the beach club in honor of her cousin, the Princess of Sabia, whose engagement to Enrico Materanno had just been announced. How tedious it all is, she thought. Two generations earlier, the Prince of Sabia had married one of the Materanno girls. If that was all the imagination they had, then they deserved their long noses and dutch-doll faces. But then the old way, doing things as they had always been done, was so easy that no one ever protested or thought to change it—any of it.

Letizia had already informed her mother that she would not attend the ball. She resented being made to dress up in midsummer. If she attended she must behave graciously to people who didn't interest her at all, from whom she wanted nothing, not even their compliments. Somehow, it no longer mattered to her that she might miss an "occasion." And she was startled at the memory of herself only last New Year's Eve, dashing from dinner at the Sport Club to party after party, miserable at the thought that somewhere, in some ballroom or salon, exciting things were taking place and she, Letizia, was absent. What did I imagine I was missing? she wondered. What indeed? When everything, but *every*thing that happens here is predictable, the same as it was last year and the year before and the year before that?

Her family did not often entertain during the summer. When they did, it was never more than a small dinner attended by a familiar assortment. Sometimes there were visiting foreigners—Philadelphia cousins, men with large Adam's apples and women with prim mouths; or else English scholars and diplomat friends of her father's from his Balliol days, who occasionally came to pass a few days in Palermo.

Recently, she had been expected to attend her mother's dinners. "Ah, Lulu, your value doubles with each new season," her father had said. This last year, Letizia had the feeling that her mother's friends fed on her as on some exotic dish. The women were always keen to know about Paris life, the newest intricacies of fashion. The men listened attentively when she described days at Longchamps and parties at the country house of the Count de Paris, with whose niece she attended school. Letizia rather enjoyed withholding information. "It is a finish-

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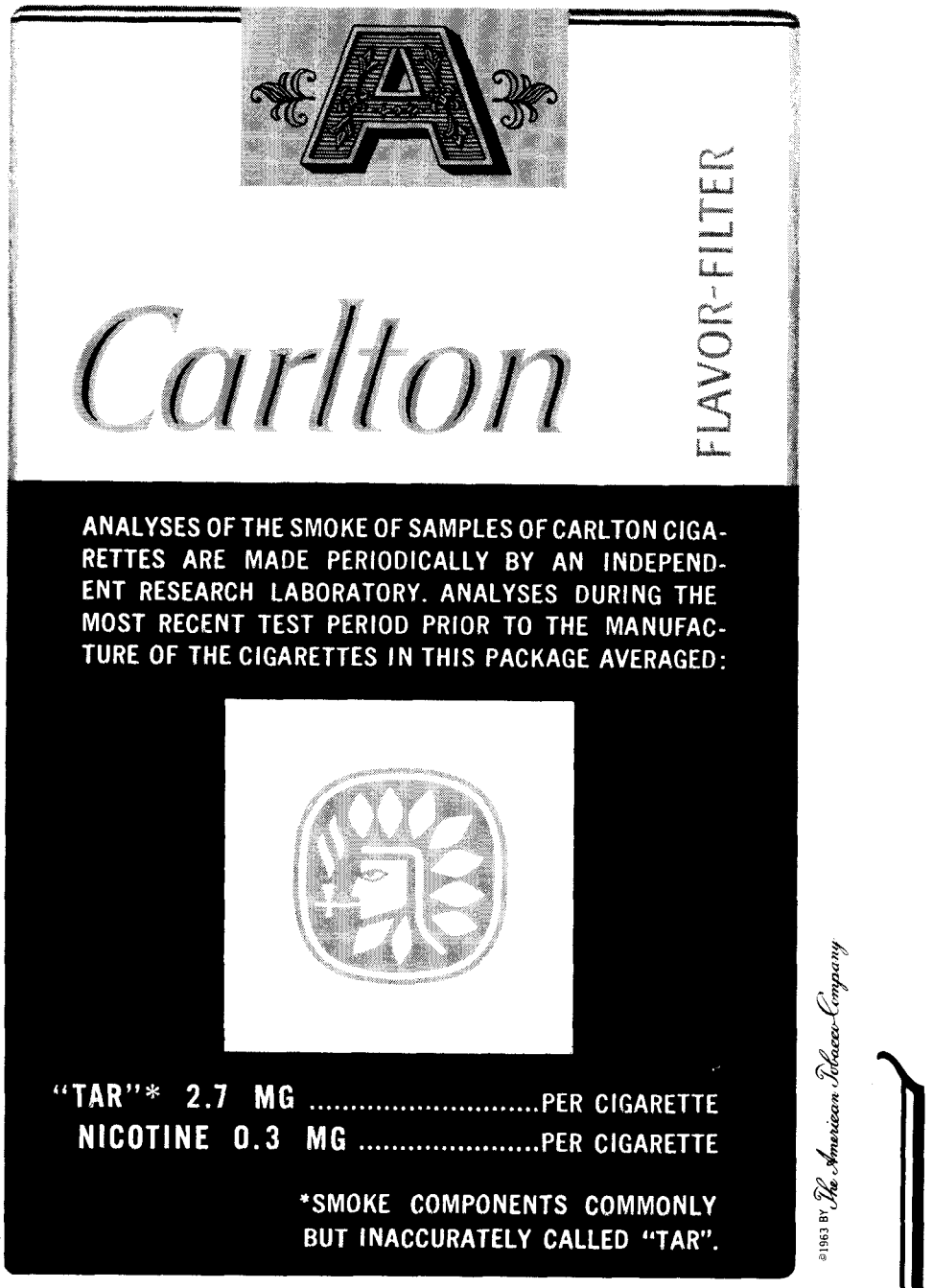
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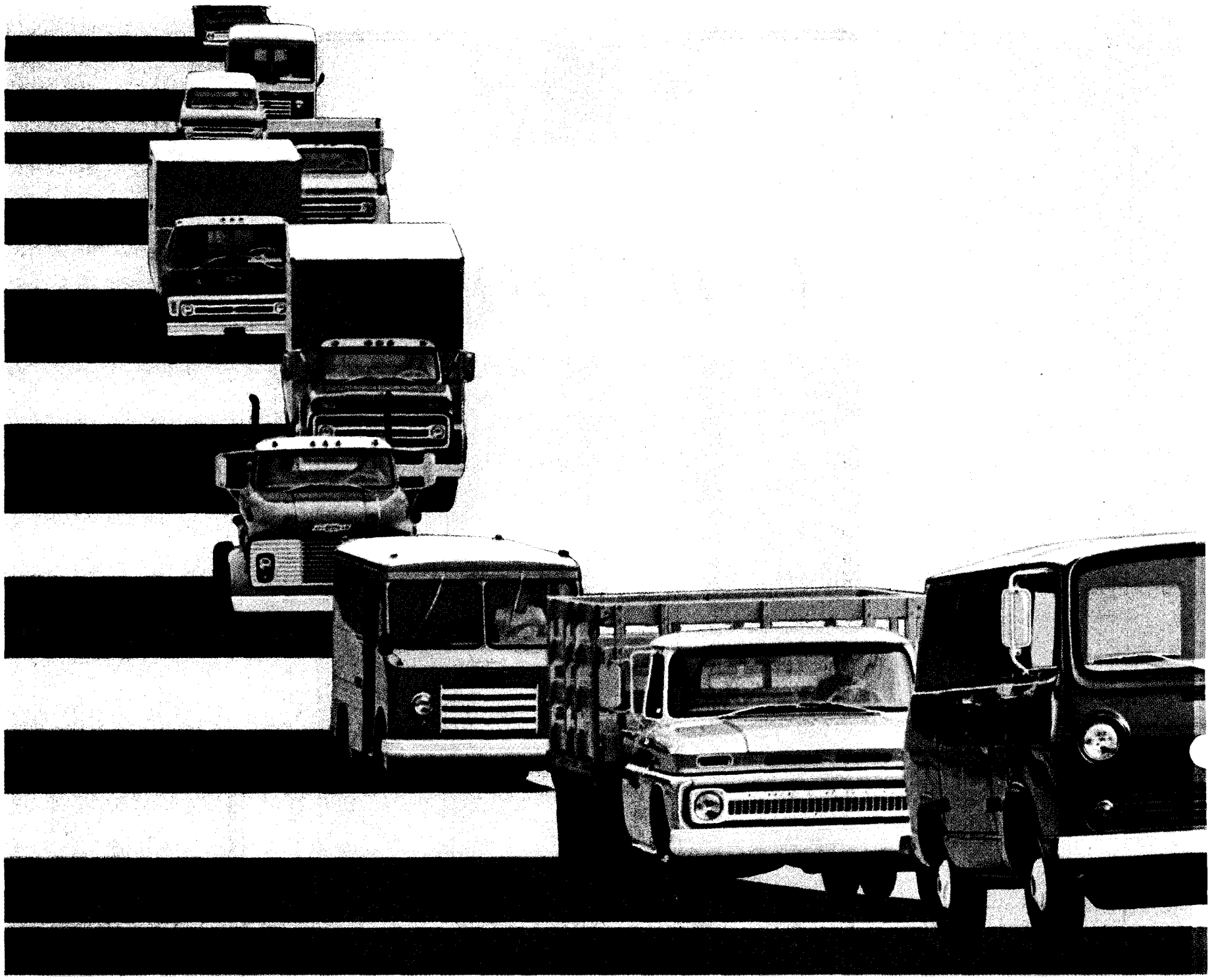

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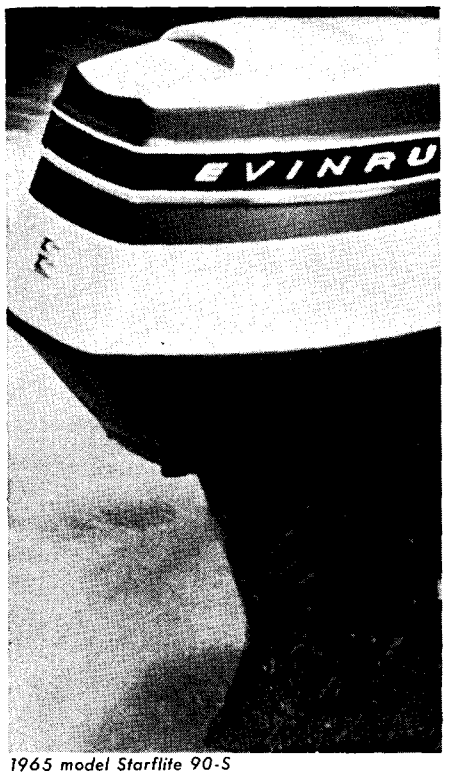
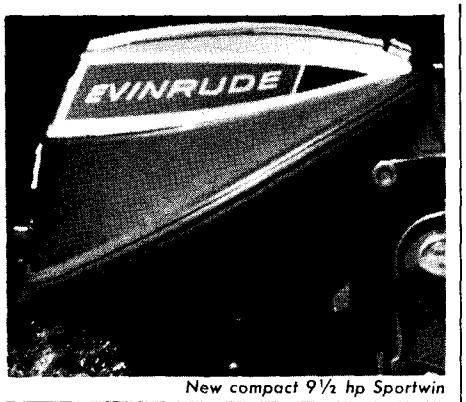
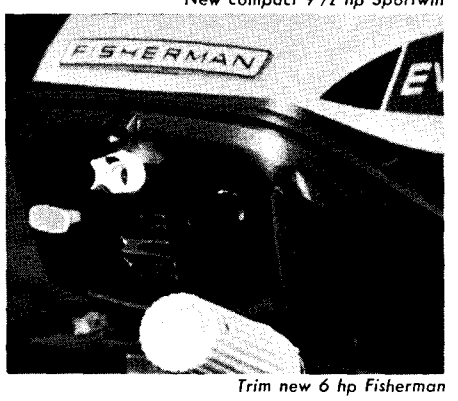


1965 model Starflite 90-S



New compact 9½ hp Sportwin



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ing school," she would say, describing Mademoiselle Eliana's. "Of course you know the kind. Only a few girls but all of them terribly nice. We are only two Italians—I and another girl from Rome. But the others are charming. There are two Belgians, several Austrian and German girls, one Spanish, and a set of delightful English twins." It amused her never to mention the family names of her school companions. Her mother, she knew, would do that.

But already she looked upon her mother's evenings as a tedious chore, one which she was determined to escape as she had the endless round of bridge games, cocktail parties and phonograph-record *dancings*. It seemed to Letizia this summer that she could feel—actually feel in her body and pulse—the way life was running down all around her, like an ancient elegant clock, eternally about to stop. Yet when she was by herself, she was happy. She loved returning to Palermo. It was only the Palermitani she dreaded.

While she was dressing, Letizia thought of the photograph of Donna Giulia on the piano in the drawing room. It stood foremost among the many that crowded together there: an ornate, glittering parade at whose head marched the Duchess sautéed in pearls and ermine. In the photograph, Donna Giulia was beside the Queen, but more beautiful, more eloquent and queenly. That was the ex-voto before which society had gone to its knees for over thirty years, craving the miraculous cures of recognition and favor. A number of houses in Palermo had copies of that photograph. The point, the inescapable point, was that it had been taken here, in Villa Balmonte.

So she must call on "Auntie" Giulia. Oh, she understood well enough what that meant: word had reached the old woman that the elder daughter of Isabella Balmonte was "ripe" and might be viewed to determine whether or not the girl was becoming a beauty. So be it, Letizia thought as she descended the stairs. I am ready for you, old witch.

Her mother was waiting in the foyer. In her hands she held the pair of full-length white evening gloves that had been a gift to Letizia from Donna Giulia on the occasion of her Paris debut last spring. Really, Letizia thought, that is going just one step too far! But she took the gloves from her mother without a word.

"Remember, Letizia," her mother said at the door, "you are about to visit the woman who was once our greatest beauty. Be humble."

Palermo smoldered under the heat of the August afternoon. The plane trees along the Via della Libertà offered less shade than would cool a cat, thought Letizia. The paint on the ugly pink and brown villas looked brittle, ready to flake. As the car passed the entrance to the Ucceria market, she caught the fierce smell of fish and rolled up the window. Irritably she considered ordering the chauffeur to drive by the port. But it was too late for that now, so she said nothing. Instead, she thought of all the stories she had heard concerning Donna Giulia's struggle with age.

The one that both fascinated and horrified Letizia most concerned her decline, her magnificent finale. Not until she was in her mid-fifties did the beauty wane. Then, so it was said, half crazy with anguish, Donna Giulia tried everything and anything to flex again the slackening miracle that had been her face. For some months she refused to appear in public at all. Finally began the famous "cure that kills," as it was called. Letizia, at school for her first year in Florence, heard that Donna Giulia was taking injections of *porcelain* in the face and throat. Letizia had imagined a glorious face turning to china, fixing into a mask of glossy, brittle glaze. (What would happen, she had wondered, if it received a passionate kiss, a hard knock? Might not a cheek crack, or an ear chip off completely?) When Letizia asked her mother about the cure, she was told that the story was absurd; that, if anything, the injections were of paraffin and served merely to lend good tone to the flesh and keep it firm. "For a time, that is," her mother had added in a curious voice. "For a time only."

And Donna Giulia was ceded a round by age—one or two more years of beauty, carefully pampered, prepared on the occasion of each appearance like some great chef's ultimate recipe. Then that famous face fell apart. Weighted down by wax or china or whatever, the flesh gave way entirely, as if trying to flee, to dissolve itself altogether from the companion bones. Donna Giulia barricaded herself in her villa, seeing no one, accepting no visits for months and months, going about in her own house and garden with her face secreted behind a desperately heavy veil ordered specially from Paris. And when at last she did again receive, it was after twilight or in a shuttered room, and always with that veil in place. . . .

When at last the car entered the iron gates and moved slowly over the rutty drive toward Villa Valenciana, Letizia was overcome by a terrible feeling of apathy and helplessness. As they traveled between umbrella pine and flowering hibiscus up the long gravel corridor at whose end stood the enormous house with its striped façade of block lava and pietra serena, she thought of her mother's idiotic admonition. Not till then did she realize that she actually might have refused to be made the object of this preposterous ritual. Yes, she told herself, Mimi was wrong. This one time she was wrong. I could have refused. Why didn't I?

A young maid in a starched white apron stood in the doorway watching as Letizia descended from the car. "Good afternoon, Principessa," she said and curtsied prettily. She took Letizia's cloak and waited for her to unbutton the gloves. The buttons, nasty little things, were quite unmanageable. Letizia knew she was taking too long over them. She heard slippers on the stair and saw, out of the corner of her eye, the feet of old Giovanni, Donna Giulia's majordomo. Realizing he had come to fetch her, she changed her mind about the gloves, pretended that she had been intent merely on rebuttoning one of the buttons.

"There!" she said with finality and looked up smiling. The little maid, caught quite by surprise, curtsied again, backed off several feet and, wheeling, fairly fled away with Letizia's cloak.

"Are you well, Giovanni?" she asked as the old man padded toward her across the marble floor. "It has been years, hasn't it?"

"A considerable time, Principessa." He smiled at her over the tops of his

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steel-rimmed spectacles. "If the Principessa is agreeable, Donna Giulia will receive her above."

Midway up the stairs was a great window that gave on the drive. It was at this window, Letizia's mother had told her, that Donna Giulia used to stand watching as her guests arrived for a ball. Not until twelve coaches had come would she summon her maid and begin to dress. The window, Letizia observed, was sparkling clean.

Giovanni's slippers made almost no noise as he mounted the stairs. Her own hard little heels, clicking against the marble, sent echoes bouncing like pebbles back down toward the entry. She tried for a bit to walk on her toes only and that helped.

She trailed behind him down the long corridor which, she guessed, led to the far entrance to the grand ballroom. When he reached the end, Giovanni stopped again. From a gold chain she had not noticed before, he took a key and, stooping, unlocked the big oak door.

Waiting, Letizia wondered why he had brought her to the far end to enter when they could easily have crossed the ballroom from the main door at the head of the staircase. Since greeting her, the old man had not spoken a word. Now he opened the door to what had been Donna Giulia's battlefield and, still without a word, motioned her through. Giovanni followed behind as they traversed the vista of shadows and checkered marble. The ballroom was absolutely silent except for their feet, empty and still, the three chandeliers veiled, the hundred high-backed chairs each swathed in white—ghost seats for a hundred hundred specters from half a hundred years of balls and celebrations. And as she walked, Letizia realized how it must have terrified the girls who had been brought this way in past years, this fantastic promenade, the locked doors, the emptiness and ponderous presence of phantom life. And then, all at once, she felt herself walking with assurance.

In her imagination, Letizia recalled the orchestra, and arranged them on their stand. She swung open the French doors, unbandaged the chairs and chandeliers, sent liveried servants with tapers to light the candles. Then she peopled the floor with glittering couples, nodded to the orchestra master for a waltz and, threading her way between the whirling dancers, came alone and radiant to the great main doors. . . .

Giovanni turned to the right and pressed open a door at the far side of the ballroom. Passing through, she found herself in a small sitting room. There were several chairs, a couch, bookcases, a writing desk. How anticlimactic, she thought, as Giovanni left her. Really, I should have been made to wait—for certainly there is more waiting involved—sitting on one uncovered chair in the ballroom corner. Amused by this tactical error, Letizia seated herself on the couch without even troubling to scoop the skirt of her dress from under her.

The drapes were drawn and the jalousies behind them closed, so that the only light came from an old brass lamp on the desk. The room was actually cozy after the long naked ramble through the ballroom. Why this concession? she wondered. Only then she understood: The floor was thickly carpeted. When she glanced at her shoes she saw that the velvet was entirely covered with lint and tiny particles of fluff. *Really!* Letizia thought, not certain whether to be amused or outraged. She guessed that an hour's frantic picking and rubbing would not restore her shoes to their former previous pristine state. She did not even bother to try. An almost ridiculous thought popped into Letizia's head: Nice way to treat a child!

But she was no longer a child. This past year she had communed with the great ladies of Paris. Last winter there had been invitations to teas around Paris. At those afternoon rites, Letizia always sat quiet and attentive while gray heads nodded and fingers in black lace gloves drew lump sugar from silver bowls. She spoke about life at home when she was asked, trying to remember news of this or that great-aunt whom the Parisian ladies had befriended in the days of the last Napoleon. And when they spoke among themselves in loud asides, the great ladies of Paris, it pleased Letizia to hear them say, "*Elle est charmante, l'Italienne. . . .*"

Then, with spring, came the deluge of gay and brilliant balls, at which she met equally brilliant and gay young men who were polite to one another and never made suggestions with their bodies while holding her, the way boys did at home. She managed to borrow dresses, to add flowers or pearls or a sash to her own, to appear always as though what she wore was new. Sometimes she and the other Italian girl would attend parties together. Letizia danced and laughed but

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never flirted as Maria Rosa did. Though she promised nothing to the tall, dark-eyed young men, the guards' officers and aides-de-camp—still, as they gazed down at her bare shoulders and laughing eyes, their look told her that she might have anything she asked. And that satisfied her.

Yet, to her dismay, Letizia realized that in Paris, too, the old forms were "going under," that the flow of glistening ideas and gallant conversation was drying up, had been for almost a century. The guards' officers and aides-de-camp returned, the morning after a ball, not to join their generals in the field against the enemy horse, but to the gloomy, badly heated rooms of the War Ministry in the Rue Saint-Dominique. The world of Louis de Narbonne and Choderlos de Laclos—that was finished. And still, those old French ladies she met were the last heirs to those salons of the Palais Royal, the Duc d'Orléans's brilliant circle, where once the very best might be required of a woman. Modern ideas, feminine rights—all such concepts *à l'Americain*, as she termed them—failed to stir Letizia's fancy. It was nothing like that she wanted for herself, but rather to belong to a world where noble men rose to power at the fan tip of a woman. She knew with a passionate certainty that, like Madame de Staël, she could have served a Narbonne and given him life.

That departed world continued to echo for her in the whispers of the patrician Paris ladies, left fragments of itself to be dispensed like favors at every *bal masque* and candlelight supper. It was to the memory of an age that she paid homage when she sat on with those old women long after other girls had curtsied their way to polite escape. And that, Letizia admitted to herself, is why I am here now. For to be honored in a country where eyes are kind, that is one thing. It is quite another to be acclaimed in the jungles of home.

Letizia thought of the look on her mother's face as she left for Donna Giulia's. Always before, even after they had quarreled, her mother kissed her on the cheek when she went out. Today her mother had looked at her as she might at an adversary. Is that what comes with Donna Giulia's approval? Well, surely the least of it is that I shall have my own way, Letizia thought. But exactly what she meant by that, she herself did not know.

Even after Donna Giulia had retired from all active part in society, abandoning the field to the young, arrogant Principessa di Balmonte, the older woman remained very much a power behind the scenes. Why else, Letizia wondered, would my mother have periodically taken herself out to Villa Valenciana? Perhaps these "pilgrimages" by the daughters of Palermo's society were concessions, terms of a truce. Whatever the answer was, when Donna Giulia had at last retired into the lamplit twilight, it was said by all women of fashion that they were living in a New Epoch—an elegant scoring off of Il Duce's imperial obsession—of their own: the age of Donna Isabella.

And if I am approved of, Letizia asked herself, what will happen between me and my mother? It was a strangely exhilarating idea, one she had never before considered. She stood up and began to pace the room. Giovanni had been gone a good half hour. Let her get on with it and be done, she thought.

Standing in the center of the room, it occurred to her this was no way to be caught when she was at last summoned. If Donna Giulia intended to treat her to a real wait, that was all right too. Letizia knew how to wait. She found a copy of *Anna Karenina* on one of the shelves and, curling up on the couch, turned the pages until she came to the scene where Anna, at the races, watches Vronsky ride.

She gave the impression of being utterly absorbed when the old man returned to announce that Donna Giulia would like her to come in. In fact, she let him repeat her name a second time before looking up sweetly from the book. Then she rose and followed where he led.

"Ah! Here's the beauty now!" said the Duchess. "Well, well, come closer. Come come come."

Letizia could see nothing of the bedroom. The only light came from a small lamp standing at what seemed to Letizia a great distance off. Cautiously, she forced her feet to inch forward, almost as though she expected some trick—an obstacle set in the way, a pit open and ready to drop her down into eternal blackness.

"So pleased you could come, my dear," said the voice sweetly. Behind her, Letizia heard the door close with a small click. The minute glow of lamplight showed her the faded arabesques in a Persian rug, one ornate corner of an Empire couch. "What a long time it has been. You were still a

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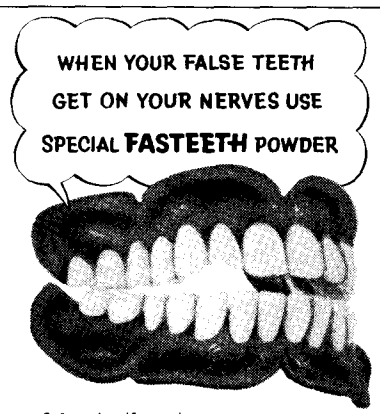

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child. And now you have put away your toys." The voice had become honeyed and delicate and seemed to be coming from the lamp itself. "So kind of you, child, to gratify the fancy of an old woman."

"It was thoughtful of you to invite me," said Letizia.

"Ah! Very nice!" said Donna Giulia.

At her sides, Letizia's two gloved forearms hung like the dismembered wings of some snared white bird. Letizia caused them to flutter upward, as if to reassure herself that they would respond. Her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and she could make out the lines of the room. Almost square, it had a ceiling as lofty as that in the ballroom, and full-length mirrors and painted panels alternating along the walls. The principal article of furniture was a huge four-poster bed with canopy and side curtains that stood against the far wall. The air was not fresh, but was scented with lavender and dried rose petals.

"Perhaps we shall visit together often," said Donna Giulia. Only it was a question, as though she were asking Letizia. Again the voice was a sweet buzzing from somewhere behind the lamp.

"I would enjoy coming for tea whenever you wish," said Letizia. Only then she remembered that her mother had not mentioned tea, and she thought she had made a gaffe. She had a strong impulse to brush back a strand of hair that had fallen over her forehead. But she did not permit her hands to move, not a centimeter. Now she could discern the mound of pillows against which Donna Giulia reclined—a small, dark form, robed in shadows. There was a sound like the rustling of tissue paper as the Duchess arranged herself. Then, for the first time, Letizia saw the net. Thick as a beekeeper's hood, its folds enclosed Donna Giulia's head. Only their fall was not direct: the stuff rose to a peak, lifted, Letizia guessed, by the old-fashioned combs she remembered having seen in Donna Giulia's hair years before.

"Closer! Closer!"

She might suggest that I sit, Letizia thought. But there were no chairs in the room, and the couch was piled with boxes and with what appeared to be rolls of lace and bands of tatting.

"Well, Cousin Letizia, has Paris agreed with you? I should think so. I should think so indeed. But tell me why, in heaven's name, have you come to see me in that terrible dress? Ah! Of course, it would be your mother who insisted. I know my Isabella. That *côté bourgeois*—the New England in her."

"But you know better than that," Letizia snapped back.

"Ah, does it irritate you?" came the quick question.

"Irritate me? Which part, my dear cousin? The nonsense about the dress ——"

"That your mother is from a middle-class New England family."

"How could it bother me? It is her money that makes my frivolities possible," said Letizia. "Only, cousin dear, Philadelphia is not considered a part of New England."

"Never mind. My geography is abominable," said Donna Giulia. "Besides, I am pleased that you are not a little snob. To be ashamed of one's mother—of anything about oneself—would be vulgarity of the worst sort."

"Do you think so? How quaint."

"I want you to tell me something," said Donna Giulia, and the creak of age sounded in her voice. "Answer me frankly—*tu es vierge?*"

Letizia laughed, on cue, quite in time to cover her surprise. She was not yet attuned to the swift changes in pace the Duchess managed so adroitly.

"Come, answer me!"

"Will it give you pleasure to know?"

"And do not be impudent."

"Oh, was *I* being impudent?"

"Indulge me," said Donna Giulia. The voice had softened again. A frail, fine hand removed itself from the bedclothes, rose to adjust the hanging mask, as though the need for protection had increased in some imperceptible fashion. "I should very much like to know."

"I am intact," said Letizia, allowing herself an echo of the former laughter.

"I have rebuilt the belvedere," said Donna Giulia, *à propos* of nothing at all. "You remember, don't you, what a shambles it was when you were a child? Oh, it made a fine fairy castle, didn't it? Would you like to see what I have done?"

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"Yes, I really would," said Letizia, wondering if she were to be permitted such an easy escape.

"Then I shall have Giovanni show you."

Letizia was about to back off when, with a faint noise, the bent figure of the old majordomo detached itself from the darkness and drew the curtains away from the balcony doors. She had simply assumed that when the door closed he was outside it—not there all the time, listening.

"Principessa?" Giovanni waited until she was quite near. Then, to her surprise, instead of adjusting the louvers, he unlatched the right-hand door and threw it wide. The warm afternoon sun poured into the room. The sun was low now, and the rays that came through the orchards and over the rolling land were mixed red and orange. Letizia stood at the door.

"That's right, from there you should be able to see it all," said the quiet voice. "All the scenes, the secret crannies where once you used to hide yourself away."

It seemed to Letizia that she caught a curiously eager note, an excitement only partially suppressed. But she was held by the beauty of Donna Giulia's gardens, the handsomely maintained roses, the great swatches of calendula and bougainvillaea in bloom, and all of it bathed in the lovely light. Long shadows lay out from hedge to tailored hedge. And beyond, in the lemon groves, the fruit seemed almost luminous.

"How beautiful it is," said Letizia.

"This is the best light in which to observe it, my dear. The very best. And can you make out the belvedere? There, to the left, atop the hillock?"

As she turned, Letizia felt the warm rays upon her neck. Yes, there it was, the small, roofed shelter formed entirely of columns and set around with benches painted an antique yellow. Ivy was beginning to climb the columns now. The whole shimmered with new paint and care. But the path leading from the gardens to the belvedere looked hopelessly overgrown and rank with weeds.

"Something else is new since last you were here. Turn more to the left. Can you see what it is?"

Standing with her gloved hand pressed to the wall, stretching her neck to peer down into the farthest corner of the garden, Letizia saw more roses, huge and white and overblown, the greenhouse and tool shed, a brick wall trellised with honeysuckle.

"Is it the wall that's new?" But there was no answer from the bed. "Or is it ——" She faltered in the middle of the question. For she realized then what that "something" was. Startled, she felt as if she were about to wilt, felt color rush to her face, and leaned for support against the wall.

I am what is new, Letizia thought. Seeing, I am seen; appraising, I am appraised. Oh, I'm on to you, old witch. She felt her strength return with a rush. She tossed her head. Then, she stood on tiptoe, craned her neck offering her full profile to the light, and peered concentratedly at—nothing.

"Yes, now I see," she said calmly. "I do see."

"Do you, child? Then there is one more favor I wish to ask. Say you'll agree—if only to humor an old lady?"

"Of course, Cousin Giulia. Anything," she answered without hesitation. She felt marvelously confident, felt she could afford to give, to be generous—because she knew it was almost over. And she knew that she had won. "Anything you wish."

"Then open those crystal buttons, free your chest. Let me see you as you are."

Letizia's heart seemed suddenly to enlarge and her eyes swam with tears, though the last thing she felt like doing was crying. At her apparent hesitation, Donna Giulia spoke again, but the words were cold, an afterthought.

"I took you once from your cradle."

Why not, thought Letizia, if this is the way the game ends, why not? She thought of Giovanni hovering in the darkness behind her. What if he was there? It made no difference in the world. Her gloved hands went to the buttons, sliding them from their holes, parting the cloth. And then, like a new skin, the sunlight covered her.

"Come over to the bed, my dear. I have something for you." Donna Giulia spoke rapidly, eagerly. Redoing the buttons as she approached the bed, Letizia saw the shawl around Donna Giulia's shoulders, saw that her throat was wrapped round and round with pale blue silk, and that the veil stirred when she breathed out. Only Donna Giulia's hands were visible, ringed and exquisite, alive and gesturing.

"Even that little-girl dress does not diminish what you are. You need never wear it again. No one must tell you what to do. Be your own mistress, do you understand me? Wholly your own mistress—that is the secret," said Donna Giulia, the words all coming together in a rush. "But you must use color with that fine skin. Have your gowns cut off-the-shoulder. I will see to it that you have an extra allowance, yes, and credit with my Paris bank. And here"—she held out an old leather box—"this is for you."

Letizia took the box and opened it. A single strand of variously shaded baroque pearls lay on its velvet floor. "I . . . I don't know what to say ——"

"Never mind what to say. These cost a number of persons a good deal of discomfort and embarrassment. It is high time they were seen again. Certainly you have the throat. And all the thanks I ask is simply to know that you are wearing them. And the ball tonight is a good time to start. Now, you may kiss my hand and be off. Only come to see me now and again. Tell me about the good times you are having."

It seemed to Letizia that Donna Giulia was smiling behind that veil. She bent over the outstretched hand, clasping it in both of hers. A sweet scent of ointment lingered at the joints. As she kissed the darkly freckled skin, she saw, like a fleeting specter, the image of her own old age.

The next thing she realized she was passing through the front door of the villa.

On the ride home, Letizia felt lightheaded, almost giddy. She thought of the ball with sudden pleasure. I am needed there, she told herself. And if I chose, I could go in this mothy old rag and still be—what I am, Letizia Balmonte.

"Well?" said her mother, who was waiting for her as she entered the house. "Well?"

"Well what?" said Letizia coolly, observing herself in the glass. Her mother, she decided, would have to ask outright to receive any answer at all.

"How was it, the visit?"

"I enjoyed myself immensely," said Letizia in an offhand way. And then she started up the stairs, peeling off her long gloves as she went. THE END

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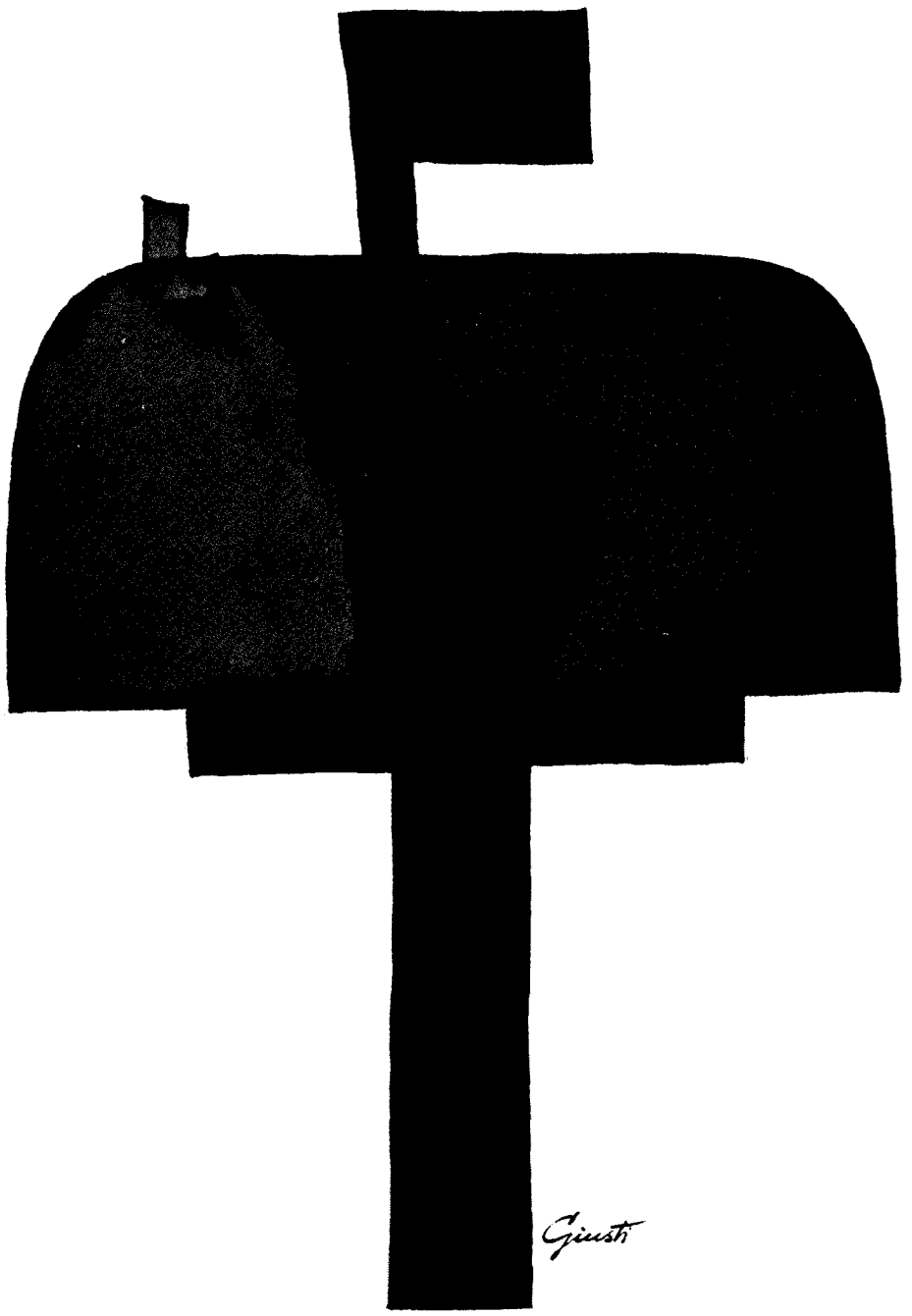
Aunt Fran

By John O'Hara



Mary Duncan heard her husband stomping his feet on the front porch, heard him kicking his shoes against the porch rail, and then there was the complaining squeal of the front door being pushed inward. She did not look up from her letter writing. "Is the game over?" she said.

"No, there's about ten minutes left in the last quarter, but I began sneezing, so I came home. G.H.S. is ahead, eighteen to six." He took off his trench coat and hung it on the clothes tree in the hall, then came in the front room. "Look, I just wanted to show you. Wringing wet." He held out a knitted Balaklava helmet.

"Well, don't wring it out here," she said.

"I just wanted to show you," he said.

"And you ought to get those shoes off," she said.

"My feet are dry. These shoes held up. A very good buy, although I didn't think so at the time. I paid fifteen dollars for them in 1917. That was when we wore shoes with leather puttees. Then we all had to get boots, before we were shipped overseas. Had these now close to eight years. Thirty-five, the boots were. They lasted me most of the time in France, then after the armistice I got a new pair to come home in. Sitting up in the attic. If I knew somebody that rode horseback I'd give them away."

"Give them to Jimmy Malloy," she said.

"He has a pair, and anyway I don't think my

© 1964 by John O'Hara

Illustration by George Giusti

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When it's the sort of letter that's hard to get, it should not be so easy to write.

boots would fit him."

"Well, then keep them. You wear them on Decoration Day."

"I didn't wear them last Decoration Day. I didn't go in the parade. Who are you writing to?"

"Aunt Fran. I'm trying to tell her we won't have room for her this Christmas. Take that wet cap out in the kitchen and wring it out. And maybe throw it away."

"You knitted it for me."

"I know I did."

"I get a lot of use out of it. Skating. Gunning."

"All right, don't throw it away. But please don't have it dripping all over my rugs. And go on upstairs and dry your hair, or you'll catch more cold.

"I'll dry my hair on the roller towel."

"All right, do as you please," she said.

"And I'm going to have a shot. Do you want one?"

"No thanks. I have to finish this letter," she said.

"A good slug of whiskey might inspire you."

"It might inspire me to tell Aunt Fran to go someplace else for a change. Why does she always have to come here?"

"She doesn't have to. Why do I go to a high-school football game, in rain and snow and mud?"

"Search me. Look at your trousers. They're soaking wet. I think you'd better go on upstairs and take off everything."

"I will if you will," he said.

"Oh, stop that kind of talk on a Saturday afternoon. It isn't becoming."

"I wasn't in earnest, for cripes' sake," he said.

"Get some dry clothes on and then maybe I'll have a highball. I got some ginger ale yesterday. It's in the pantry next to the preserves. The shelf on your right. You know what you ought to do is take a hot bath."

"Hell, I used to sleep in places that were worse than that field."

"Yes, but you haven't lately and you're seven years older. Go on, act sensibly and let me finish this darn letter."

She could hear him running a tub and moving about, and she went on with her letter to her aunt. She forgot about him until he reappeared, wearing white flannels, a crimson sweater with a white letter G, and a pair of sneakers. He handed her a highball. "You look like a cheerleader," she said.

"I couldn't button the top button of my white flannels, but everything else fits me."

"The sweater fits you quick," she said.

"A little quick, but I can still get it on."

"It's not the same sweater you had in high chool, is it?"

"No. They used to give us coat-style sweaters."

"That's what I thought."

"I bought this one myself. Six bucks."

"When you were coaching. I remember."

"Coaching the backfield." He sat down and stretched his legs. "You finish your letter?"

"Finally," she said. "Do you want me to read it to you?"

"To correct your grammar?"

"Oh, when *you* can correct *my* grammar. No, to get our stories straight. 'Dear Aunt Fran. I am writing you this far ahead in order to make it possible for you to alter your plans in case you were planning to visit us this coming Christmas. As you know, we would always love to have you over the holidays, but this year both children have invited school friends to visit them. Junior is bringing a boy from Seattle, Washington, who will not be able to go to his own home for the holidays and Barbara is inviting a girl whose father and mother are missionaries in China and she does not expect to see her parents for two more years.'"

"That sounds as if Barbara didn't expect to see *her* parents for two more years."

"Shut up. It does not. 'Barbara is also having two other friends for the Christmas festivities, namely the club dance and the Assembly and another dance being given by Judge Choate's daughter Emily. Therefore we will have a houseful with two girls sleeping in the guest room.'"

"Is that true?"

"Well, Barbara asked me if we'd mind having this girl from Scranton that has a crush on Bobby Choate. He asked her to go to the Assembly and she has no place else to stay. And Emily Choate's dance is only two nights before. To continue. 'Bill and I hope you will be able to visit us later in the winter when things have quieted down and there is more room.' Then some stuff about the people she knows in town, and love from you and I, Mary. All right?"

"Well, I hope so. We don't want her to cut you out of her will."

"She can't. Grandpa established a trust fund, and when she dies the principal goes to me."

"I know that. But she never spends any more than she has to and she must have saved some out of the income."

"I'm not worried about that," said Mary. "It's just that I don't want to hurt her feelings."

"Yes, and I guess it can get pretty lonely around Christmas, an old maid living in a hotel. But she has your other sisters to invite herself to."

"She never has, though. She's always come here. And I will say I was glad to have her when you were away in the Army. A grown person. Those two Christmases you were away, the children were just the wrong age. I couldn't let them see I was miserable. They were so proud to have their father a captain, and at that age they got used to having you away. But if I would have shown any signs of how I felt, they would have started feeling sorry for themselves, too. So I was glad to have Aunt Fran to talk to. And cry a little."

"Then for cripes' sakes let's have her," he said. "We can put cots in the attic, or something."

"No. We can't. I've made up my mind. I'm very fond of Aunt Fran and all that. But now it's the children's turn. You can't go on all your life doing things for the older people. The time has to come when you must start giving preference to the younger ones. Aunt Fran's had her life, but Barbara and Junior are just starting out. I may sound heartless and cruel, but if Aunt Fran has to spend Christmas in a hotel, that's not our fault. It isn't, Bill. She could have made more of her life. She always had enough money to live nicely and do what she wanted, and I'm not going to let sentiment spoil our children's Christmas."

"No, I can see you're not," he said.

"Well, whose side are you on, anyway?"

"I don't know. She may not be around much longer. In her late sixties. And the kids have all the time in the world ahead of them."

"No, this is the time when they store up memories, and the parties this Christmas are going to be the best this town ever had."

"You and I didn't have a country club to go to."

"No, and more's the pity. My parents wouldn't allow me to go to the Assembly till I was twenty. Chicken-and-waffle suppers. Sleigh rides. Picnics. Heavily chaperoned."

"But we got married, Mary. And I like those memories, even if you don't seem to."

"Don't twist what I say. I like those memories, too, but our children will have different ones. And I'm not going to let Aunt Fran deprive them of them."

"All right. No use getting all het up about it. Let's forget about Aunt Fran." He sipped his highball and lit a cigarette. The telephone rang. "I'll get it," he said, and went out to the desk in the hall.

She heard him say, "Oh, hello Joe," and thereafter she paid no attention. He was on the telephone about five minutes.

"That was Joe McGonigle. He promised to call me. Guess what happened. You won't believe it. You know when I left, the score was eighteen to six, favor of G.H.S. Well, then they fumbled and Reading recovered for their second touchdown, making it eighteen to twelve. Reading kicked the extra point. Gibbsville then received and I'll be damned if they didn't fumble again. You know, wet ball, a day like this. And Reading recovered and went over for a touchdown in two plays. Maybe he said three plays. Joe's still so excited he can hardly talk. That made it Reading nineteen, Gibbsville eighteen. Then Reading made that extra point and it was Reading twenty, Gibbsville eighteen. Well then do you know what happened? Gibbsville returned the kickoff to Reading's thirty-yard line, a hell of a run by young Dvorshak on that sloppy field. Then with about two-and-a-half minutes left to play, Dvorshak kicked a field goal from the forty-yard line, and it was Gibbsville twenty-one, Reading twenty. Why didn't I stay? You know Dvorshak's that kid that when I was coaching the backfield, I taught his older brother how to dropkick, and his brother taught him. But forty yards on that sloppy field, and the ball must have weighed ten pounds. *I'm* going to have another drink. How about you?"

"Yes, I'll have another," she said.

"He's a fine kid, too, this Dvorshak. I wouldn't be surprised if he went to Notre Dame. There's a whole family of them. Five brothers. One went to Fordham. One to Villanova. One to the University of Maryland, and one to Pitt. The one I coached went to Fordham. But I think this one is headed for Notre Dame."

"Have you got any stamps in your wallet?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "You want me to get you one?"

"Please," she said. "No hurry." THE END

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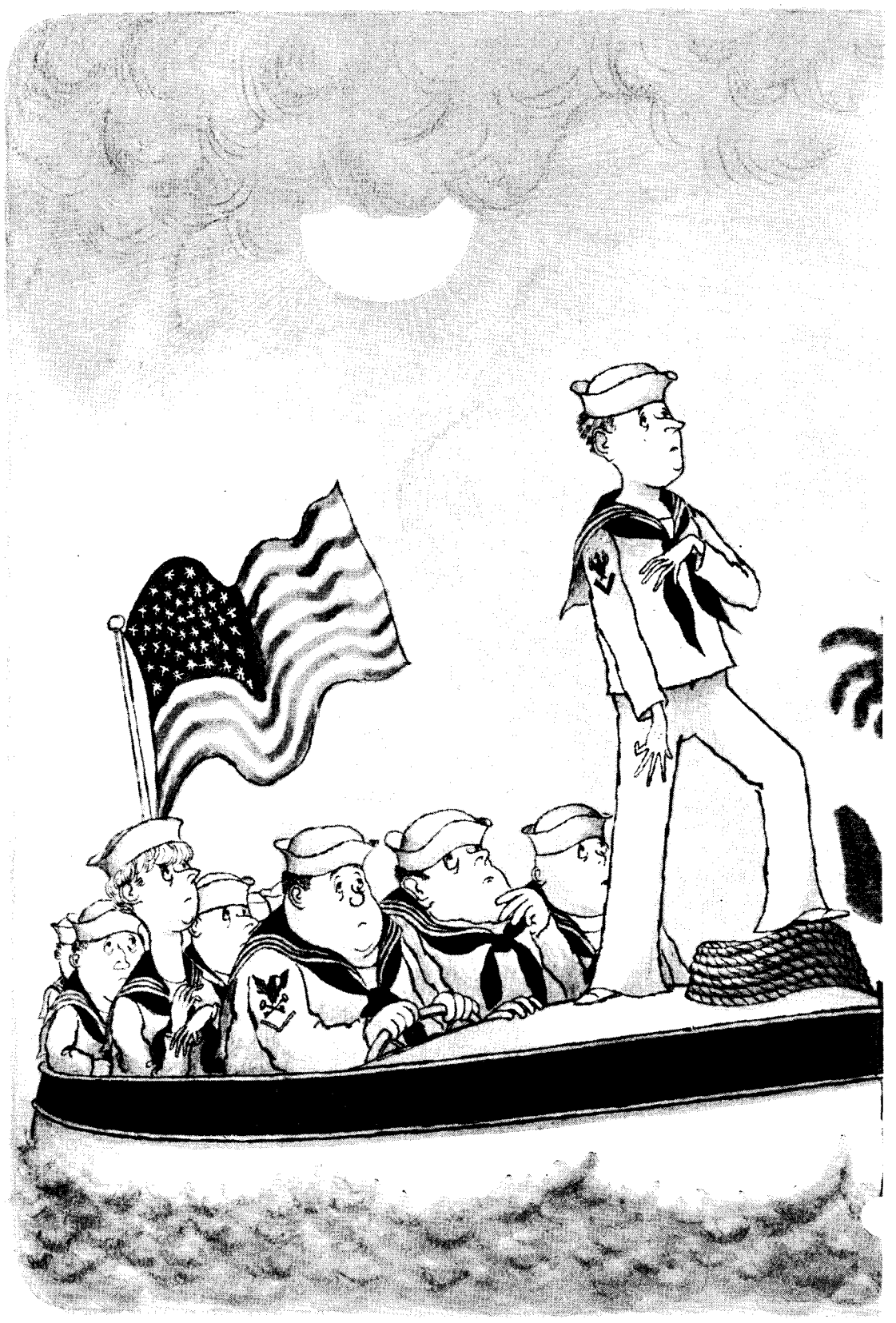
WHAT WE WERE

By ELLIOTT BAKER

The reel war was paramount to infantrymen in the European Theater.



After the regiment went into action in France we only saw T/5 Snitzer when our battalion was pulled back into reserve. This happened about every five or six weeks and the morale-building routine was always the same. First the portable shower unit, which also issued us clean underwear and socks. Then the Red Cross caravan with the two girls (so neat they destroyed the illusion of cleanliness we'd just been given) handing out doughnuts and coffee and cheering patter like, "Hi. How ya' doin'?" And after them would come the jeep with Snitzer driving and his assistant, Pfc. Beeny, desperately hanging onto the 16 mm. projector, the screen and his seat while the portable generator hooked on the rear capsized as often as not when they skidded to a stop.

"Movie time, men!" Snitzer would call cheerfully. Then, while Beeny unloaded the equipment, he'd strut off to examine the nearest barns until he found one suitable for the showing. By that time word would have spread and a ragged column of almost company strength would follow Beeny into the barn. As we sprawled out on the mud floor and some of the more energetic made a mezzanine of the hayloft, Snitzer barked instructions on the placement of the screen and projector and the connecting of the cable to the generator, all of which was done wheezingly by Beeny.

The asthma provided Beeny's solitary sound, so I knew nothing about him except his appearance. Tall, bony and the color of cottage cheese, he must have been at least thirty-five. And he was the only man I've ever seen in uniform wearing bifocal glasses—a testament to the desperation of some draftboard and to the Army's ability to make use of anybody.

Jerry Snitzer was Beeny's diametric opposite, a Mutt to his Jeff, dark and short and squat. His features were

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FIGHTING FOR

Illustration by N. M. Bodecker

Elliott Baker's first novel, A Fine Madness, *won the Putnam $10,000 Award and was hailed as "One of the best comic novels to be written by an American" (Harper's). Born in Buffalo, New York, educated at Indiana University, Mr. Baker served with the infantry in Europe during World War II. He has been a producer and writer for both CBS and NBC and now lives in London, working for the M-G-M offices there. He is presently adapting his novel for the forthcoming motion picture.*

blunt, too, as if he'd fallen on his face before it hardened. And the forward thrust of his manner of speaking often seemed an attempt to make up for this. Snitzer also seemed determined to prove that his being in the Army at all was sheer miscasting. The cartridge belt dangling down to his knees, the pant leg always out of one of the paratrooper's boots he'd finagled from supply, the thickness of rust on the carbine he'd been ordered to carry; all these were affectations.

Snitzer's past, unlike Beeny's, was no secret. From the south side of Chicago to various dives on State Street, to club dates, to Leon and Eddie's in New York, to the induction center; a part of this itinerary prefaced almost everything he said, like a scale run through before tackling the melody. In Snitzer's case the melody was a counterpoint of his personal opinion of the military way of life and the latest dirty jokes he'd managed to pick up. Getting a fresh supply of these must have taken some doing. I suppose he dragged them out of replacements arriving from the states. Or perhaps Leon or Eddie included them in V-mail letters. Whatever, they were always delivered with lickerish gusto while Beeny threaded the first reel of film into the projector.

Then the command to shut the goddam barn door was passed along. And when something approaching darkness was achieved, Beeny pushed the switch and the rectangle of light hit the screen. The opening titles were always out of focus, and I can still see Beeny, amid shouted threats to his life, staring through his bifocals toward the screen and frantically working the focusing knob until he heard cries of "There! That's it!"

The first ten minutes or so of a movie took the worst beating. Vocal audience appreciation would start with, "Why ain't that guy over here? He's in better shape than me," or "Look at the nomenclature on that broad."

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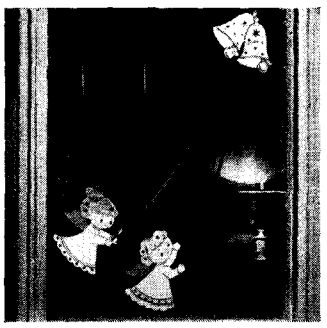

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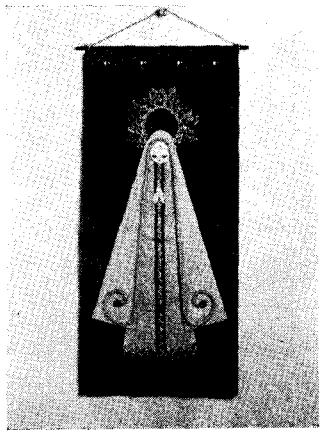
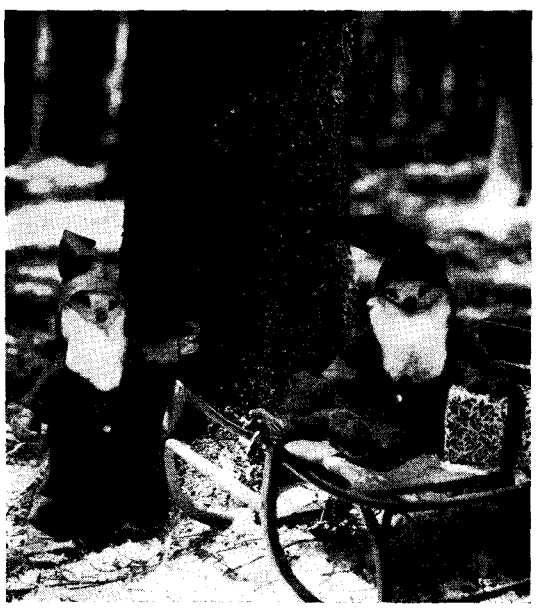


3. This Madonna wall hanging will add a serene and beautiful touch to your Christmas decor. The hanging which measures 26x11½" will have a dramatic effect on any wall or door. Kit includes appliques, trim, heavy gold braids, sequins, "jewels," brushed velvet leaves, glue and hanger. PCK-37 $3.69



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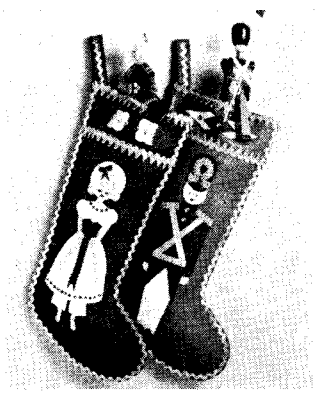


4. These beautiful 21" stockings will be hung by the fireplace with extra care because you'll want to save these for many Christmases to come. Kit includes stamped felt for stocking, toy soldier and doll, braid, sequins, embroidery floss, and glue. Kits may be ordered as a pair. PCK-38/39 $3.98 (set of two)

What We Were Fighting For

At the beginning everything got a laugh, Snitzer's contributions getting the biggest. To the remark about the ingenue's figure, he'd chirp, "That ain't no broad. That's Errol Flynn. He always walks that way." And he'd explain the civilian status of John Wayne or Humphrey Bogart or whoever the hero was, with "That's all makeup. He's seventy-three years old!" Similarly he'd top the other cracks, trying to turn our insults back into entertainment. But the catcalls hurled at the screen would steadily coarsen until someone came out with a line so low that the most battle-fatigued blushed and a silence of collective guilt squashed over us. Then the picture took hold.

A critic has said that there is no escape from the essential simplemindedness of the movies. If this is true, and it looks like a sure thing, I wonder what subsimple minds Hollywood producers were aiming at during the war years. (Or is it really possible to create to any taste or mentality but your own?) Still, I must reluctantly confess that their miserable tripe did its work. It wasn't just that movies offered the only escape available to a mobile force. They had a function beyond diversion, for Hollywood had assigned itself the role of asserting the values at stake in the war. So we were shown what we were fighting for: love without monotony, time without alteration, life without toothache or despair. And somehow, at some level, this grotesque portrayal meshed perfectly with the insanity of our own days. Before and after balanced with now. Everything was consistent after all.

Not that some of the details weren't greeted by raspberries; like people breaking into well-orchestrated song in the middle of a sentence, or the culmination of passion being a five-second, sealed-lipped kiss. But any noises these provoked were mild compared to the storm when the film snapped or the projector broke down. This would happen several times during a show (in addition to the two delays while reels were changed) and each time, as we reluctantly let go of Ida Lupino or Laraine Day and were left hugging our own miserable selves, Beeny bore the full brunt.

"Beeny, you fat-fingered fathead!"

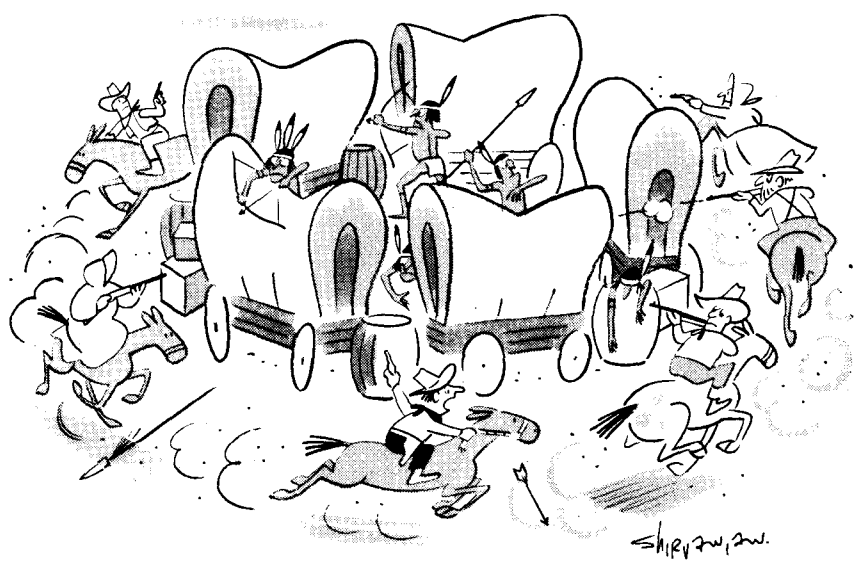
"Beeny, you couldn't find your way out of a foxhole!"

"Beeny, you're workin' for the Gestapo . . . ain' cha' . . . *ain' cha'?*"

When the lynching of Pfc. Beeny seemed inevitable, Snitzer would spring to the rescue, planting himself in front of the bare screen and plying us with the dirty jokes he'd told us last time until he drew the fire off Beeny to himself. Then he'd thrust up one hand dramatically. And in the second of relative quiet this secured, he'd launch into *Casey at the Bat.*

Now there is one thing that each person can do supremely well, and the greatest tragedy of the world is that few people ever find out what theirs is. Snitzer, however, had found his. I have heard several prominent actors recite *Casey at the Bat*, but none came anywhere near Snitzer. I first heard him do it at Fort Meade, Maryland, and I heard him recite it a good fifty times after that. And I never tired of it. It was a superb rendering and even in a smelly barn with shellfire within hearing and a hundred and fifty half-crazed soldiers snarling at him, Snitzer took but a few seconds to transport us to the rickety grandstand of Mudville on that hot, tense afternoon. I remember his once only getting as far as the umpire's "Stuh-rike twoooo!" when Beeny got the projector whirring again, and the immediate clamor that went up to turn the machine off. Casey's fate had precedence over Miss Lupino's.

So went the war for Snitzer and Beeny. And they probably would have made it all the way if it hadn't been for *The Fleet's In.* This was a Paramount picture starring Dorothy Lamour, William Holden, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken, one of those musicals about servicemen and their girls which always ended with the paired-off principals lined up and singing, then kissing as the chorus behind them sustained the last note. *The Fleet's In*, as the title suggests, was about sailors on shore leave, not exactly a subject to warm the hearts of combat infantrymen. But in retrospect, leaving tact aside, there did seem to be a method in the selection of the movies which were shown. While in training in the states we were fed a steady diet of die-bravely pictures like *Bataan*, *The Immortal Sergeant* and *The Purple Heart.* On the troopship to England one film was screened, *The White Cliffs of Dover.* And once we'd been "committed (as the apt saying went) to the real thing," we were shown only the frothiest comedies and musicals. *The Fleet's In* was distinguished from a hundred other of the latter only insofar as it was the movie in which Betty Hutton sang *Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry*, and a buck-toothed comedienne named Cass Daley did a hodgepodge parody of well-known songs. I can still remember some lyrics from both numbers; no great achievement since we were shown the picture four times.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Never mind how it happened! Just keep shooting!"

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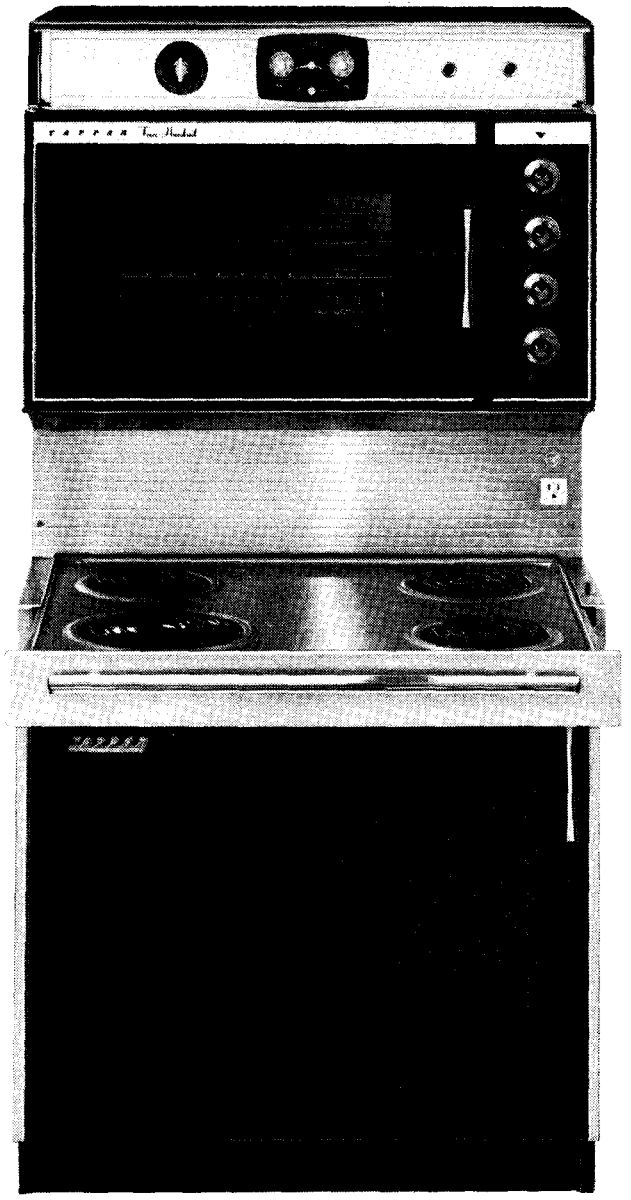

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What We Were Fighting For

In defense of Sergeant Carnevale, I must say that there was absolutely no excuse for this. After all, it's never happened in any commercial cinema. And there was no shortage of product. According to *Variety*, Hollywood's output during the war years reached an all-time high. But early in 1945 in the strange corridors of military distribution a packing clerk's mind wandered, or two tissue-weight invoices stuck together. And a dozen or so prints of *The Fleet's In*, which should have been scattered from Guam to Salerno, all found their way, in mislabeled containers, to our outfit.

The second time we were shown *The Fleet's In* was outside Sarlautern. There were only a few grumbles then about having seen it before, because with our recent casualty rate being over sixty percent, most of the men hadn't. But during its third showing near Frankfurt the audience was clearly restless. And afterward, 220-pound Sergeant Carnevale lumbered up to Snitzer and said, "Get us a new movie next time."

"You seen this before, Sarge?" asked Snitzer, wide-eyed and innocent.

"I seen it on furlough last year. And I seen it three times from you. I don't like that little guy that looks like a rabbit."

Snitzer mentally ran through the cast.

"Eddie Bracken?" he finally guessed.

"You know who I mean," said Carnevale.

"OK, Sarge," said Snitzer. "Next time it's Linda Darnell or bust. *Or?* What am I saying, huh?"

"I dunno' their names," growled Carnevale.

The next time we were pulled back from the line was about ten miles past Nuremberg. Snitzer chose a village *gasthaus* for the movie; not a wise choice, for half the audience were still helping themselves to beer when the picture began. With disbelief I heard the familiar theme music and tried to make out the fuzzy titles. Surely not again. But there, coming slowly into focus, was the opening scene of a launch taking a swarm of sailors toward the shore, and there was Eddie Bracken leading their singing.

Hey there, mister!
You'd better hide your sister,
'Cause the fleet's in,
*The fleet's in. . . .**

Then, as different scenes sparked recognition of the story in different minds (in the reverse order of their density), an avalanche of protest built up. Some of the men took off, but most sat glumly through it, including Carnevale. He was straddling a chair, his chin propped on the top slat across its back, staring unblinking at the screen. Even when the movie ended and the window shutters were opened and everyone else reraided the beer kegs, he didn't move, not until Snitzer went by within reach. Then Carnevale's big hand shot out and grabbed his arm.

"That's the last time, un'erstand?"

"Sorry, Sarge." Judging by Snitzer's expression, Carnevale was squeezing hard. "Division loused up. Honest. Let me show ya'." He tried to go for his evidence, but Carnevale didn't open his fingers. "Let me show ya' the film can. It says right on it, 'S. R. O'Grady'. It was supposed to be *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*. Honest. With Betty Grable. Let go. I'll prove it to ya'."

"Never mind." Carnevale released his grip as if tossing Snitzer's arm away. "Just make sure I don't see that rabbit-looking guy again, that's all."

"Sure, Sarge."

" I don't like that other one neither."

"William Holden?"

"You know who I mean."

It was in Oberplan, Czechoslovakia, on the day before Germany surrendered, that the portable showers, the Red Cross girls and Snitzer and Beeny next caught up with us. There was a town hall in the center of Oberplan and Snitzer immediately picked this as his movie theater. It was the closest thing to a real one we'd been in overseas, with rows of folding chairs and a platform at one end where Snitzer had Beeny set up the screen. With more windows to be blacked out and with Beeny's projector propped on a table in the center aisle, facing a more distant throw, the preparations took longer than usual. But though there was a lot of foot stomping and demands to get going, Carnevale didn't join in. He sat sullenly in the third row, between me and Don Linker, who was BAR man in his squad, just watching Snitzer. Then when everything seemed ready and the noise quieted down, he suddenly called out to him.

"What's this pitcher?"

"Don't worry, Sarge," grinned Snitzer. "It's brand new. Just came down from division."

"What's it called?" persisted Carnevale.

"*You Were Never Lovelier*," said Snitzer, and that got a howl. Snitzer obviously didn't like what he saw on Carnevale's face but couldn't do anything except ride out the laughter with a sickly grin. Then, as if to make amends, he said, "With Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth." And, with a broad wink, "You go for Rita Hayworth, don't you, Sarge?"

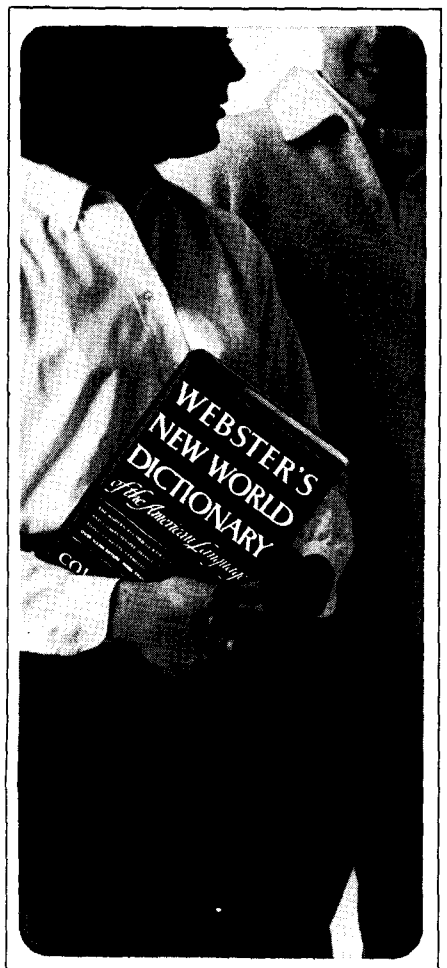
"Not as much as she goes for him," called a voice from the back of the room, and everyone went hysterical. Everyone, that is, except Linker and me, and Carnevale, who jumped up between us to scan the rows for the culprit.

"Who said that?" he yelled into the gale of laughter. And I don't know if it was the way he looked or his combat reputation that soon stilled it to an occasional giggle. Then Beeny started the projector.

The volume of sound was too low to let us hear the theme music, but Beeny was more intent on obtaining focus. Carnevale was still standing looking for his tormentor when the image did become sharp, so he didn't see the names of the cast. But I placed them and so did Snitzer.

**Words and music by Johnny Mercer and Victor Schertzinger © by Famous Music Corporation.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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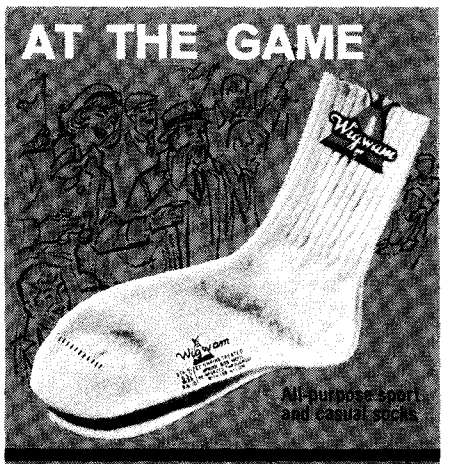

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"Turn it off," he hissed across the room at Beeny.

"Hell with this, Sarge," I said to Carnevale as casually as I could. "Let's go get up a poker game."

He was considering it, and Snitzer was trying to snake between two rows of chairs to the projector when three things happened. Beeny raised the volume, the launch filled with sailors appeared on the screen, and Carnevale turned around.

He moved very quickly for his size. In a matter of seconds his glance had rejected my M1 rifle and his own carbine, he'd grabbed Linker's BAR and was standing in the aisle blocking the screen, a piece of Eddie Bracken's face projected on his forehead.

"I warned ya'," screamed Carnevale. "I told ya'."

Perhaps combat experience tunes nerve ends to all hostile sounds, including tones of voice. Or else Snitzer and Beeny diving for cover set off a chain reaction. But when Carnevale opened fire, chairs were tumbling and most of us were halfway to the floor.

Sound tracks of Paramount Pictures die hard. Carnevale had emptied half the twenty-cartridge magazine before the title song groaned its last. From where my head was pressed into a longer oval against the floor I had a low-angle view as he let go the rest, most of the bullets denting the projector before ricocheting over us at bizarre angles. One of them had severed the film but the top reel still revolved slowly, defiantly unwinding its narrow celluloid.

After the click signified an empty chamber, Carnevale raised the BAR with both hands and flung it at the machine (missing it), then lunged forward as if to strangle it with his bare hands. He was intercepted by Linker and Corporal Todd, and by the time he'd knocked both cold, seven other guys were jumping on him. Eventually he was dragged out, screaming, "Mister! Sister! Sailors! I'll kill 'em!"

The rest of us got up slowly, as we always did after a shelling or strafing, first examining ourselves for holes, then whoever was nearby. Linker and Corporal Todd appeared to be the only casualties and they were being brought to, so relief was in the hall until someone called out "Medic!" and pointed at Beeny.

There he stood at his projector, wavering slightly, the handkerchief balled around his right hand turning a deeper and deeper red until a medic sat him down and started peeling it off. It was Beeny's thumb that had been hit, 30 calibers of its tip scooped cleanly off and, as the last layer of handkerchief was removed, squirting a glob of repressed blood into the medic's inquisitive eye.

A proper bandage was applied and Beeny was hustled away to the nearest aid station, where Carnevale was already being quieted by a hypodermic. Meanwhile, chairs were righted and seats regained and everyone sat looking at Snitzer, waiting for the entertainment we'd been promised. But Snitzer wasn't able to shrug off the events of the last minutes as easily as the rest of us. Even when feet were stomped and attempts made at rhythmic applause he just stood, pale and shaken, staring at the mangled projector. Then someone called out, "*Casey at the Bat!*" and the cry was picked up by others.

"Casey!"

"Tell us about Casey!"

It was the first time the recitation had ever been requested, and the voices brought the color back to Snitzer's face. He jumped up on the platform and his right hand shot up dramatically to still the audience, and he was about to deliver the first line of the poem when another voice was heard.

"Only this time," it said, "don't let him strike out."

It was a gentle voice, a humble petition for a happy ending. Another day and Snitzer would have withered it with a fast comeback. But now he just lowered his hand. And in the silence that followed, it seemed possible to see his mind working: considering the nearness of peace, the unpredictability of soldier audiences, the possibility of having Casey belt a home run and making it rhyme. Then he hopped down from the platform and walked stiffly up the aisle, past the projector and out the door at the rear of the hall. A few seconds later we heard his jeep start, and by the time we looked out it was roaring him through the cobbled main street of the town and out of sight. THE END

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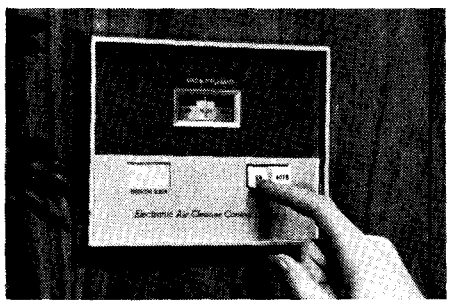

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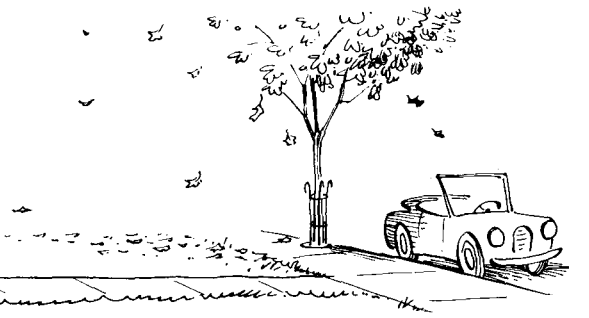
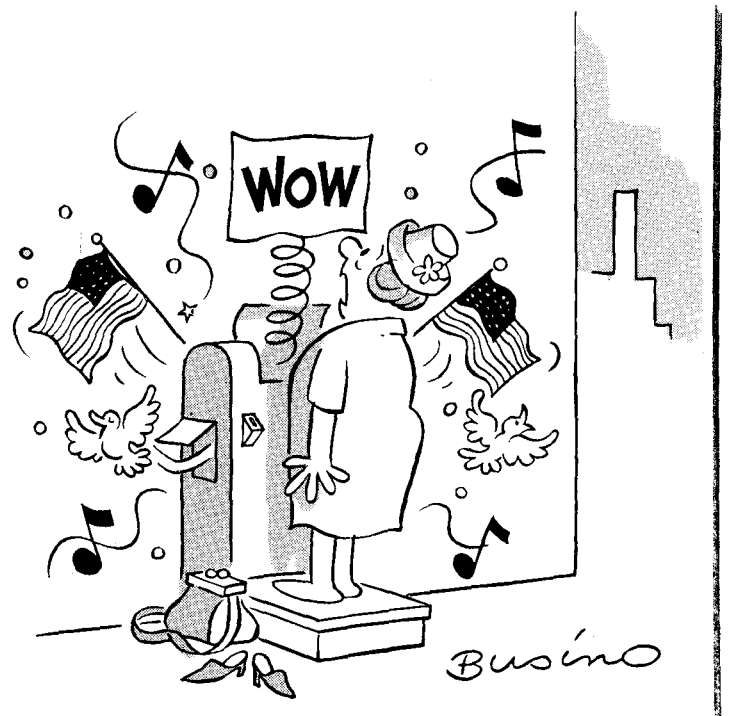


"Lots of people got mixed up in The Party when they were young, Ray, but you're not a young Republican anymore, are you?"



"Harry, did you call for an exterminator?"

"It appears to be some kind of dip."

"Maybe you ought to test it first without the bomb."

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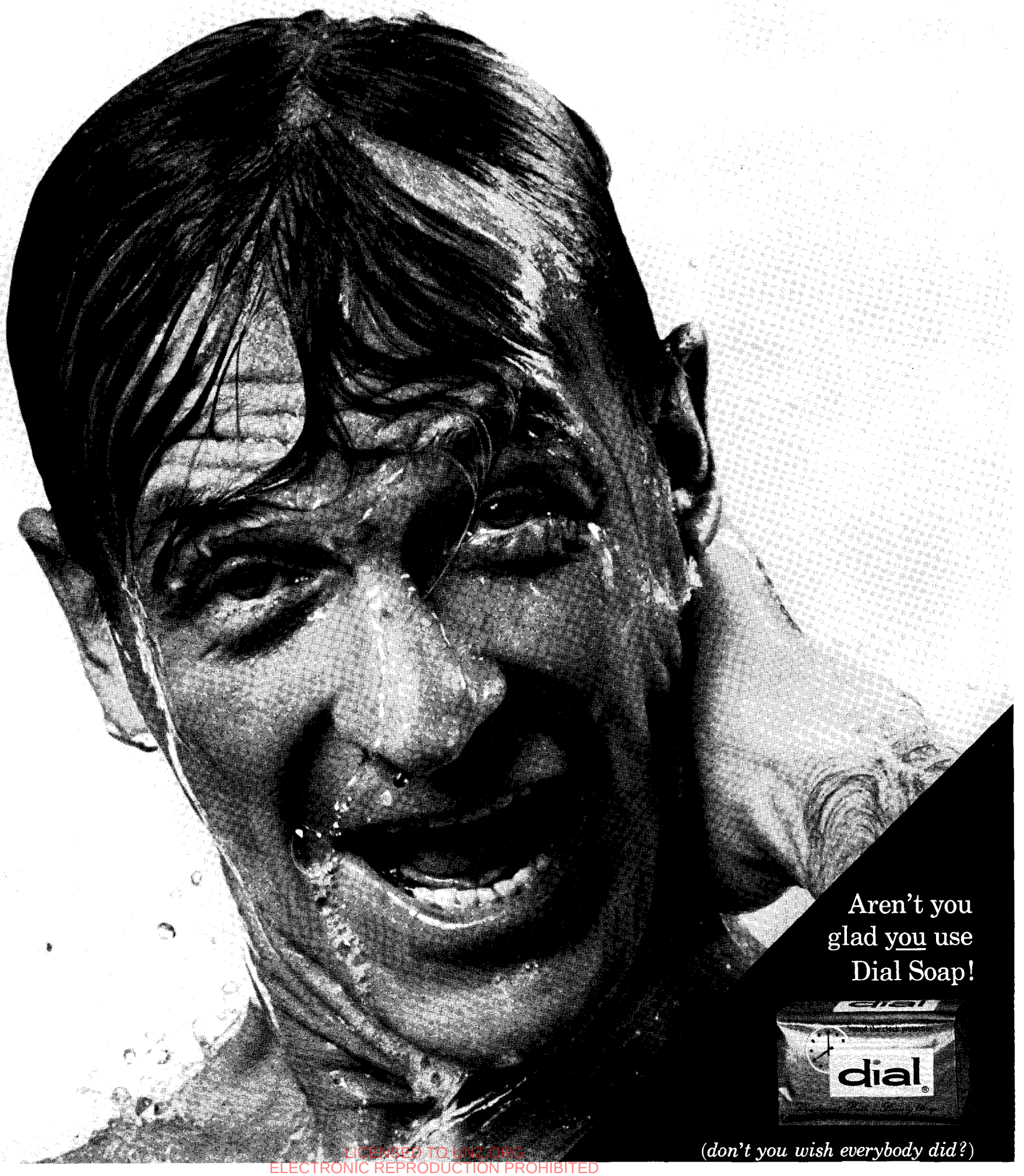

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The Princeton Plan seemed very simple, but it filled Malverne, a peaceful Long Island suburb, with strife and anguish.

WHY A NORTHERN TOWN FIGHTS SCHOOL INTEGRATION

By Max Gunther

"They're going to take us over town by town," cried a white critic of CORE's Lincoln Lynch, who stands before Malverne's nearly all-Negro school.

Malverne, on suburban Long Island, looks like every other commuter town. Its peaceful, tree-shaded streets, its immaculate private homes, its picturesque railroad station only 20 miles from Manhattan, give an aura of tranquillity. When racial violence erupts in other towns, the citizens of Malverne are shocked and dismayed. For the residents of this typical northern community see themselves as devoid of bigotry. Yet with the opening of its schools last week, Malverne did what it has done in the past. It barred the door on a seemingly simple plan for total desegregation of its almost all-Negro grade school.

Patterned after a program that originated in Princeton, N.J., in 1948, and has since become known as the Princeton Plan, the Malverne plan would take all the school district's children from kindergarten through the third grade and place them in the community's two predominantly white schools. All fourth- and fifth-graders would be assigned to the predominantly Negro school. It all seemed quite simple and logical.

The Malverne school district would appear to be an ideal place for total integration. In contrast to other districts, Malverne's 1,500 schoolchildren would not have to travel long distances on buses. Nor would middle-class white parents have to fear that their youngsters would be attending school in a Negro slum. The Lakeview section of the Malverne school district, which is 75 percent Negro, boasts well-kept $15,000 to $35,000 ranch-style and split-level homes and a population that includes many teachers, engineers, technicians and psychologists. Many white parents would actually be sending their children to school with youngsters whose Negro parents stand at least a rung or two higher on the economic ladder. Yet it is these white parents who form much of the hard-core opposition.

Furor over forced school integration first exploded on June 17, 1963, when Dr. James E. Allen Jr., the New York State education commissioner, directed the Malverne school board to carry out the Princeton Plan that fall. Commissioner Allen declared that any school that has a nonwhite enrollment of more than 50 percent was in danger of becoming entirely segregated. (The district's Woodfield Road Elementary School is about 80 percent Negro.)

The white outcry against Doctor Allen's order came swiftly. Malverne's parents formed the Taxpayers and Parents organization (TAP), and announced plans to raise a $60,000 "war chest" to fight Allen all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. They began a series of protests which included a march on the commissioner's office in Albany, with TAP members bearing signs that read ALLEN AND STALIN MUST GO and FREEDOM NOW—FOR WHITES.

Mason Hampton Jr., TAP's round-faced, energetic lawyer, insists that the whites have nothing against Negroes. Rather, he contends forced school integration is unconstitutional, because it discriminates *against* whites. "The Supreme Court said in 1954 that you can't exclude a person from school because of race," Hampton declares, "and now in the North they say white children may be excluded from certain schools because of race. Is the Constitution color-blind? When Commissioner Allen says that having forty-nine percent Negro in a school, or any other percentage, is illegal, then it's just as bad as the southerner who wants a quota of zero percent Negro kids in a white school."

Acting on this theory, Hampton went to court that summer and got a ruling that voided Commissioner Allen's order. With TAP claiming its first victory, tension immediately rose among the Negroes and within the white community. When Malverne's elementary schools opened on September 4, 1963, the children at the predominantly white elementary schools were met by seven uniformed guards from the William J. Burns International

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Detective Agency, who had been hired by the school board to insure "public safety." Each child carried a colored card issued by the Board of Education to make certain that all grade-school children would be assigned to the same schools as the year before.

The Negroes, in turn, denounced what they called the "apartheid cards," and tried to have their children registered at the white schools. Six parents were arrested and found guilty of disturbing the peace, loitering and trespassing. All were given suspended sentences. Other parents had their children boycott the predominantly Negro school, setting up a "freedom school" in its place. The boycott collapsed within two weeks for lack of funds.

"The Board of Education has been purposely divisive, and did all it could to sabotage this thing," says Dr. Lloyd Delany, a bearded Negro psychologist who then headed the predominantly Negro United Committee for Action Now (UCAN). "TAP can go to court for the next fifty years, but we are going to integrate the schools."

While Doctor Allen prepared to return to court, JOIN TAP labels began to sprout on car bumpers, and signs reading FOR SALE IF THE PRINCETON PLAN GOES THROUGH were fastened to houses. Doctor Delany's maid, who had just arrived from Birmingham, Ala., picked up the phone to hear an anonymous caller threaten to bomb the Negro leader's home. Another time, as UCAN members left a nighttime meeting, a group of white teen-age boys yelled "nigger" and "lynch the blacks." The hecklers were quickly dispersed by the police.

In unguarded moments the real fears of some whites would come out. A waitress in a coffee shop on Sunrise Highway, south of town, leaned over the counter and spoke in a near-whisper. "Look, I'm not against integration," she said. "But my God, pretty soon we're going to have niggers overrunning the place. I don't mind the quiet ones. It's the pushy ones. We let them into the schools, the next thing you know they'll be moving next door. Then I'll have them hanging around my daughter. My God, it's got to stop somewhere, you know."

Most whites, however, insist such expressions of hatred do not represent their feelings. Mrs. Vincent Carrozza is the attractive, brown-haired wife of a member of TAP's executive committee. She explained she wouldn't mind at all if more Negroes attended the predominantly white grade school where one of her children goes. "I just wish everybody would have the right to go wherever he pleases. This is just a fight for our constitutional rights. It's not really a racial issue at all, although it may appear that way to some people."

While she was talking, Mrs. Carrozza's nine-year-old boy burst into the living room and shouted, "Whites have rights too. This is America, not Russia." Somewhat embarrassed, Mrs. Carrozza gently asked the boy to leave.

Interestingly, most TAP members do not feel that their children would receive an inferior education at Woodfield, the now predominantly Negro school. In 1961 the school board alleviated overcrowding in Woodfield by transferring 110 Negro children to the two previous all-white schools. Woodfield has also been assigned extra remedial teachers and guidance counselors. When Doctor Allen's advisory committee recently came to Malverne to investigate all three elementary schools, it could report that it "found no evidence of different educational standards."

In fact, some of Malverne's school-board members have pointed to Woodfield's good educational qualities as an argument for maintaining the status quo. "The Negroes can't say we're giving them a poor education," says attorney Edward Nasierowski. "You should have seen our high-school graduation last June. Kids from all three grade schools go to this one high school and compete with each other scholastically. Well, many of the honor graduates every year are Negroes."

Nasierowski is one of five members of the all-white Malverne District school board. No Negro has ever been elected to the board. In recent years four Negro candidates—two teachers, a postal clerk and Doctor Delany—were soundly defeated. William Moody, a Negro teacher, blames the defeat on Malverne's moderates. "The great mass of liberal whites who might have helped stayed home," he says, "so that even the simple expedient of allowing us representation on the board, this community could not see fit to take."

Then, with bitterness in his voice, he added, "I'm constantly angered by this northern hypocrisy. The southern white shares a common culture with the Negro. They understand each other very well. Once the Southerner gets rid of his bias, he becomes a very compatible person. But the northerner is still deluded into thinking he has no feelings of superiority."

The resulting mental anguish felt by Negro children was described by a white housewife who has chosen to remain in the Lakeview section that is turning into a black ghetto. "One of the deprivations these children face is the psychological deprivation of knowing they are not wanted elsewhere," she declares. "If they were accepted in other schools, it would help change this. It wouldn't help them to read or to do arithmetic, but it would help them in the knowledge that people recognize them as human beings. Malverne won't even do this."

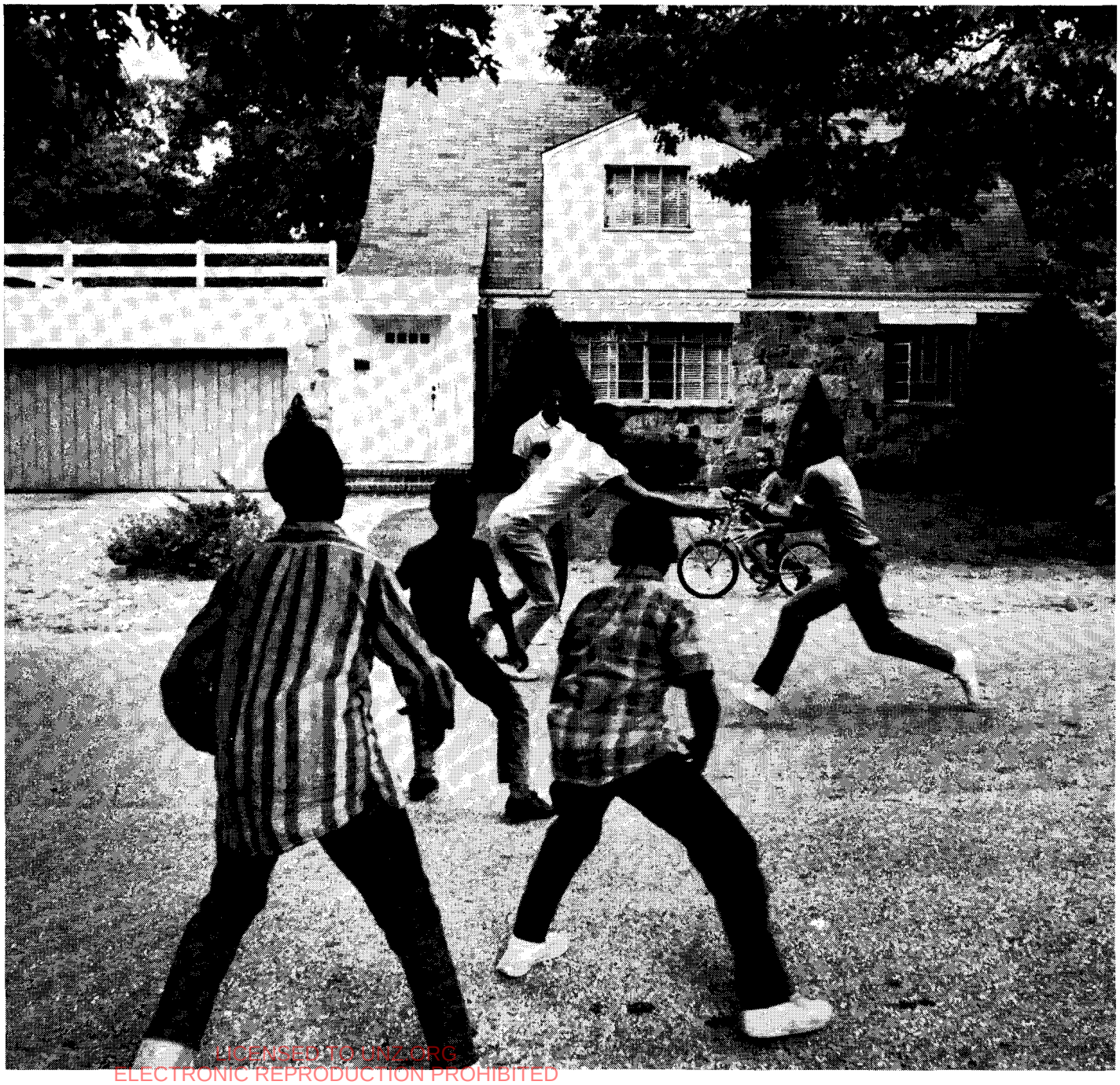
William Moody declares that Malverne's whites have also refused to examine their own motives. "The real motive," he declares, "is still the northern predisposition to send his child to a status school, and a status school is to him a school without very many Negroes. Now their backs are up when they're forced to do something they don't want. This is the typical northern reaction. They're prejudiced, but it's a subconscious prejudice."

Many of the whites, however, feel that they are not to blame in any way. They believe that the whole Malverne problem was deliberately engineered by the national Negro organizations as part of some vaguely defined grand strategy. Some of the fear was engendered when the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announced it was backing UCAN financially and morally.

"They're going to take us over town by town!" cried one man at a TAP meeting. Lincoln Lynch, Long Island CORE chairman, was accused of moving to Malverne on assignment from that civil-rights group. CORE's national headquarters says Lynch is an unpaid volunteer.

And so it went through the summer of 1964. Violence exploded in many northern cities: New York, Jersey City, Rochester, suburban Chicago. In Malverne it was just muggy. Last July, the New York State appellate division upheld Commissioner Allen's order calling for the instituting of the Princeton Plan in Malverne. Mason Hampton, TAP's attorney, immediately countered by seeking another injunction from the court of appeals. In the meantime Malverne's schools were open, but their doors remained shut to the Princeton Plan.

"We don't know what's going to happen now," says Doctor Delany, "but I can tell you this. We won't give up easily. I suspect our opponents won't either. I'd guess there's a lot of trouble ahead." THE END



Whites refuse to send their youngsters to school in this Negro area of impeccably kept ranch-style and split-level homes.

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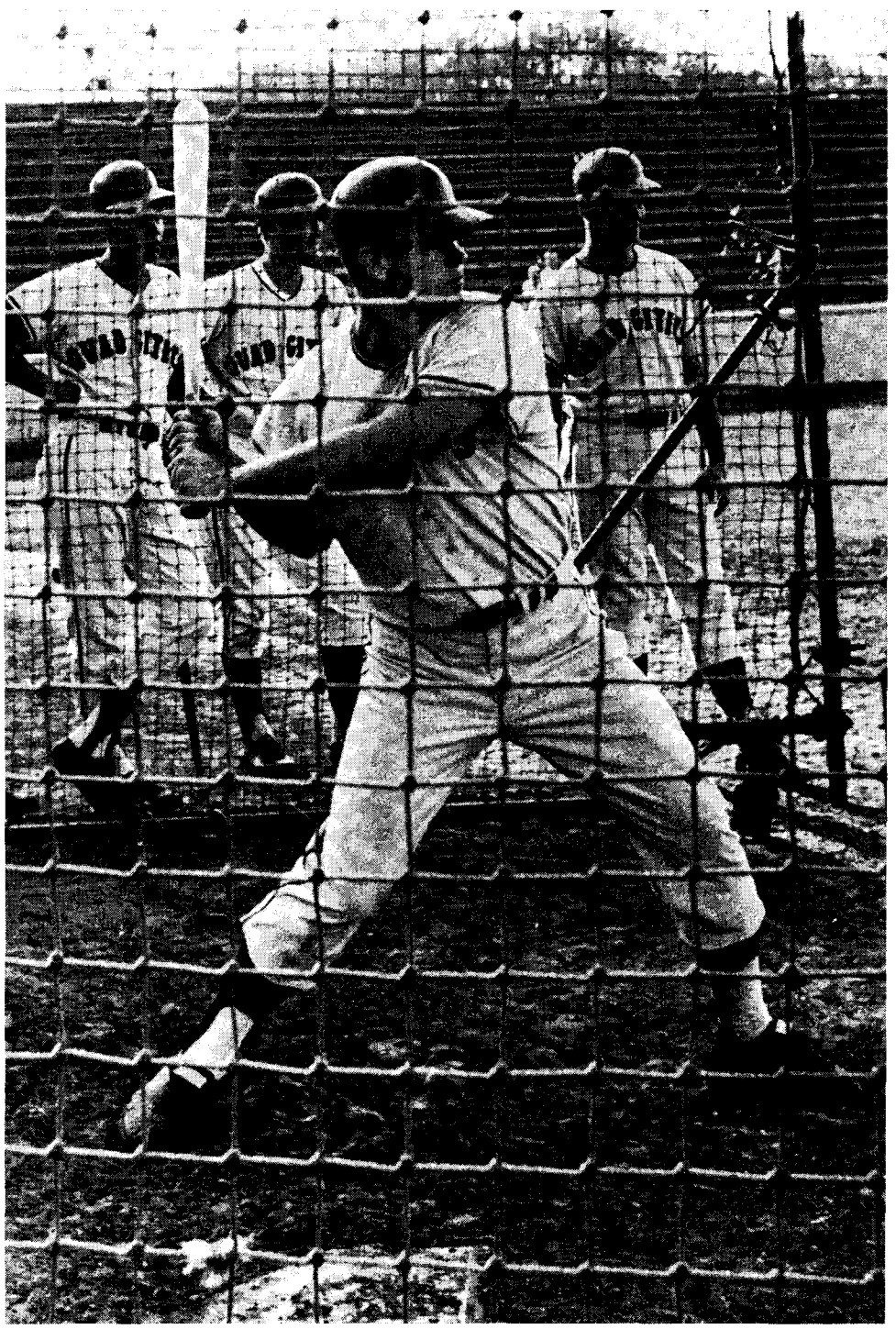
BASEBALL'S RICHEST ROOKIE

Rick Reichardt flashes a boyish grin that wins friends and phone numbers.

By Myron Cope

Los Angeles' new bonus baby wants desperately to live up to his publicity. He would also like to move next door to Kim Novak.



Reichardt takes practice cuts during his short stay with the Angels' farm team.

One of these days, probably the next time the Los Angeles Angels board an airplane, rookie center-fielder Rick Reichardt will settle into a seat on the aisle and open a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* to the page you are now reading. He will spread the magazine across his lap, and next to his picture he will place a small red address book. It is Reichardt's hope that when the stewardess walks by, she may notice that the celebrity in the photograph is none other than the passenger in the seat. She will then bend over and jot her name, address and phone number into the convenient red book.

"I got some nice numbers that way," says Reichardt, a 21-year-old native of Stevens Point, Wis., who signed with the Angels this summer for the biggest bonus in baseball history—something in the neighborhood of $200,000.

Reichardt, boyishly disarming and possessed of a picture-book handsomeness, stands six foot three, weighs 215 pounds, and has rumpled, light-brown hair that he seemingly never combs. His smile is dazzling. "The first time I saw him," said sportscaster Joe Garagiola, "I thought he fell off a Wheaties box." But Rick's bland, all-American-boy appearance is deceiving, for as soon as he starts talking he smashes all records for candor.

"I try to get as many free meals as possible," he said recently as he was treated to a lunch. "I'm about the tightest guy you've ever seen. I'm not going to buy a new car or a house or anything."

It was on July 1 that millionaires Gene Autry and Robert Reynolds, owners of the American League Angels, won the race for Rick's signature. The Angels succeeded despite the fact that Kansas City and at least one other club had bid more money—roughly a quarter of a million dollars. Rick had graded all the bidding big-league cities on such essentials as available symphony concerts and opera, business opportunities, and sincerity of club ownership. Los Angeles offered less money, but scored well on balance.

The Angels bought a property whose file reads like a Barnum and Bailey poster. As a high-school sophomore in Stevens Point, Rick ran the 100-yard dash in 9.8 seconds and the 220 in 22:3.5 around a curve. ("I'm stronger now," he says. "I think I could do better in the dashes. I never really worked at track.") He starred in basketball, football and baseball, and sang on a local radio station. Matriculating at the University of Wisconsin on a football scholarship, Rick majored in psychology and composed short stories for his own amusement.

To escape the drudgery of spring football practice, he went out for baseball in his sophomore year and hit .429. Last spring he hit .443 and stole 20 bases in 28 games. As a halfback last fall Rick averaged a whopping 4.5 yards per carry, and though he did not make the first team till midseason, he led the Big Ten in pass receiving. The university rated him a good bet for football All-American had he stayed, but Autry and Reynolds, having witnessed the mighty Reichardt in action, would not be denied.

"The day Autry and Reynolds scouted him, he hit three home runs," says Nick Kamzic, a short, beagle-faced Angels' scout who pursued Rick tenaciously for two years. "He also stole home and hit one up against the fence."

To prepare the bonus baby for the big leagues, the Angels set up a timetable. Rick would spend five weeks at Davenport, Iowa, home of the Quad-Cities of the class-A Midwest League, then hop to triple-A Honolulu in the Pacific Coast League for about three weeks, then make his debut in Los Angeles in September. At the time he reported to Davenport he was somewhat overweight, but in his first game he beat out a bouncer to shortstop. Scout Kamzic promptly predicted no shortstop would ever throw him out. Rick drilled a home run to left field in his second game, whereupon the Davenport manager, Chuck Tanner, very nearly swooned. "He got fooled on a pitch," said Tanner, "stuck his bat out at the last second and accidentally hit the ball fifty feet over the fence!"

Tanner was practically delirious as he watched Rick's subsequent performances. Rick hit one ball so hard it jumped over the fence on one bounce. He broke up a double play by throwing a football block

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on the enemy second baseman. In another game he scored the winning run from first on a blooper hit over the first baseman's head. After 10 days in the Midwest League, he was hitting .395.

His exploits helped boost the average nightly attendance of the local ball club from 1,000 to 2,000. Fans sensed a Mickey Mantle-like quality about him. Like Mantle, he has strong thighs and arms. His gait, even when he is walking, exudes easy strength. His batting stance, like Mantle's, is square, but he holds his bat much lower than Mantle.

"He's stronger than Mantle. He's got more power than General Motors," bellowed Tanner. "I saw him pop one up, and he looked so good you wouldn't believe me. That bat *whistled*. An ordinary fly ball he can catch in left field, center field, or right field. The only ones he can't get to are the ones down the foul lines. Also, he's got a dynamic personality."

Not to be outdone, Kamzic declared, "He has no fear, no fear whatsoever. He's inspirational. He don't drink or smoke. He's arrogant but he's humble, if you know what I mean. He's a born leader."

Although Rick helped lead his team into first place, his dynamic personality was surprisingly slow to impress the local girls. "I went 0-for-9 here before I got a date," he lamented. "I called up nine girls. They were afraid of me, I guess. I've been suffering deprivation."

In time, however, Rick's social life began showing signs of improvement. He received one fan letter from a young lady volunteering to show him Chicago. The young lady, whom we shall call Hildegarde Porsch, told Rick that she was five-foot-six, weighed 126 pounds, and had a 39-inch bust. "I saw your picture and was captured by your smile," she wrote.

To Hildegarde Porsch, Rick promptly replied, "Young lady, I have only one suspicion. Could it be that you were also captured by the $200,000?"

And then, because Rick felt he had been a trifle nasty, he added: "Please forgive my overbearing tone and suspicious nature, but I did want you to know I'm aware of the pitfalls that lie in wait for me. You might have been captured by my smile, but what do you have to capture me? Do you have a face, Hildegarde Porsch? Please send photo."

Bat loses its thunder

On Rick's 11th day in Quad-Cities uniform his bat suddenly lost its thunder. A lanky fireballer named Sparks, pitching for Decatur, held him hitless in three at-bats. "He takes a good cut at the ball," Sparks commented charitably, but the fact was that the *Wunderkind* was entering the first slump of his life. The next day the team set off on a road trip, heading north through the tall corn to Waterloo, Iowa. Rick's traveling attire consisted of sneakers, olive-green Levis, and a candy-striped cotton shirt. His mood was cheerful, even when he saw the rickety bleachers of Waterloo Municipal Stadium. His hitting, however, did not pick up.

When Rick trotted into the dugout after the final out, Tanner wrestled him to the bench and cried, "Tonight I want you to go out with a girl, you hear? There's no curfew for you tonight, Rickerino!"

Rick did as he was told. They watched the Republican convention on TV, he said later.

The second evening in Waterloo, Rick could only manage a bloop double in five trips to the plate. The Waterloo manager, a chunky man named Matt Sczesny, said after the game, "He didn't impress me fielding ground balls, and he didn't impress me with his arm too well. He's throwing three-quarters, like an infielder. It looks to me like he's gotta play left field, but then you'd be wasting his speed."

The next morning they set off on a seven-hour journey to Quincy, Ill. "I've never gone 1-for-12 before," Rick said as the team piled into the bus. "But I hit four good balls the last two nights—those two shots Wednesday, a shot to center last night and then a screaming meemie to short." Then, clearly indicating that he did not expect his slump to prevent his reaching Los Angeles on schedule, Rick piped, "Maybe I'll get a shack on the beach, next to Kim Novak's bungalow."

Someone pointed out that Rick had been wearing the same shirt ever since the team had left Davenport three days ago. "It's all part of my program, you know," he said proudly. "Back in Madison, rather than go to a coin laundry, I'd go to my aunt's and use her washing machine. I iron my own clothes. I can cook and I can sew. I took home economics and never made less than an A."

Against the Quincy Gems, Rick the homemaker went 0-for-5. At this point, his batting average had plunged from .395 to .291. Yet it is said that one test of a young ballplayer is his ability to retain his poise during his first severe slump, and on this count Rick scored high. Once, after hitting a fly ball, he said, "I hit that one too well. I got the wrong spin on the ball. Mantle hits a lot of them like that."

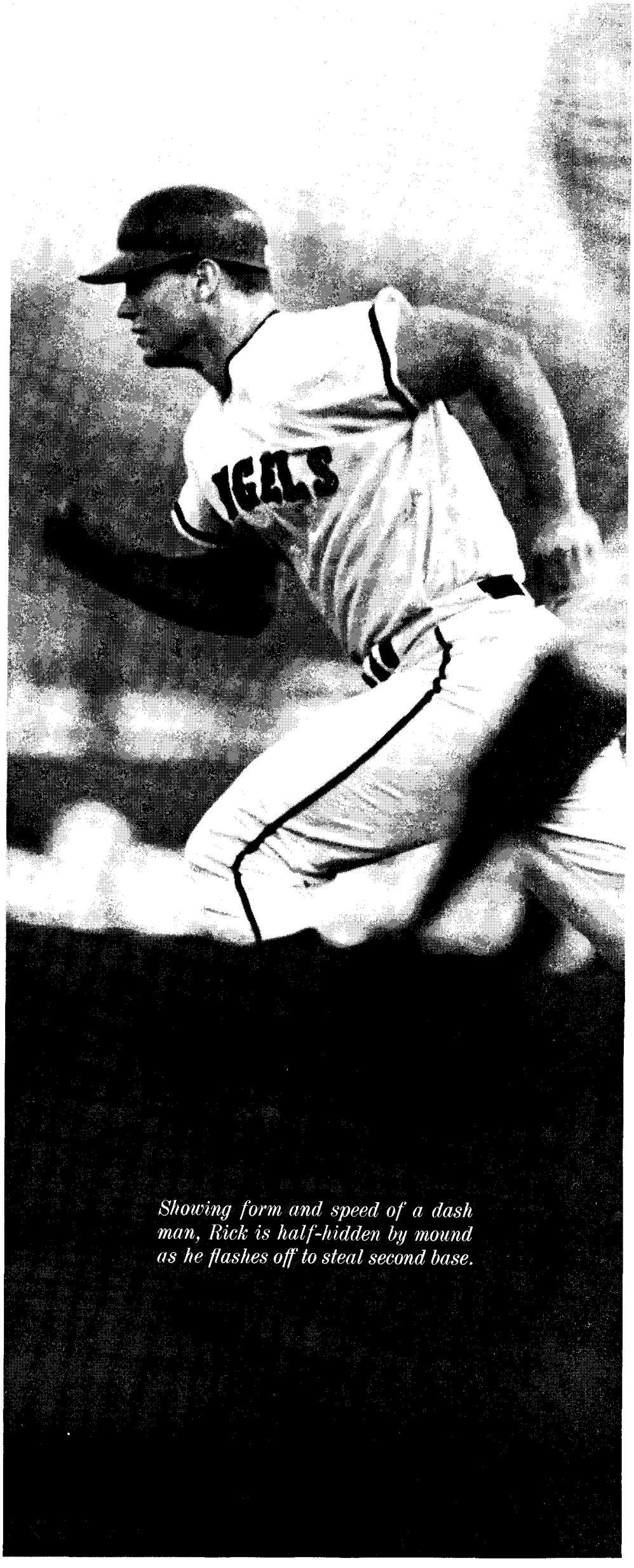
Far from brooding about his troubles, Rick happily occupied himself with fan mail. "I've always wanted to do something crazy like writing you," wrote one California girl. "To be perfectly honest, you remind me of a boy whom I had a crush on in the sixth grade." Rick liked her handwriting so much, he said he would dispatch a thoughtful reply.

Then, back in Davenport, Rick Reichardt's world suddenly brightened. For one thing, Hildegarde Porsch had sent a photo. She was, it turned out, a smash. Secondly, Rick went 2-for-5 against Burlington. The next night he smashed a vicious line drive off the third-baseman's shoulder, knocking him to one knee. "It nearly killed him," exulted Tanner. The third night Rick went 4-for-6.

As the days passed, he stole bases and cut down enemy runners with whistling throws. His batting average soared to .347. Toward the end of his stay with Quad-Cities, several towns held Rick Reichardt nights. Back in Davenport, 4,000 fans turned out for Good-bye Rick Reichardt Day. But the pressure in his last week was too great—his average fell to .292. The Angels, however, rated his Midwest League phase a triumph, and were delighted when he got three hits in his first seven at-bats in Honolulu.

By now Rick should be in Los Angeles, his little red book at the ready. He may have more personality than Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris and Willie Mays combined, and if his abilities fulfill Tanner's expectations, he will be baseball's most colorful performer since Babe Ruth. Still, Rick recognizes that failure is possible. "I've been painted a superman, which I'm not," he says. "I'm only human." Human he is, but a new date already has been added to Rick's timetable.

"Twenty-five years from now," says Chuck Tanner, "Nick Kamzic and I are taking a day off to see him inducted into the Hall of Fame." THE END



Showing form and speed of a dash man, Rick is half-hidden by mound as he flashes off to steal second base.

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MEDICINE'S MIRACLE CHAMBER

The high-pressure oxygen chamber, used to save deep-sea divers from the bends, is rescuing hundreds of gas-gangrene and tetanus victims from a horrible death, while offering new hope in the battle against cancer and heart attacks.

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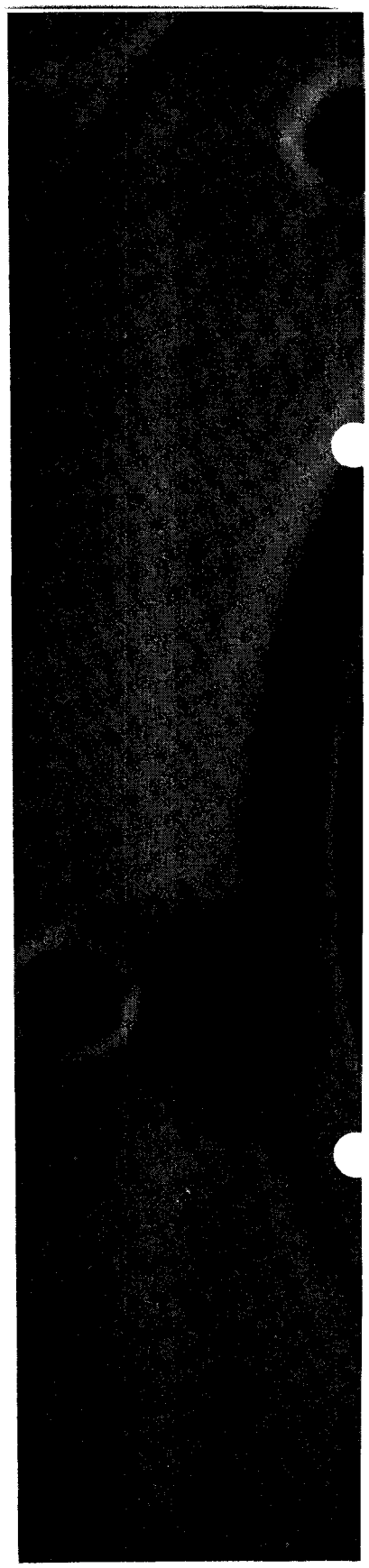
By Steven M. Spencer



At five minutes of 10 on a raw night last March, a young Wisconsin surgeon named John Turgeson signed out of Madison General Hospital, climbed into his black hardtop and headed for his home near the Beltline Highway. A mile-and-a-half from his house another car shot onto the highway at an intersection, struck the doctor's car and tossed him into a muddy cornfield. The crash shattered his pelvic bones, sheared the sacroiliac joint, ripped open the flesh of his right hip and ground mud and cornstalks into the gaping wound.

Back in the emergency room of the hospital just 20 minutes after he'd left it, Doctor Turgeson became the central figure in a medical battle against gas gangrene, one of the most lethal infections known to man. The turning point was ultimately provided by a new apparatus, a high-pressure chamber which literally enriches the breath of life and may rank with such milestones as blood transfusions, antibiotics and heart surgery.

At first Doctor Turgeson seemed to be making good progress. The wound had been cleansed and allowed to drain. Then, on Friday night, two days after the accident, his temperature soared to 105, his pulse raced from the normal 72 to 160, and he became delirious. These were early signs of toxicity, and by 2:30 Saturday afternoon the alarm signals had become frighteningly clear. The skin around the wound was a dull copper color. When the skin was pressed, the flesh beneath felt spongy, and it crackled audibly. A foul odor rose from the black, ugly wound.

John Turgeson, being a surgeon, recognized the symptoms. He knew he had gas gangrene. So did his medical colleagues. They all knew that the mortality rate was high and that they'd have to work fast. (Of the World War II wounded who got gas gangrene, 34 percent died even with good treatment, 60 percent if treatment was delayed and 90 to 100 percent if no treatment was available.)

Gas gangrene is caused by a bacillus that thrives only in the absence of oxygen, in ragged, dirty wounds where the flesh has become devitalized and blood vessels destroyed. It enlarges its living space by pouring out poisons that break down more live tissue into dead flesh. To fight the infection, therefore, the doctors carefully pared away dead tissue in the path of the invading germs. They gave the patient 24 units of blood to counteract the bleeding, pumped huge quantities of penicillin into his veins, and bathed the wound with hydrogen peroxide.

But none of these measures could check the wildfire spread of the infection. Then Dr. John Brandabur, an internist friend, recalled a 1963 article in the *Lancet*, a British medical publication, about treating gas gangrene in a new hyperbaric oxygen chamber. Quickly he reread the article, and grabbed a phone to find where the nearest high-pressure chamber was located. "There's a big one only 150 miles away," he was told. It was at the Lutheran General Hospital at Park Ridge, Ill., close by Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

He stopped breathing

At seven P.M. on Saturday, March 14, Doctor Turgeson was lifted on a stretcher into a National Guard plane. During the 54-minute flight, the patient several times fell into the irregular type of breathing that often portends death. "Once his breathing stopped for a minute and twenty seconds by my watch," said Doctor Brandabur, who had not left his friend's side since the night of the accident. Then it spontaneously resumed.

As they wheeled Doctor Turgeson into one of Lutheran General's three boiler-shaped pressure chambers and pulled off his blanket, the doctors were dismayed to see how fast the infection had traveled.

The discoloration had, in a few hours, spread down to both knees, up to the armpits and across the abdomen, with a scattering of purple blisters. The right thigh was swollen to three times normal size.

Once again the decaying flesh had to be cut away, an operation that took Dr. Otto Trippel, a Lutheran staff surgeon, and Doctor Brandabur more than an hour. As they finished, Doctor Trippel spoke through an intercom to engineers at the controls outside the chamber. "OK. Turn it on." While compressed air hissed into the cylindrical room, the doctors swallowed to clear the passages to the middle ear, as a plane passenger or scuba diver does. The nurse chewed gum. The patient, unconscious and unable to do either, had been prepared by a lancing of the ear drums. In 15 minutes the chamber was at three times the normal outside pressure, or what a diver would experience at a depth of 66 feet.

The response of the patient, who had been breathing oxygen through a mask at this increased pressure, was dramatic. Within 45 minutes his temperature dropped from 105 to 100, his pulse slowed down from 160 to 100, and he woke up alert. He was in the chamber three hours, including a 50-minute decompression period, and during this and the next session, some hours later, the ugly copper skin color cleared, and the odorous gas vanished. In about five days the wound began to heal, although a depression remained where the flesh was destroyed.

"I knew I was dying when I arrived at the hospital in Park Ridge," Doctor Turgeson said later. "I really didn't think I would pull through." In all he had 17 sessions in the Lutheran General's pressure chamber. Back at Madison General he underwent a series of skin grafts and lengthy physical-therapy treatments. Today he is ready to resume his practice in heart and blood-vessel surgery.

What saved Doctor Turgeson's life was oxygen, flowing into his lungs, blood and tissues at 15 times the normal concentration. Although the blood supply to the infected hip had been seriously impaired, the blood that did reach it carried such a superrich supply of oxygen that the gas-gangrene germs were checked, and their destructive and lethal toxins neutralized.

This is only one of the many remarkable achievements of the new hyperbaric-oxygen (HBO) chambers. Offering the only known method of raising oxygen concentrations in the body to such high and effective levels, they have generated tremendous excitement in medical circles. In addition to saving lives and limbs threatened by gas gangrene and tetanus, the HBO chambers have rescued victim of carbon-monoxide poisoning, have improved the outcome in infant heart surgery and have made certain cancers more susceptible to X-ray treatment. Research now underway may lead also to their use against heart attacks and strokes.

Varied as these medical problems are, all have in common a dangerous decrease in the oxygen supply, a situation which a flow of superconcentrated oxygen should help correct.

The same curative effect cannot be achieved with 100 percent oxygen at ordinary pressure. Oxygen and other gases

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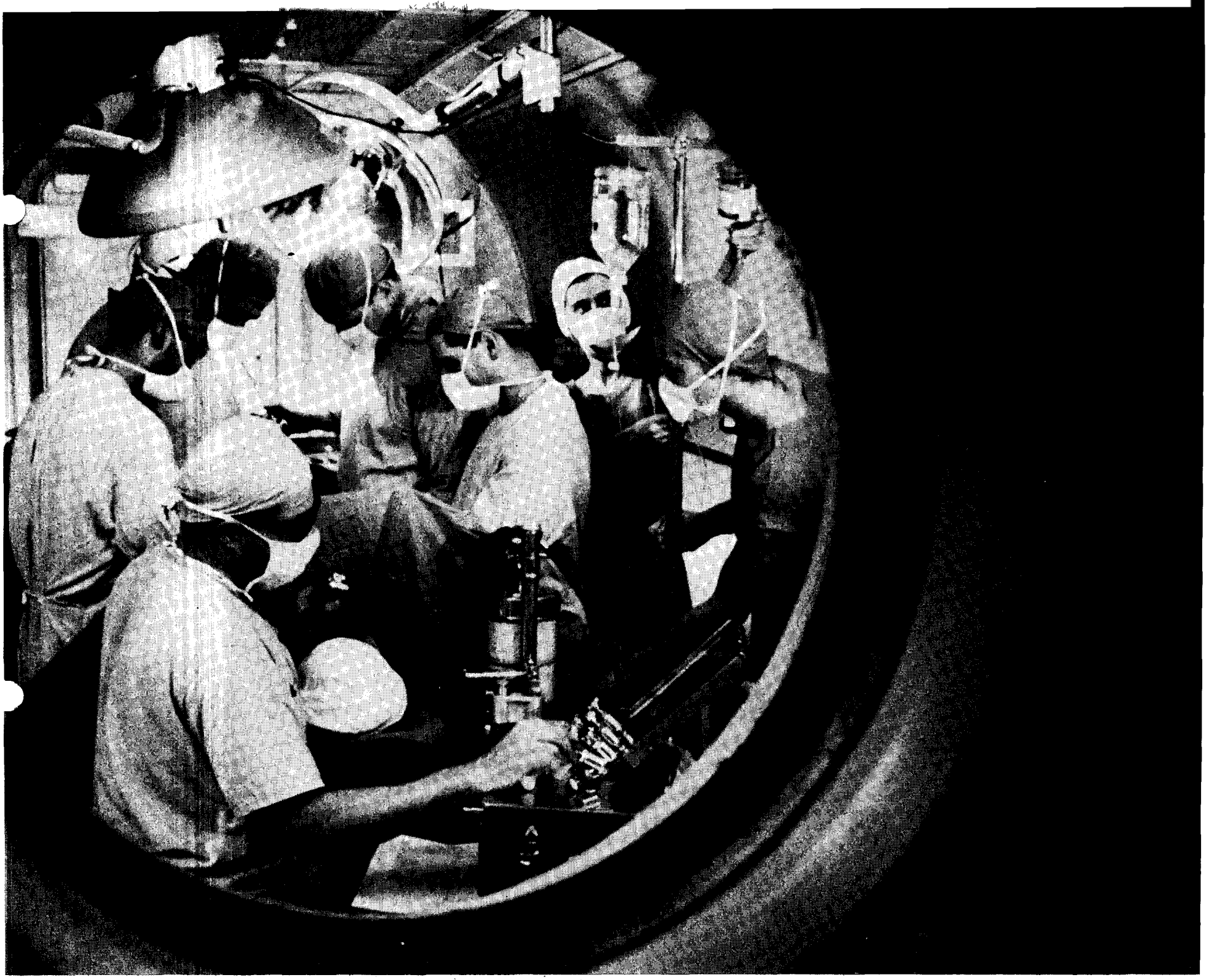

Surgeons prepare for a heart operation inside the new high-pressure oxygen chamber at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital.

can be concentrated only under high pressure. The more you compress them, the more molecules you cram into the same amount of space. Hence oxygen at 45 pounds per square inch is much richer than oxygen at the normal 15 pounds pressure. Moreover it can now be forced into solution in the blood at concentrations many times above normal.

The only way you can put oxygen into a patient's system under pressure, without bursting his lungs, is to subject the outside of his body to the same pressure. And the only way to do this is to put him into a chamber of compressed air, while he breathes oxygen through a mask.

This, of course, is the principle of the hyperbaric chamber, a sophisticated offspring of the simple decompression tank used for the past 100 years to prevent and treat the "bends" in deep-sea divers, tunnel workers and bridge builders. As a therapeutic device, the high-pressure chamber is a new and still rare item on the medical horizon. In its modern form it was introduced in Holland in 1959 and in the United States in 1962. There are today only a half dozen of the chambers operating in the U.S., but a dozen will be in use or under construction by this winter.

The hyperbaric program at Lutheran General was initiated early in 1962 by Dr. Jack van Elk, a jovial Holland-born physician who is an associate in medicine at Northwestern University. He knew of the hyperbaric work in Holland and urged the hospital to install the three-chamber unit, the largest and most elaborate now in operation anywhere. It consists of three interconnected cylinders, each with an air lock and each capable of individual pressurization. One chamber, 34½ feet long and 12 feet in diameter, can accommodate two operating tables and teams. Another, 41½ feet by 10 feet, is for medical treatments, with room for six beds.

Hyperbaric therapy is not new. In various forms it has enjoyed periodic vogues for the past 300 years. But these early cylinders and spheres fell far short of their exaggerated therapeutic claims, largely because their operators usually offered only straight compressed air. They had overlooked a suggestion made by Joseph Priestly when he described his discovery, in 1774, of "pure dephlogisticated air"—later named oxygen. Although Doctor Priestly reported that "only two mice and myself have had the privilege of breathing it," he conjectured that "this pure air" might be "peculiarly salutary to the lungs in certain morbid conditions."

It remained for Dr. Ite Boerema, tall, brisk professor of surgery at the University of Amsterdam, to combine the benefits of oxygen with high pressure into a useful medical treatment. He began in 1956 with experiments in a small tank at the Royal Navy School, 50 miles from Amsterdam.

The hero of these experiments was a young pig, which helped Doctor Boerema prove a key point. Normally most of the blood oxygen is carried in chemical combination with hemoglobin, the red pigment in the red corpuscles, and this amount cannot be increased much above normal. But the scientists, placing the piglet in the pressure chamber, found they could force large amounts of extra oxygen into the plasma, the clear watery part of the blood. They actually replaced the pig's red cells with additional plasma by transfusion, and for an hour and a half the pig lived on "white blood," free of red cells but enriched with oyxgen.

"It was strange to see a normally pink little animal become paper-white, while still lively and healthy," Doctor Boerema observed. In fact, after finishing the experiment, the team returned red cells to the pig's circulation and, with typical Dutch thrift, sold the pig back to the farmer from whom they had bought it.

Doctor Boerema now persuaded the Wilhelmina Hospital to install a large pressure chamber for operating on heart patients. Since the quantity of blood flow must be reduced at critical periods during these operations, Doctor Boerema thought

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it would be an advantage to improve the quality of the blood, in terms of oxygen.

Many heart operations were carried out successfully in the chamber. But Doctor Boerema soon found that the most spectacular achievements were in the treatment of gas gangrene. He persuaded local surgeons not to amputate when gas gangrene appeared but to "send the patients to us at once for hyperbaric treatment. We believe this action has saved many arms or legs that might otherwise have been amputated." Approximately 50 gas-gangrene cases have been treated successfully at the Amsterdam hospital.

Severe blood-vessel damage resulting from car or other accidents can jeopardize a hand or foot even when gas gangrene does not develop. Repeated treatments keep the extremity alive until nature can complete the repair process. Unfortunately, degeneration due to hardening of the arteries damages so many small peripheral vessels of the foot that not even high-pressure oxygen can bring about a cure. However, treatment does offer relief from excruciating pain.

Doctors and nurses working in today's hyperbaric chambers labor under unusual—and sometimes dangerous—circumstances. You can't, for example, whistle in a chamber full of compressed air, perhaps because the air is too heavy. And your voice sounds thin and Donald Duckish—to yourself, but not to others in the chamber. One of the most serious problems is the risk of "the bends," caused by the nitrogen of the compressed air forming bubbles in the tissue if decompression is too rapid. The term dates from the building of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1883. At that time "ladies of fashion" used to stroll down Fifth Avenue, head arched back and hands held before them, hanging limp from the wrists. This was called "The Grecian Bend," after similar posturing in the days of Ancient Greece. When bridge workers came to the surface, holding the head back to relieve the pressure of nitrogen bubbles on the spinal cord, fellow sandhogs teasingly accused them of affecting the "Grecian bend," or "the bends." The term stuck. In today's high-pressure chambers doctors have overcome this problem by adhering strictly to decompression tables worked out by naval authorities.

No less serious is the danger of fire in an area of high oxygen concentration. As a precautionary measure, no equipment that produces a flame or spark can be used in pressurized operating rooms. All lights and electric outlets are explosion-proof, and each chamber bristles with fire hoses. And for the patient there is some risk of oxygen toxicity, including convulsions, although Doctor Boerema reports that in 3,300 treatment sessions, he has encountered "no severe signs of oxygen intoxication and no lasting harm whatever."

In addition to the conquest of gas gangrene, the chamber has cured a related killer, tetanus, which in spite of the best previous therapy had a mortality rate of 30 to 50 percent.

It was the arrival of a dying tetanus patient, a 72-year-old farmer, that precipitated St. James Hospital, in suburban Chicago Heights, into its hyperbaric program in 1962. Ralph Douma, a short, wiry native of Holland, had been planting evergreens on his small farm in Lansing, Ill., one windy day late in May. "The door blew on me as I was coming in, and knocked me down," he recalled. "I got a sliver in my hand, couldn't pull it out, and put some Mercurochrome on it. Thought nothing of it until about a week later, when I woke up one morning and felt like I couldn't move my legs. My body ached, and my jaws were stiff. Well, I'd been a veterinarian and had seen animals die of lockjaw.

"So on this morning I knew what I had, and I said to my son, Ralph Jr., 'You better call a doctor. Your dad won't be here tomorrow.'"

Mr. Douma was taken to a nearby hospital—"stiff as a chair when I lifted him into the car," said his son—and when his condition worsened, he was transferred to St. James. Dr. Luke R. Pascale and Dr. Richard Wallyn had been negotiating with the Healey Construction Company for the loan of a standard 18-by-6-foot decompression chamber. Shortly after Mr. Douma arrived on Memorial Day, in intense pain and unable to see or hear, Doctor Pascale phoned the construction company and within hours the tank was on its way. A crane swung it into position on a platform hastily built just off the hospital's back driveway, and electricians and pipe fitters worked through the night and the next day to thread air, oxygen and telephone lines into the chamber.

"Hi."

After two sessions in the pressure tank Mr. Douma's symptoms began to clear; in two weeks he was ready to go home. Before he left the hospital, six-year-old Camille Varialle became the second tetanus patient to be saved by the chamber. "We don't know how she got it," her father said. "There was no wound. But one day she wanted to eat a candy bar, and couldn't open her mouth."

Recently the St. James doctors reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that eight of nine tetanus patients treated in the chamber had recovered. The last three had been in almost continuous convulsions, in spite of penicillin, tetanus antitoxin and sedatives, but on the high-pressure oxygen treatment they promptly improved.

High-pressure oxygen has also saved lives threatened by carbon-monoxide poisoning. Dr. George Smith, of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, has reported that out of 93 Aberdeen carbon-monoxide victims treated in the chamber, only two died. Doctor Smith suggested that the best practical method of applying this weapon against carbon-monoxide poisoning would be to install portable chambers in radio-controlled ambulances.

Dr. William F. Bernhard, associate in surgery at Boston Children's Hospital, has been the leader in applying high-pressure oxygen in operations upon very young babies whose heart defects have seriously reduced the oxygen level of their blood. After experimenting on 500 animals in a small chamber, Doctor Bernhard and his associates modified for surgical use the historic 36-year-old research chamber in the nearby Harvard School of Public Health.

Many of Doctor Bernhard's patients were only a few hours or days old. They were in desperate need of open-heart surgery to repair the life-threatening constrictions and other defects within their hearts or major blood vessels. But they were too sick to withstand surgery in the normal operating-room environment. "And they don't tolerate pumping with the heart-lung machine very well," Doctor Bernhard explained, "partly because their blood vessels are so small." But as soon as these "blue babies" were placed in the pressurized operating room, with oxygen flowing into their lungs through a mask or tube, they began to turn pink and show more life. At three to four times normal pressure, their blood and tissues absorbed so much oxygen that the surgeons could safely interrupt the circulation for three minutes while performing the crucial stages of an operation that lasted altogether an hour or two.

Doctor Bernhard began the pressurized surgery late in 1962 and as of June, 1964, he had operated upon 60 patients, most of them infants under six months of age. Of the 60 patients, 44 were alive in June, the defects in 13 completely corrected. The other 31 had "palliative" operations, which will permit the babies to grow and develop in a more normal manner than would have been possible without surgery. At a later date more complete surgical correction may be undertaken. Those babies who died had heart defects too severe to permit adequate repair.

One of the heaviest demands upon the high-pressure chambers in the future may come in the treatment of cancer. Experience to date has been limited, but reports by Dr. I. Churchill-Davidson of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and Dr. Orliss Wildermuth, of the Swedish Hospital's Tumor Institute in Seattle, Wash., indicate that certain cancer cells become much more vulnerable to X rays if they are bathed in a high concentration of oxygen.

Many cancers, Doctor Wildermuth points out, grow so fast that their circulation, and hence their oxygen supply, becomes deficient at the center of the tumor. The oxygen-deprived cells there are especially resistant to the X rays. But when the patient is placed in a small, transparent one-man chamber, the high-pressure oxygen penetrates to the center of these tumors, and the X rays, aimed through the top of the chamber, become more effective.

Doctor Wildermuth has tested the method on 300 patients with cancer of the mouth, face, pancreas and other parts of the body. He insists it is too early to appraise results in statistical terms, but they were "gratifying" in a great many cases. He calls the method "a most important advance in radiation of cancer, an extremely useful tool which we'll continue to use." In recent months at least seven other hospitals around the country have taken up this new cancer tool.

Will concentrated oxygen also improve medicine's score against two of the major killers and cripplers of our age—heart attacks and strokes? At present, with researchers working hard on both problems the answer can only be: Perhaps—if the patient can be rushed into a pressure tank soon enough.

"If you place a patient in the chamber within two hours after an acute coronary occlusion," says Doctor Boerema, "you can tide him over. After six hours the treatment may still help a great deal, but after twenty-four hours it is of no help."

As for strokes, speed is essential in rushing oxygen to the brain during that critical period between cell injury and cell death. Says Dr. Julius Jacobson II, director of a new hyperbaric unit at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City, "There may be a reversible period in which, hopefully, we could keep alive those cells which are injured but not dead."

Research into these and other potentially life-saving uses is under way at every hyperbaric center in the world, spurred on by the knowledge that oxygen deficiency occurs in many disease conditions. The pressurized operating rooms are still physically cramped, but their therapeutic horizons seem almost limitless. "It wouldn't surprise me," Doctor Jacobson recently remarked, "to see a hyperbaric chamber in every hospital in the land." THE END

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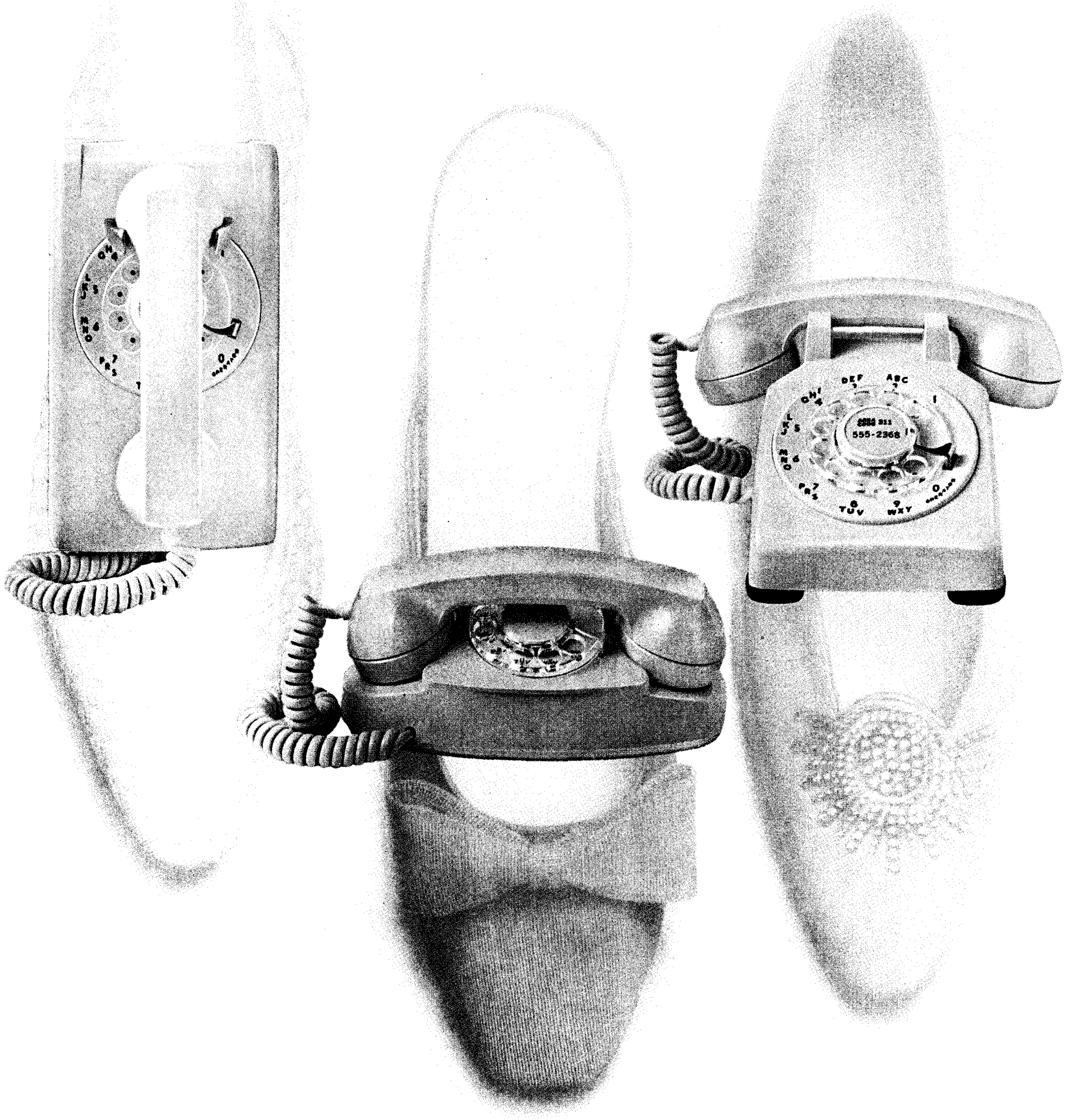

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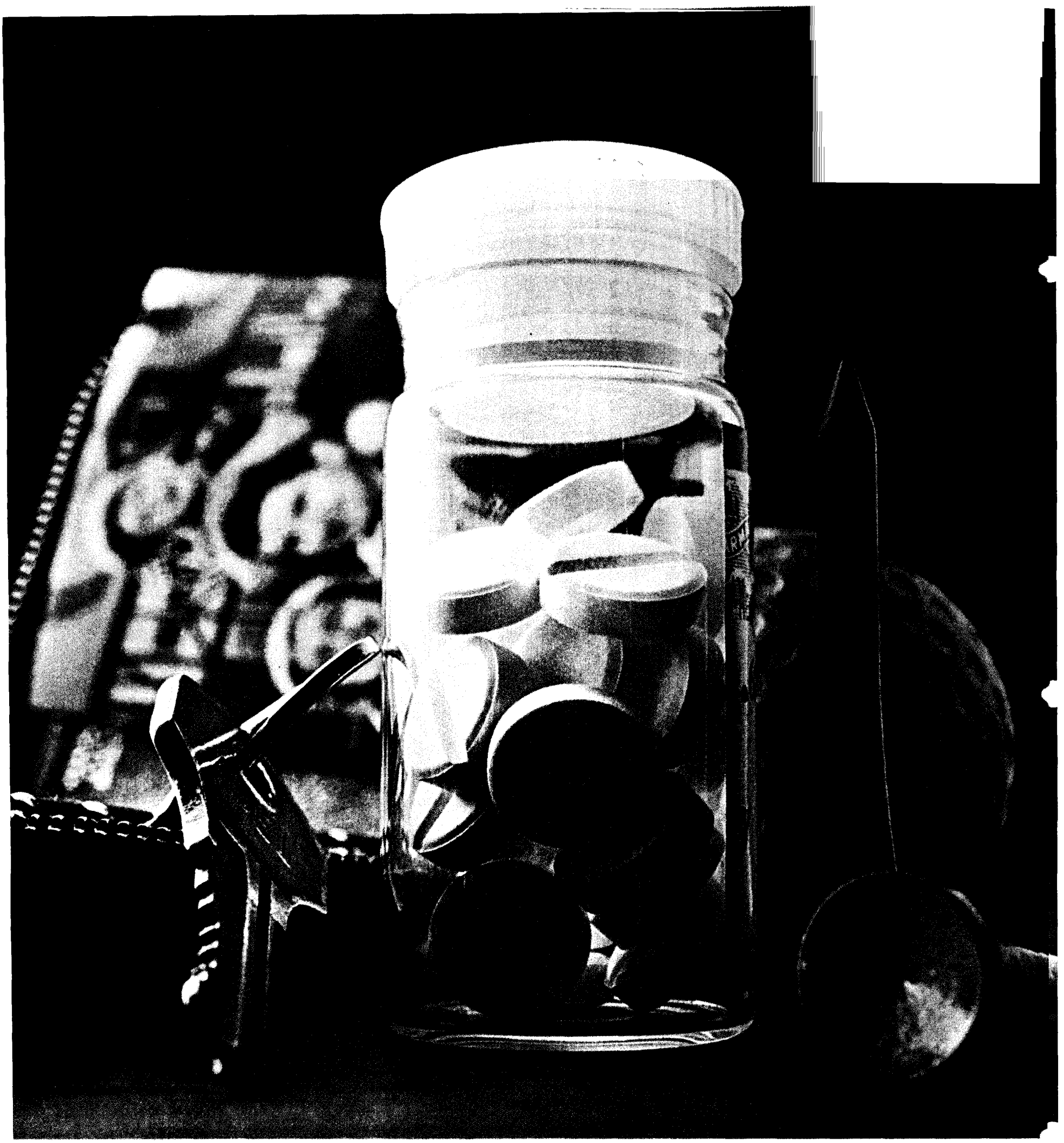

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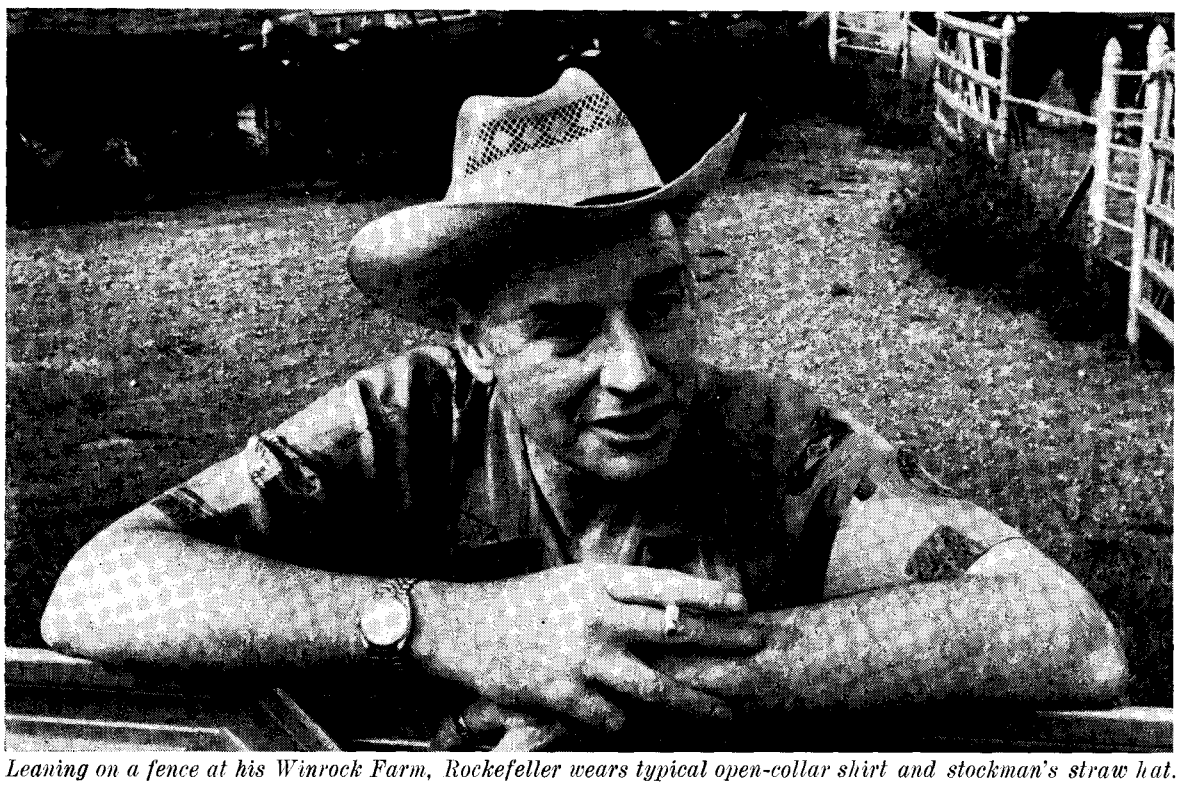
By Ben H. Bagdikian / Photographs by John Launois

SHOWDOWN IN ARKANSAS

In what may be the year's most bitterly fought campaign, a transplanted northern Republican hopes to unseat a powerful incumbent governor.

Man in Waldron, Ark., holds Rockefeller bumper sticker.

WIN ROCKEFELLER VS. ORVAL FAUBUS



Leaning on a fence at his Winrock Farm, Rockefeller wears typical open-collar shirt and stockman's straw hat.

Faubus, five-time winner as governor, wields enormous power but admits Rockefeller is a formidable opponent.

A tall man in cowboy boots strode into Johnson's Café in Ashdown, Ark., and ordered a hamburger. While he was drenching it with catsup a stranger approached him.

"You Winthrop Rockefeller?" asked the stranger. The tall man said yes.

"You in favor of the right-to-work laws?"

Rockefeller said yes, and the stranger replied curtly that he was against them.

"Well," said Rockefeller, "you asked me first, friend, and now each of us knows how the other stands."

By November 3, most voters in Arkansas will have a good idea how Winthrop Rockefeller stands. A younger brother of New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, Winthrop is running for governor against the incumbent, Orval Faubus. Never in memory has the state seen a more colorful political battle.

On the face of it the race is pathetically unequal. Orval Faubus, after serving five straight terms, won this year's Democratic primary with ease, and appears to be at the height of his power. Arkansas is a die-hard Dixie state and thus naturally suspicious of Republicans—and Winthrop is a Republican. Arkansas is squarely in the southern Bible belt—and Winthrop is an Ivy League millionaire who had a spectacular divorce from his first wife, whose second wife is herself a divorcée, and whose brother has already suffered politically from divorce. Arkansas is the state where in 1957 white rioters kept nine Negroes from attending Little Rock's Central High School until federal troops were called in—yet Winthrop, the would-be governor, is a member of the National Urban League, one of the leading civil-rights organizations.

Under the circumstances it might seem that Winthrop Rockefeller was headed pell-mell for political oblivion. Yet most insiders agree that his chances of winning are at least fair-to-good. Faubus himself admits as much. "I'll get a lot of Republican votes, and I always have," he says. "But Rockefeller is the best opportunity Republicans ever had to win."

"A lot of people told me I'm crazy to

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On the campaign trail, Rockefeller addresses a small crowd of potential supporters gathered in front of the Waldron courthouse.

SHOWDOWN IN ARKANSAS

"Just who in hell does Rockefeller think he is?"

run as a Republican," says Winthrop. "They say I should have run as an independent or even as a Democrat. But I'm running as a Republican because fundamentally I believe in the two-party system and I am a Republican."

One new factor that makes Arkansas Democrats less smug and Arkansas Republicans more sanguine is Barry Goldwater's nomination. Rockefeller at first resisted the Goldwaterites in the Arkansas G.O.P. At the Republican convention in San Francisco, he was the only member of his 12-man delegation who voted for his brother, Nelson, on the first tally. But before that tally was completed, he changed his vote and the entire delegation went for Goldwater. Now Winthrop has come out solidly for the Arizona senator, even endorsing Goldwater's vote against the Civil Rights Bill. If Goldwater sweeps to victory in Arkansas, Rockefeller might well be swept along with him—right into the governor's mansion.

But Rockefeller's chances do not depend alone, or even primarily, on what happens to the national ticket. Quite apart from the presidential race, Republican prospects in Arkansas have never been brighter—and Rockefeller himself is largely responsible. In nine years as head of the state's Industrial Development Commission, he has brought about 600 new industries—with 90,000 new jobs—to Arkansas; and with the new industries have come increasing numbers of Republicans. Rockefeller has, moreover, won a strong following in the state's growing middle class and among its urban Negroes. And he has had the money and staff to take control of the Arkansas G.O.P. away from the Old Guard Republicans who had come to accept with only token protest their status as a minority.

"Some Republicans," Rockefeller says, "don't like the idea of my running, because they disagreed with my brother Nelson. But most people around here say, 'There's Nelson and then there's *our* Rockefeller.' When people ask me where I stand between Nelson and Goldwater, I say, 'That's just what I do. I stand between Nelson and Goldwater.'"

Certainly the leader of the Republican revolt in Arkansas is unlike anything the New York Rockefellers have bred in three generations. At 52, Winthrop Rockefeller stands six feet three inches, weighs about 200 pounds, and wears boots, gabardine ranch suit, checkered sports shirt and a stockman's straw hat like Lyndon Johnson's. His long, oval face has a large brow with receding hair combed straight back, brown eyes, a long aristocratic nose, and a mouth glimmering with a smile of self-deprecation which shows even in his boyhood pictures.

As a youth, Winthrop lacked purpose. He quit Yale in his junior year to work in the Texas oil fields for 75 cents an hour and live in a rented room at $4.50 a week. A year before Pearl Harbor he enlisted in the Army as a private, became a machine-gun instructor, and five years later came out of the war a lieutenant colonel with a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart from fighting in the Pacific.

After the war, while his brother Nelson was building a New York state political organization, Winthrop was acquiring a reputation as a playboy. In February, 1948, he married the beautiful "Bobo" Sears, born Jievute Paulekiute, the daughter of a Lithuanian coal miner in Pennsylvania. The tabloids called it a Cinderella wedding, but Bobo had long since left the coalfields for the stage, where she used the name Eva Paul, and in 1941 she had married and in 1947 divorced Boston socialite Richard Sears Jr.

The Cinderella phase of Winthrop and Bobo's marriage lasted less than a year, ending shortly after the birth of their son, Winthrop Paul. Long and bitter negotiations preceded a Reno divorce in 1954, at which the hearing was closed. The only grounds announced were "more than four years' separation."

Few divorces have been more acrimonious and expensive. Bobo won custody of the child plus $6 million, which she insisted on receiving in cash in spite of the monetary disadvantage to herself. She knew that converting securities and property to cash would cost Winthrop almost double the net amount. Relations remain hostile.

The divorce shook Winthrop. He turned to his closest wartime friend, Frank Newell an insurance agent, and asked Newell to settle in New York and go into business with him. Newell, a native Arkansan, said he liked it back home. "Why don't you come to Arkansas?" he asked Winthrop. Rockefeller acquired a parcel of land on a mountain 60 miles northwest of Little Rock and has been there ever since.

Petit Jean Mountain overlooks a broad curve in the Arkansas River, only 20 minutes from Little Rock in one of Rockefeller's four planes. The estate is a rustic acropolis 900 feet high with a spread of low, unostentatious buildings—huge silos, pasturage for his prize and profit-making herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle, the private home and guest houses and an antique-car museum. Winrock Farm is a showplace visited by 125,000 Arkansans every year, one sign of Rockefeller's status as a local celebrity.

Rockefeller is more than a mere celebrity in Arkansas, however. He is a genuinely popular citizen of the state. In 1955, when Governor Faubus asked him to serve as chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, he accepted on one condition: no political interference. A.I.D.C. quickly became the hottest state developer in the country, thanks to Faubus's intelligent support, to Rockefeller's ability to hire top-level outside experts, and to the Rockefeller name. Few board chairmen turned down a request by a Rockefeller for a one-hour appointment to extol the virtues of Arkansas. Tasteful ads in magazines read by the managerial brass of America helped change the state's image from that of a roost for backward hillbillies to that of a state which sends a Rhodes scholar, J. William Fulbright, to the Senate.

The Rockefeller activity changed outsiders' view of Arkansas, Arkansans' view of themselves, and the state's view of this new citizen from New York. Early in their careers the new governor and his new development chairman appeared together in Booneville (population, 2,700) at a welcoming ceremony for a new industry, the Ace Comb Co. "Obviously, you people came to see our new citizen, Win Rockefeller," Faubus told the crowd of more than 2,000, "because when I went through here campaigning last summer, I couldn't get 300 people."

In 1957 the state legislature passed a resolution declaring ". . . the confidence and appreciation of all the people in the high accomplishments, able leadership, and personal generosity of Winthrop Rockefeller." It was signed: "Orval E. Faubus, Governor."

Relations between Rockefeller and the legislature have deteriorated since then. Rockefeller began trying to jog the Arkansas Republican Party out of its comatose state, and a new breed of young Republicans started talking about "Win for Governor." Last year the legislature, controlled by Faubus, struck back. "The time is coming when you will have to choose between Winthrop Rockefeller and Orval Faubus," influential Representative Paul Van Dalsem said in a bitter speech. "He put money in the counties and gave 22 of you boys opposition. . . . Just who in hell does Mr. Rockefeller think he is that he can play both sides?"

The legislature refused to pass another pro-Rockefeller resolution and held up the A.I.D.C. budget. This was supposed to be the opening move in the political dismantling of Winthrop Rockefeller. But it backfired. The capitol at Little Rock was flooded with letters, telegrams and phone calls from business leaders, county patriarchs and chambers of commerce. Orval Faubus was hanged in effigy on the campus of the University of Arkansas. The legislature quietly reversed itself.

In the current campaign, Faubus, no doubt remembering the reaction to that

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legislative attack on Rockefeller, has thrown few barbs at his opponent. And Rockefeller, although less restrained, has kept his remarks relatively mild. For example, at a recent civic gathering where it had been agreed no partisan politics would be discussed, Faubus slid in a list of his administration's achievements. Rockefeller, rising immediately afterward, gave the governor a friendly look:

"Orval," he said, "if you hadn't just given your word as a gentleman that there would be no politics, I would have sworn that was a political speech."

Faubus smiled his most sweet and cryptic smile.

On the campaign trail, Rockefeller typically strides along the small-town streets in cowboy boots, sweaty shirt and cowboy hat. Villagers and townspeople pour out to see a real live Rockefeller, curious but not cowed at the famous name. Winthrop seems to have the right chemistry for a politician. On the 1,000th handshake and the 100th murmured nothing to strangers, he still comes through with warmth. But Orval Faubus has the right chemistry too. And Rockefeller knows it. "One thing I have never done," Rockefeller says. "I have never underestimated my adversary in this contest."

It is a disastrous mistake—one made by President Eisenhower and others—to underestimate the intelligence, cunning and ruthlessness of Orval Faubus.

Faubus today has vast personal powers. Having served five consecutive terms, he has appointed every member of every state board and thus has influence on every regulated business in the state, from beauty parlors to banks. Banks are particularly important in county political power, and Arkansas banks have much to lose by alienating the governor. Arkansas' constitution forbids deficit financing, so the state has to keep a few hundred million dollars in cash on hand. This money is deposited in banks all over the state but draws no interest—an incredible plum for any bank—and it can be withdrawn from banks whose officers or customers don't vote right. Over the years Faubus's political opponents have had unusual trouble getting campaign contributions from businessmen.

Campaign contributions are, of course, no real problem for Rockefeller. "I don't have to worry about expenses," he says frankly, "and people know I'm one candidate who's already got it made. I think that's an asset, not a liability."

Rockefeller talks easily and candidly about politics. "You know," he says, "this is the first time Orval has ever had to worry about a general election, and one thing I think we can say with some confidence is that I'm going to make him work. If I win, about 60 percent of my votes will have to be Democratic ones, and I think enough Democrats are ready to vote for me. There are a lot of Democrats who don't want Faubus."

The Republicans are gaining ground in Arkansas. This year there are 154 Republicans running for office in the state, double the highest previous figure. But it remains to be seen whether enough Democrats can bring themselves to vote for a Republican for governor.

The outlook is clouded by Goldwater's candidacy, which has cut across party lines. Faubus makes no secret of his own admiration for the G.O.P. nominee. And though Rockefeller has backed Goldwater strongly, there was a time when he worked ardently for civil rights. The day before Faubus called out his militia to defy the federal courts in 1957, Winthrop pleaded with him for two hours and 45 minutes in a Little Rock hotel room. Since then, Rockefeller has obviously changed the tone of his statements about Negro rights, but he denies there has been any change in his basic attitude.

"My position," he says, "is that I believe as an American—and believe that all Americans should believe—that there isn't room in this country for first- and second-class citizenship. I believe in equal rights for all Americans, and I also believe that with rights go responsibilities—and that last is all too often forgotten. I abhor the fact that legislation has seemed to be necessary in race relations."

So far the campaign has been fought with relative restraint, but as election day draws nearer both sides are sure to start playing rough. The Republicans hint darkly at great exposés. Rockefeller was in the state government for nine years, and knows where a lot of political bodies are buried. He will undoubtedly pound away at the idea of a sixth consecutive term, at the long tolerance of illegal gambling in Hot Springs, suddenly ended this spring; at irregularities in state business regulation and past vote counting.

For their part, the Democrats more than hint that they will make capital of the Rockefeller divorce. Faubus already has told a teen-age audience that Rockefeller came to Arkansas only for a "90-day quickie divorce . . . from Bobo." (The divorce was granted in Nevada.) There is talk of buying up New York scandal magazines from the early 1950's which carried wild stories of the divorce. Two men swear they have already seen faked compromising photographs of Rockefeller.

Most Democratic observers say they think the odds favor Faubus, but they clearly are nervous. Goldwater campaign managers have reported that the senator will appear in Arkansas with Rockefeller. Faubus has said in public he might vote for Goldwater himself. A hard-bitten politician in Little Rock, asked what it all meant, tapped his temple and said:

"When Orval Faubus says he might vote for the Republican candidate for President, and a guy named Rockefeller runs as the underdog, how the hell can anyone tell how this crazy election will come out?" THE END

With the state capitol in the background, Governor Faubus stands beneath sign expressing state's pride in Donna Axum, University of Arkansas co-ed.

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The Vapors is Hot Springs' newest (1959) and most famous casino.

SHOWDOWN IN ARKANSAS

NO DICE IN HOT SPRINGS

With the flow of $100 bills shut off in a crackdown last spring, this historic spa is betting its life on a vote for legal gambling.

By JOHN SKOW

Civic virtue is not the first thing that leaps to mind at the mention of Hot Springs, Ark., a sedately sinful little resort town in the Ouachita Mountains. But this election year Hot Springs citizens are taking a public-spirited interest in the campaign. They discuss issues with vigor at businessmen's luncheons and listen thoughtfully to the opinions of speakers at public rallies. After making their decisions, they contribute time and money ungrudgingly to support the positions they believe to be right.

It must be added, however, that the word "campaign" in Hot Springs has nothing to do with the activities of Lyndon Johnson and Barry Goldwater, nor with those of Gov. Orval Faubus and his Republican opponent, Winthrop Rockefeller. "Campaign" means how to get the craps tables at the Vapors and the Southern Club going again before everyone starves to death from a lack of hundred-dollar bills. It is hoped that something called the "Lawful Wagering Act Amendment" will accomplish this. It had better. Hundred-dollar bills are very important to Hot Springs, which prides itself on being a green-money town, as distinct from Las Vegas, where a hatful of silver dollars makes you a sport.

Just now, however, Hot Springs is a disaster area. A hotel man with nothing but clean sheets on his hands struggled a few days ago to express the horror of the situation: "You can't get into a friendly poker game," he said gloomily. His voice gathered force; "I mean, there aren't even any punchboards." He paused, summoning strength for a new effort to put the disaster into words. "Son," he said at last, his voice shaking with emotion, "a man can't get a bet down on a horse!"

This is appalling news. Until a few months ago Hot Springs had been green—an elegant oasis for those who enjoyed gracious wagering—almost without a break since Civil War days. A high roller who liked to go first class had the assurance of William G. Hundley, chief of the Justice Department's organized crime division, that the Hot Springs casino layouts constituted "the largest illegal gambling operation in the United States." (This statement must have amused the mandarins who run the numbers dodge in New York City.) If you cashed a $100 traveler's check in Hot Springs, you got your money in one banknote. If you cashed a $50 traveler's check, you got one banknote and a look of embarrassment. And if you had any style, you didn't cash traveler's checks at all, because they are for people who need to be careful. No matter how careful they were back home, the vacationing dentists who took their wives to Hot Springs handled their lizard-skin wallets like oilmen. Cracking off crunchy new bills from their neat packets of saved-up hundreds was part of the cure they came for, like the hot mineral baths.

Then on March 29, under pressure from Arkansas's state legislature, whose many Baptist members do not approve of crap shooting or lizard-skin wallets, Governor Faubus decided that illegal gambling was against the law. This came as a great shock to Hot Springs, which had been expecting trouble from the Justice Department, but not from Faubus.

In most communities illegal gambling is felt to be a bad thing—robbing the paychecks of those who can afford it least, and thus rendering them too poor to participate in legal gambling at the state-authorized horse track, dog track or the city-licensed charity bingo parlor. This feeling is not shared by the citizens of Hot Springs, who are solidly behind illegal gambling, in the same public-spirited way that they are "behind" Donna Axum, the University of Arkansas coed who is Miss America for 1964.

One of the reasons the citizens support gambling is that they know Mayor Dan Wolf wants to build a new city hall and jail. He had planned to finance the building with the city's amusement tax, a levy on gambling and the sale of mixed drinks—also a breach of the peace in Arkansas—which brought in $35,000 in the first quarter of this year. In a normal city of 29,000 an amusement tax would not buy sleeve garters for all of the aldermen's nephews employed in the bureau of weights and measures, but Hot Springs, as has been suggested, was a lot more amusing than most little cities.

A man with time on his hands could, for instance, take the healing waters of one of the city's 43 hot mineral springs. Or he could stroll along carefully tended trails through the scenic Ouachitas, play golf, or water-ski on one of three artificial lakes. What he was more likely to do, however, was taxi (compliments of the management) to the Southern Club, the Vapors or the Belvedere for an evening of high-class law-breaking.

On the night the money stopped, the choice, as usual, was craps for the mystics, blackjack and poker for the scholars, roulette for the ladies, slots for the feeble-minded and drinks on the house. At the Belvedere a Scotch-soggy spender in a cashmere jacket—a school-board member in his home suburb, for sure—ignored Xavier Cugat and Abbe Lane, who were providing an atmosphere of gracious living for the eating guests. He ran through a big pile of $25 chips trying to double down at blackjack, then pulled five $100 bills out of his wallet and lost those. He opened the wallet again, found two fifties and five twenties, and lost them. Then, making a mock-sad face, he showed what was left in the wallet—three fives and two ones—to the 38-year-old girl dealer. She gave him the kind of smile you give a spender who is holding up the game.

He pulled out his checkbook. His wife began pecking at his sleeve. But the spender shook her off. He cashed his check and laid out four $100 bets for himself and a separate $10 tip bet for the girl dealer. "Honah," he said to his wife, swallowing another free Scotch, "weah not goin', 'cause aftah tonight, it's all ovah." It was the first time that evening he had been right.

Gambling in Hot Springs has seldom had to be furtive. Garland County, which contains Hot Springs, has been cleansed of sin from time to time, most recently in 1947, when local officials elected on a reform ticket mistakenly concluded that the voters wanted reform. But cleanups have never lasted long, and when the noble experiment of 1947 was over, Hot Springs residents began acting as if Congress had given them a license to roll dice.

What had been a convenience for visiting mineral bathers and horse players (there is a legal horse track just outside the city) became the tourist town's main tourist trap. The lavish old Arlington Hotel, an enormous pile whose mineral baths had poached the gimpy rich profitably for decades, suddenly found that it had competition from a set of flashy new motels whose guests bathed only when their necks got dirty. The ancient Southern Club packed its oldest established craps tables three-deep with solvent optimists. And in the summer of 1959 a prosperous local gambler named Dane Harris made an impressive bet. With some friends, also local, he built a casino and supper club called the Vapors, on a scale only slightly less grand than that of the Las Vegas pleasure domes.

Benefits for the worthy

Hot Springs pushed gambling hard, and the resort town boomed. Dane Harris joined the chamber of commerce. The casino owners built two free swimming pools for the city, one white, one colored. Gambling money, in one tactful way or another, was contributed to church fund drives. Asked at the time of the shutdown whether reform groups had given any trouble, Dane Harris said flatly, "There is no reform group. There never has been. We are respected; there's no feeling that we are doing something unlawful." Attitudes have hardened since then, but the town is still strongly pro-gambling—legal gambling if possible, illegal if necessary. Two of three pastors questioned shortly after the shutdown said they were against gambling but had done no real campaigning against it; the third favored legalization.

Oddly, no one in Hot Springs seems bitter at Faubus. The feeling is that he acted to avoid giving Winthrop Rockefeller campaign ammunition. Rockefeller is a much stronger candidate than the Arkansas G.O.P. usually rummages up, and in Faubus's state foiling a Republican is a justification for most crimes. Last year the Faubus administration blocked an antigambling bill, but when this was pointed out recently, Faubus just laughed and said, "It's a different time of year."

Almost before the lemons on the slot machines could cool off, battle lines had formed for the legalization fight. "Just because they've been gambling here for a hundred years doesn't make it right," said the Rev. J. N. Harrison, pastor of the Union Baptist Church. "They've been robbing banks a long time too."

It is such continuity of tradition that Hot Springs is counting on. It has to count on something. Business was terrible this summer, not just for hotels and motels, but for restaurants, department stores, gas stations, alligator-shoe salons, and the jewelry deadfalls that used to load up spenders with diamond cuff links before they got out of town with money from the tables. The Vapors and the Southern Club tried to operate as night-clubs, and both folded. Mineral bathhouses report a 15 percent decline in customers. Chamber-of-commerce officials try to pretend, at least to reporters, that things are not as bad as this. But, says Gerald Vanderslice, manager of the big Velda Rose Motel, "The wolf's in the woods, and there's no use making out he's not." Seven large conventions have canceled reservations at Vanderslice's motel since the shutdown. At the Avonelle, another motel owned by the same management, plans for a 100-room addition have been scrapped. They will stay scrapped unless gambling returns on a permanent—which now means legal—basis. Not very surprisingly Garland Anthony, the outfit's principal owner, contributed $20,000 to the chamber of commerce's legalization drive.

What chance does gambling have? A group representing some 3,000 Protestant churches, at its own count, has formed an organization called Churches Against Gambling, and all-night prayer sessions, "antigambling workshops" and an anti-gambling Sunday are planned. So is an all-out effort to register all churchgoing voters. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce has countered with an information center and its own registration effort, and both sides have hired advertising agencies.

There was a time when you could find cynics who thought the city fathers of Hot Springs did not really want legal gambling. (Would the tourist find it as spicy? Would the graft grow as green?) Now it is legal or bust, and this unrepentant little resort is fighting for its low, evil, up-all-night, bad-example-setting and extremely comfortable life. THE END

The old Belvedere casino operated for 35 years until closed down last spring.

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WHY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED

A healthy, vigorous two-party system is absolutely indispensable to the survival of American democracy. Its proper functioning requires each of the major parties to put forth a man who is unmistakably and unquestionably qualified to be trusted with the incalculably grave and terrible powers of the Presidency.

In the presidential election of 1964, the two-party system has been seriously endangered. One of the great parties, the Democratic, has fulfilled its duty by putting forth a man, Lyndon B. Johnson, who has many flaws and leaves much to be desired, but who is unquestionably as well qualified to be President as any tried and tested leader the Democratic Party now affords.

The other great party, the Republican, has shirked and betrayed its duty by putting forth a man, Barry Goldwater, who is manifestly unqualified to be President and whose unsuitability for this awesome responsibility becomes clearer with every passing day and with every feckless word he utters.

The two-party system has thus been endangered because this misfeasance on the part of the Republican Party has left the enlightened, the rational, the prudent, the responsible American voter no acceptable other choice in this election. He is not even given the option of an echo. He is given only the option of a question mark, of a man who is seemingly congenitally unable to say what he means or even know what he says, to say anything clearly or to hold the same conviction two days in a row. Barry Goldwater's tongue is like quicksilver; his mind is like quicksand.

The Post therefore urges the election of Lyndon B. Johnson as President.

It urges, even more strongly, the defeat of Barry Goldwater.

We are confident that Johnson will make a good President because he already *is* a good President. In the 10 brief months he has held the highest office, he has shown an ability unmatched in this century to bring all the diverse and warring factions of Congress behind the enactment of positive, progressive and needful legislative programs. In his greatest test as Commander-in-Chief—the attack on our Navy in the Gulf of Tonkin—he has acted with both the forcefulness and restraint which is required in the man who alone controls the ultimate weapon and bears all the fearful responsibility which that entails.

We are equally confident that Goldwater would not make a good President. He has not even made a good Senator. He has been in the Senate 11 years and not one piece of memorable legislation attaches to his name. He has been in its councils through the most momentous and revolutionary decade in the history of this Republic as we have strained every seam and fabric of our traditional habits and thinking to keep abreast of an age when all the supposed boundaries of man's environment are being broken, gravity defied, space penetrated, the moon reached, the riddle of the human cell being unraveled. Merely to understand, much less to master, this surge and change, heavy with unguessed new treasures of technology to increase man's wealth, has required and will require government entry into areas never before imagined. But Barry Goldwater has managed to live through this whole tremendous epoch with his face turned squarely to the past, his eyes closed, and his mind preoccupied with one—and only one—idea: somehow to shrink the Government back into the familiar and comfortably small proportions of his Arizona youth. Barry Goldwater has left no mark in the Senate because, as he has truthfully declared, he sought to erase marks rather than to make them: "I have little interest in streamlining government or in making it more efficient, for I mean to reduce its size. I do not undertake to promote welfare, for I propose to extend freedom. My aim is not to pass laws, but to repeal them. It is not to inaugurate new programs, but to cancel old ones. . . ." He is like the Cincinnati kettlemaker who, when first hearing of Kentucky ironmaker William Kelly's use of air to make steel, exclaimed, "I want my iron made in the old way or not at all." His mind is surely not in phase with today's world.

Goldwater changes his "convictions" almost as often as his shirt. One day he is for abolishing Social Security, the next day for strengthening it, one day for giving field commanders control over nuclear weapons, the next day for restricting control to the NATO supreme commander. Many of his statements are inherently contradictory nonsense—*e.g.*, to cut all government expenditures, while expanding defense (which already takes more than half of every tax dollar spent)—like advertising a car that is bigger on the inside but smaller on the outside. Some of his statements, if they have any meaning at all, are rather frightening in the subconscious thoughts which seem to lie behind them, particularly those concerning his strange love affair with German prowess: "*With all due respect to American military leaders, Germany would have won both world wars if she had not been badly led.*" "*I think it was the Germans who originated the modern concept of peace through strength.*" This last remark prompted Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs*, to ask *The New York Times* to clarify whether it was Hitler's or the Kaiser's "peace through strength" that Goldwater had in mind. However, it is always possible that he really had *nothing* in mind, as when he told reporters who briefly boarded his cruising *Sundance*, "I've thought for some time that talks with the Red Chinese might be profitable." He later radioed ashore that what he really meant was that the U.S. should be ready to threaten the Chinese, telling them that "if they didn't stop, then you would blow up a bridge or show some other sort of force." He finally cleared everything up by adding, "I'm not really recommending this, but it might not be an impossible idea."

Goldwater is a grotesque burlesque of the conservative he pretends to be. He is a wild man, a stray, an unprincipled and ruthless political jujitsu artist like Joe McCarthy, whose last-ditch defender he remained even when three fourths of the Senate had voted to condemn their Red-hunting colleague. He still defends McCarthy, well knowing that he imputed treason to General Marshall and to President Eisenhower. He will not condemn the John Birch Society, though knowing that its leader, Robert Welch, has called Eisenhower a Communist agent. Yet, in order to get Eisenhower's vacuous blessing, Goldwater was capable of a tongue-in-cheek erasure of his infamous "extremism" slogan, a statement that was not written in haste but with extreme care, and gone over time and again by Goldwater before he uttered it. These words can, and should, forever symbolize the total fraudulence of his claim to be a true conservative: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice, and . . . moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." That statement deserves to be the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" of this election, and Barry Goldwater deserves to be defeated for it alone, no matter how much he tries to clown it away. He knew what he meant by it, and so does every John Birch fanatic and Ku Klux vigilante.

For the good of the Republican Party, which his candidacy disgraces, we hope that Goldwater is crushingly defeated. It was clear, from poll after poll, that the rank and file of Republican voters overwhelmingly preferred other leaders to Goldwater. It was equally clear that the fanatical Goldwater bias of a majority of convention delegates revealed the capture of the Republican Party by a new breed of so-called "leaders" whose selection had been steamrollered by extremist, well-heeled types. The men who have most deserved to lead the Republican Party, by virtue of their long, distinguished and responsible service in it, and to the country, have been made to feel unwelcome, hissed and hated in it, as they were repudiated by it. A crushing defeat for Goldwater will drive the fanatic saboteurs of the Republican Party back into the woodwork whence they came. It will provide the opportunity for the party's true leaders to build anew from the wreckage that these heedless, reckless, ill-mannered and arrogant men are sure to leave. Then the two-party system can be restored, and the voter will again have a choice, not a calamity.

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